This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

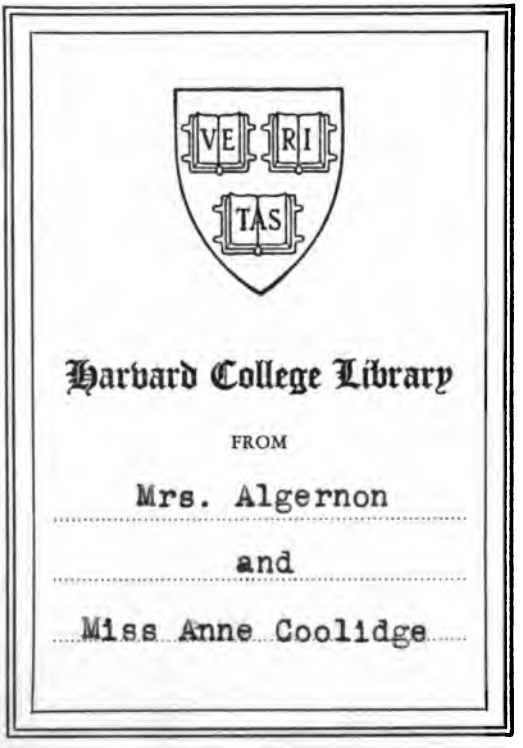
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

13464.7 (5)
A



TRANSFERRED
TO
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Cambridge Shakespeare.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

IN NINE VOLUMES

VOLUME V.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1892

All Rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

13464.7 (5)
- A

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
SEP 13, 1943

The First Edition of the plays contained in this volume of The Cambridge Shakespeare was published in 1864, 1865.
Second Edition 1892.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A. AND SONS
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Preface to the First Edition	vii
Note by the Editor	xix
The First Part of King Henry VI.	3
Notes to The First Part of King Henry VI.	118
The Second Part of King Henry VI.	123
Notes to the Second Part of King Henry VI.	258
The Third Part of King Henry VI.	265
Notes to The Third Part of King Henry VI.	392
King Richard III.	399
Notes to King Richard III.	590
King Henry VIII.	605
Notes to King Henry VIII.	742
Addenda	748

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE First Part of King Henry the Sixth was printed for the first time, so far as we know, in the Folio of 1623. The same edition contained also for the first time in their present form, 'The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Humfrey,' and 'The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke.'

The play upon which the Second Part of Henry the Sixth was founded was first printed in quarto (Q_1), in 1594, with the following title:

The | First part of the Con-|tention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | *Suffolke*, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall | of *Winchester*, with the notable Rebellion | of *Iacke Cade:* | *And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the* | *Crowne.* | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters | Church in Cornwall. | 1594. |

The only copy known of this edition is in the Bodleian Library (Malone, Add. 870)[1], and is probably the same which was once in Malone's possession, and which he collated with the second Quarto printed in 1600. Mr Halliwell, in the preface to 'The first sketches of the second and third parts of King Henry the Sixth,' edited by him for the Shakespeare Society, is inclined

[1] I have since found a copy in the Library of Lord Mostyn. [W. A. W.]

Digitized by Google

to doubt this, on the ground that Malone quotes, from the copy in his possession, a reading which does not exist in that now in the Bodleian. The passage in question is in Scene IX. line 12, 'Honouring him as if he were their king:' on which Mr Halliwell in his note observes, 'Malone, who has collated his copy of the edition of 1600, "printed by W. W.," with a copy of the 1594 edition formerly in his possession, distinctly writes—

"*Thinking* him as if he were their king,"

as the reading of his copy of the first edition. If so, it must have been a different copy from that now in the Bodleian, from which the present text is reprinted, and another instance of the curious variations in different copies of the same editions, which were first discovered by Steevens (Boswell's *Malone*, Vol. X. p. 73), and recently applied to good use by Mr Collier.' Mr Halliwell has here inadvertently fallen into error. Malone's collation is made in a copy of the edition of 1600, in which the line stands thus:

'Honouring him as if he were *a king*.'

At the foot of the page he wrote 'their king,' which is the reading of the edition of 1594 for the last two words, but which Mr Halliwell misread 'thinking' and regarded as a various reading for 'Honouring.' It is still possible, therefore, that Malone's copy and that at present in the Bodleian may be identical.

The second edition (Q_2) of the First Part of the Contention appeared in quarto in 1600, with the following title:

The | First part of the Con-|tention betwixt the two famous hou-|*ses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the* | death of the good Duke| Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the prowd Cardinall | *of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of* | *Iacke Cade:* | *And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the* | *Crowne.* | LONDON | Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and | are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church | in Cornewall. | 1600. |

Digitized by Google

Copies with this title are in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire, and in the Bodleian (Malone, 867). An imperfect copy, wanting the last seven leaves, is in the Capell collection. Another impression bearing the same date, 'Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington,' is said to exist, but we have been unable to find it. The MS. title quoted by Mr Halliwell from a copy in the Bodleian (Malone, 36) is prefixed to what appears to us unquestionably the same edition as the above. The minute correspondence of misplaced and defective letters between this copy and Capell's, with which, as well as with the other copy in the Bodleian, we have compared it, proves beyond question that all three must have been printed from the same form, and that the MS. title inserted in Malone's copy is out of place. So far therefore from Capell's imperfect copy of this edition being unique, as Mr Halliwell states, there are at least two other perfect copies in existence, besides one which only wants the title-page. In Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual* (ed. Bohn, p. 2281), another is said to be in the possession of Mr Tite. The late Mr George Daniel is stated, on the same authority, to have had the editions printed by Valentine Simmes and by W. W. in one volume, but they were not sold at his sale, and we have been unable to trace them.

In 1619, a third edition (Q_3) without date, printed by Isaac Jaggard, and including also 'The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,' appeared with the following title:

The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | *With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke* | Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, | *and King Henrie the* | *sixt.* | Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and | enlarged. Written by *William Shake-*|*speare*, Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T. P. |

On the title-page of his copy of this edition, Capell has added in MS. the date '1619.—at the same time with the Pericles that follows; as appears by the continuation of the signatures.' The signatures of 'The Whole Contention' are

Digitized by Google

from A to Q in fours, while in *Pericles*, 'Printed for T. P. 1619,' the first page has signature R, which shows that the two must have formed part of the same volume.

'The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,' which formed the ground-work of The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth, was first printed in small 8vo. in 1595, with the following title:

The true Tragedie of Richard | *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* | good King Henrie the Sixt, | *with the whole contention betweene* | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honoura-|ble the Earle of Pem-brooke his seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling-|*ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder* | *Saint Peters Church in* | *Cornwal*, 1595. |

A unique copy of this edition is in the Bodleian Library (Malone, 876). Although printed in 8vo. we have quoted it as (Q_1), in order to avoid introducing a new notation.

The second edition (Q_2) was printed in 1600, with the following title:

The | True Tragedie of | Richarde Duke of | Yorke, and the death of good | King Henrie the sixt: | With the whole contention betweene the two | Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was | sundry times acted by the Right | Honourable the Earle | of Pembrooke his | seruantes. | Printed at London by *W. W.* for *Thomas Millington*, | and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint | Peters Church in Cornewall. | 1600. |

Copies of this edition are in the Duke of Devonshire's Library, the Bodleian (Malone, 36), and the British Museum. In Malone's Shakespeare (ed. 1790, Vol. I. Pt. I. p. 235), among the 'Dramatick Pieces on which plays were formed by Shakespeare,' an edition of The True Tragedy is mentioned, bearing date '1600, V. S. for Thomas Millington,' but in a note to the 'Third Part of King Henry VI.' (Vol. VI. p. 261) he confesses, 'I have never seen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of The

Digitized by Google

whole Contention, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600;' and it is extremely doubtful whether such a one exists. A copy of The True Tragedy, and not, as stated in Bohn's Lowndes, of The First Part of the Contention, printed by W. W. 1600, was sold at Rhodes's sale in 1825 (No. 2113). The only authority therefore for the existence of an edition of The First Part of the Contention, printed by W. W. in 1600, is the MS. title-page of Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library. Capell merely quotes it on the authority of Pope, and all that Pope says in the Table at the end of his first edition, after giving the title of The Whole Contention printed in 1619, is, 'Since Printed under the same Title by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, with the true Tragedy of *Richard* D. of *York*, and the Death of good King *Henry* the 6th, acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants 1600.' This clearly refers to the second Quarto of The True Tragedy, not to that of The First Part of the Contention, and appears to us to be the origin of the error[1].

The third edition (Q_3) of the True Tragedy formed the second part of The Whole Contention described above. It has no separate title-page, but merely the heading:

The Second Part. | Containing the Tragedie of | Richard Duke of Yorke, and the | *good King Henrie the* | Sixt. |

We have reprinted the text of The First Part of the Contention and of The True Tragedy from the first edition of each, giving in notes at the foot of the page the various readings of the second and third editions[2]. For this purpose we collated Mr Halliwell's reprint for the Shakespeare Society with the originals in the Bodleian Library. The accuracy of Mr Halli-

[1] This view is further confirmed by a manuscript note at the back of the title-page of Steevens's copy of The True Tragedy, ed. 1600, now in the British Museum. It shews that Pope is the only authority for the statement, and is as follows: 'This is only the *third* part of K. Henry VI. The *second* part, according to Pope, was likewise printed in 1600, by W. W. for Thos. Millington. MALONE.'

[2] These reprints are in the present edition transferred to Vol. IX.

Digitized by Google

well's work materially facilitated our labours, and we can only hope that the errors of our own reprint may be as few and as unimportant as those we have discovered in his. For the readings of the second Quartos of The First Part of the Contention and The True Tragedy we collated the copies in the Bodleian and the Duke of Devonshire's Library, using also for the former the imperfect copy in the Capell collection. The readings of The Whole Contention (Q_2) have been given from Capell's copy verified by reference to that in the Devonshire Library.

With regard to the authorship of The First Part of the Contention and The True Tragedy, while we cannot agree with Malone on the one hand that they contain nothing of Shakespeare's, nor with Mr Knight on the other that they are entirely his work, there are so many internal proofs of his having had a considerable share in their composition, that, in accordance with our principle, we have reprinted them in a smaller type.

The first edition of KING RICHARD THE THIRD is a Quarto printed in 1597, with the following title-page:

The Tragedy of | King Richard the third. | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: | the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: | his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserued death. | As it hath beene lately Acted by the | Right honourable the Lord Chamber-|laine his seruants. | AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, | dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the | Sign of the Angell. | 1597. |

This edition is referred to, in our notes, as Q_1.

We have collated a complete copy belonging to the Duke of Devonshire and also an imperfect copy formerly belonging to Malone and now in the Bodleian. Malone had supplied the missing leaves by the insertion of some from the second Quarto[4]. There is no copy in the Capell collection.

[4] He says in a MS. note: 'This copy of the original edition of King Richard III. was imperfect, when I purchased it, wanting signat. C 1 and 2, D 4, L 4,

Digitized by Google

The second edition, also in Quarto, which we call Q_2, was published in the following year, with the name of the author. It is in other respects a reprint of the first. The title-page is as follows:

THE | TRAGEDIE | of King Richard | the third. | Conteining his treacherous Plots against his | brother *Clarence*: the pitiful murther of his innocent | Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with | the whole course of his detested life, and most | *deserued death.* | *As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | *By* William Shake-speare. | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, | dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe | of the Angell. 1598. |

The third Quarto, our Q_3, has the following title-page:

THE | TRAGEDIE | of King Richard | the third. | *Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother* | *Clarence:* the pittifull murther of his innocent Ne-|phewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the | whole course of his detested life, and | most deserued death. | *As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | Newly augmented, | By *William Shakespeare.* |.LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling | in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the | Angell. 1602. |

Notwithstanding the words 'newly augmented,' this edition contains nothing that is not found in the second Quarto, from which it is reprinted, except some additional errors of the press.

The fourth Quarto, our Q_4, was printed from the third, by

and M 1, 2, and 3. These seven leaves I have supplied from a later copy (that of 1598), and have collated with the edition of 1597. The variations are set down in the margin.' He adds: 'Mr Penn Ashton Curzon and Mr Kemble are possessed of copies of this original edition of this play: I know of no other, except that in this volume.' Mr Kemble's copy is now in the Devonshire Library, and Mr Curzon's is perhaps the same which was sold at Mr Daniel's sale and is now in the possession of Mr Huth. Besides the leaves of Malone's copy which are missing, signatures C 3 and C 4 are imperfect, the upper half of each being supplied from the edition of 1598.

Digitized by Google

the same printer for a different bookseller, as appears by the title-page:

THE | TRAGEDIE | of King Richard | the third. | *Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother* | *Clarence:* the pittifull murther of his innocent Ne-|phewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the | whole course of his detested life, and | most deserued death. | *As it hath bin lately Acted by the Right Honourable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | Newly augmented, | By *William Shake-speare.* | LONDON, | Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by *Mathew* | *Lawe*, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe | of the Foxe, neare S. Austins gate, 1605. |

There is no copy of Q_4 in the Capell collection. We have collated one in the Bodleian which formerly belonged to Malone. It is numbered 880.

The fifth Quarto, Q_5, was printed in 1612, not from its immediate predecessor, but from the Quarto of 1602, although it was printed by the same printer and for the same bookseller as that of 1605. The title-page of Q_5 is as follows:

THE | TRAGEDIE | of King Richard | the third. | *Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother* | *Clarence:* the pittifull murther of his innocent Ne-|phewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the | whole course of his detested life, and | most deserued death. | *As it hath beene lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties* | *seruants.* | Newly augmented, | By *William Shake-speare.* | LONDON, | Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Mathew | Lawe, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, at the Signe | of the Foxe, neare S. Austins gate, 1612. |

The edition of 1622 is so rare that its very existence has been called in question[5]. There is however a copy in the Capell collection, of which the title-page is as follows:

THE | TRAGEDIE | *OF* | KING | RICHARD | *THE THIRD.* | Contayning his treacherous Plots against | *his brother* Clarence: *The*

[5] 'An impression of 1622 is mentioned in some lists, but the existence of a copy of that date is more than doubtful.' Collier, Ed. 2, Vol. IV. p. 217.

Digitized by Google

pittifull murder of his innocent | Nephewes: his tyrannicall Vsurpation: with the whole | course of his detested life, and most | *deserued death.* | As it hath been lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties | *Seruants.* | Newly augmented. | By *William Shake-speare.* | LONDON, | Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling | in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere | *S. Austines* gate, 1622.

This edition we call Q_6. It is printed from Q_5.

Another edition in Quarto was printed in 1629, not from the first Folio, but from the sixth Quarto. It was printed by Iohn Norton for Matthew Law. Except in the name of the printer and the substitution of the word 'tiranous' for 'tyrannicall' the title-page does not differ from that of Q_6. We call it Q_7.

The eighth and last Quarto, our Q_8, copied from the seventh, was printed by Iohn Norton in 1634. There is no bookseller's name on the title-page, if we may trust that which Capell has supplied in MS. 'from a copy in the possession of Messrs Tonsons and Draper.'

In quoting the readings of the Quartos and Folios, we have, in all cases where the spelling is unimportant, given that of the earliest copy.

In 1766 Steevens published a reprint of the Quarto of 1612, 'collated'—to use his own words—'with the following editions.'

1598. *Thomas Creede*, for *Andrew Wise.*

1602. Ditto.

1624. *Thomas Purfoot, Thomas Purfoot*, &c.

1629. *John Norton*, &c.

1634. *John Norton*, &c. and another imperfect Copy, differing from the rest, but without a Title Page.

The date 1624 is probably a mistake for 1622. At the foot of each page he gives various readings, but without specifying the editions to which they respectively belong. Several of these are not found in any of the Quartos with which we are acquainted. We have therefore recorded them as 'quoted in

Digitized by Google

Steevens's reprint.' So many of the other readings which he gives are found only in the first Quarto that we have no doubt that the imperfect copy which he mentions was of that edition.

We have made, and, as we believe, for the first time, a complete collation of all the extant Quartos. Those of 1597 and 1605 were unknown to Capell when he collated the other six.

The respective origin and authority of the first Quarto and first Folio texts of *Richard III.* is perhaps the most difficult question which presents itself to an editor of Shakespeare. In the case of most of the plays a brief survey leads him to form a definite judgement; in this, the most attentive examination scarcely enables him to propose with confidence a hypothetical conclusion.

The Quarto, Q_1, contains passages not found in the Folio, F_1, which are essential to the understanding of the context: the Folio, on the other hand, contains passages equally essential, which are not found in the Quarto.

Again, passages which in the Quarto are complete and consecutive, are amplified in the Folio, the expanded text being quite in the manner of Shakespeare. The Folio, too, contains passages not in the Quartos, which, though not necessary to the sense, yet harmonize so well, in sense and tone, with the context that we can have no hesitation in attributing them to the author himself.

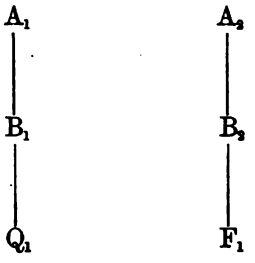
On the other hand, we find in the Folio some insertions and many alterations which we may with equal certainty affirm not to be due to Shakespeare. Sometimes the alterations seem merely arbitrary, but more frequently they appear to have been made in order to avoid the recurrence of the same word, even where the recurrence adds to the force of the passage, or to correct a supposed defect of metre, although the metre cannot be amended except by spoiling the sense.

Occasionally we seem to find indications that certain turns of phrase, uses of words or metrical licences, familiar enough to

Digitized by Google

Shakespeare and his earlier contemporaries, had become obsolete in the time of the corrector, and the passages modified accordingly. In short, *Richard III.* seems even before the publication of the Folio to have been tampered with by a nameless transcriber who worked in the spirit, though not with the audacity, of Colley Cibber.

The following scheme will best explain the theory which we submit as a not impossible way of accounting for the phenomena of the text:



A_1 is the Author's original MS.

B_1 is a transcript by another hand with some accidental omissions and, of course, slips of the pen. From this transcript was printed the Quarto of 1597, Q_1.

A_2 is the Author's original MS. revised by himself, with corrections and additions, interlinear, marginal, and on inserted leaves.

B_2 is a copy of this revised MS., made by another hand, probably after the death of the Author and perhaps a very short time before 1623. As the stage directions of the Folio, which was printed from B_2, are more precise and ample as a rule than those of the Quarto, we may infer that the transcript, B_2, was made for the library of the theatre, perhaps to take the place of the original which had become worn by use, for *Richard III.* continued to be a popular acting play. Some curious, though not frequent, coincidences between the text of the Folio and that of the Quarto of 1602, Q_2, lead us to suppose that the writer of B_2 had occasionally recourse to that Quarto to supple-

Digitized by Google

ment passages which, by its being frayed or stained, had become illegible in A_2.

Assuming the truth of this hypothesis, the object of an Editor must be to give in the text as near an approximation as possible to A_2, rejecting from F_1 all that is due to the unknown writer of B_2 and supplying its place from Q_1, which, errors of pen and press apart, certainly came from the hand of Shakespeare. In the construction of our text we have steadily borne this principle in mind, only deviating from it in a few instances where we have retained the expanded version of the Folio in preference to the briefer version of the Quarto, even when we incline to think that the earlier form is more terse and therefore not likely to have been altered by its author. Our reason is this: as the Folio version contains substantially that of the Quarto and as the question does not admit of a positive decision we prefer the risk of putting in something which Shakespeare did not to that of leaving out something which he did write. Cæteris paribus, we have adopted the reading of the Quarto.

In conclusion we commend a study of the text of *Richard III.* to those, if such there be, who imagine that it is possible by the exercise of critical skill to restore with certainty what Shakespeare actually wrote.

We have great pleasure in repeating our thanks to the curators of the British Museum and of the Bodleian Library and in adding to the number of those who have laid us under obligation the names of the Rev. Joseph Power, Fellow of Clare College, Mr Huth, and Mr Lilly.

It is only right to add that it is the constant kindness of the Duke of Devonshire which enables us to publish this volume without further delay and with such an approach to completeness as it may be found to possess.

W. G. C.
W. A. W.

[1864]

Digitized by Google

'The Famous History of the Life of KING HENRY THE EIGHT' was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623.

W. G. C.
W. A. W.

[1865]

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE the appearance of the first edition of the Cambridge Shakespeare, the question of the relation of the Quarto and Folio texts of *Richard III.* has been elaborately discussed by Mr Spedding and others in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society* for 1875–6, and by Professor Delius in an Essay in the *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft*, VII. Mr Spedding's conclusion is that the Quarto text is the original of the play, and that the Folios represent the text as revised by Shakespeare himself, the result being 'that where express reason cannot be shown to the contrary, the readings of the Folios ought always to be preferred.' 'Professor Delius, on entirely different grounds, also maintains the superior authority of the Folio readings. He believes that the Folios contain the original text of Shakespeare, and that the text of the Quartos was made from it by an anonymous editor, who for various reasons audaciously tampered both with language and metre. For instance, he holds that the smooth lines of the Folio were purposely made rugged by the anonymous editor of the Quarto, the alternative supposition being that Shakespeare originally wrote these irregular lines which were made smooth at a later time when he himself indulged in a freer metre. Indeed Professor Delius lays it down as a principle, and not at all as a paradox, that the more correct versification of the Folio, as compared with the frequently incorrect

Digitized by Google

versification of the Quarto, is an evidence of the priority of the former.' (*Preface to the Clarendon Press Edition of Richard III.* 1880.)

Mr P. A. Daniel, in the Preface to his edition of the facsimile of the first Quarto of *Richard III.* (1597), considers that the Folio 'represents the play as first set forth by Shakespeare,' the Quarto 'a shortened and revised copy of it.' He is of opinion that the 'copy' supplied to the printers of the first Folio was 'a copy of Q_6, 1622, enlarged, altered, and corrected in accordance with a complete MS. of the play in the possession of the theatre.' This theory is elaborately worked out in the remainder of his Preface.

If any one wishes to examine the question for himself the materials for such a purpose will be found in the various readings of the Quartos and Folios which are given in the notes.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

September, 1891.

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY the Sixth.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.
WOODVILE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White-Rose or York faction.
BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

[1] First given, imperfectly, by Rowe. See note (I).

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY the Fifth, *attended on by the* DUKE of BEDFORD, *Regent of France; the* DUKE of GLOUCESTER, *Protector; the* DUKE of EXETER, *the* EARL of WARWICK, *the* BISHOP of WINCHESTER, Heralds, *&c.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!

Westminster Abbey.] Theobald.
the Earl of Warwick,] Warwicke, Ff.
Heralds, &c.] Malone. and the Duke of Somerset. Ff.
3 *crystal*] *crisped* Hanmer. *cristed* or *crested* Warburton conj.
crystal...sky] *tristful tresses in the sky* or *tresses in the crystal sky* Roderick conj.
5 *consented*] *concented* Steevens conj.
Henry's] *Harry's* Johnson.
6 *King*] om. Pope.
the] om. S. Walker conj.

Digitized by Google

England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.
Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contrived his end?
Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,

10 *his*] *its* Pope.
12 *wrathful*] *awful* Rowe.
16 *ne'er lift...conquered*] *never lifted... conquer'd* Pope.
24 *glory's*] Rowe. *Glories* Ff.
27 *verses have*] F_1. *Verse have* $F_2F_3F_4$. *verse have thus* Pope. *verse they have* Long MS.
32 *church's*] *Churches* Ff.
33 *The church!...pray'd,*] So Pope. As two lines in Ff.
not] *but* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.
Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let 's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

45 *heralds,*] Pope. *Heralds* Ff.
48 *Posterity, await*] *Posteritie await* Ff. *for*] *sore* Vaughan conj.
49 *moist*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *moistned* F_1.
50 *nourish*] *marish* Pope. *nource* Theobald.
56 *Cæsar or bright*— Mess. *My honourable*] *Cæsar's orb.* Mess. *Right honourable* Anon. apud Fraz. Mag. conj. *or bright*—] Ff. *or bright Francis Drake.* Pope conj. Omitted by Hanmer. *or bright Cassiopeia.* Theobald conj. *or bright Berenice.* Dyce, ed. 2 (Johnson conj.). *or bright Alexander.* Capell conj. *bright.* Jackson conj. *or bright Cassiopé.* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *or bright Orion.* Mitford conj. *or great Alexander.* Bulloch conj. *or bright Ce-*

Digitized by Google

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.
Glou. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

phœus. Keightley conj. *or bright Charlemagne.* Anon. conj. *or bright Hercules.* Lloyd conj. *or bright Constantine.* Perring conj. *or bright Hesperus.* Orger conj.

57 SCENE II. Pope.

60 *Rheims*] *Rhèimes* Ff. *and Rheims and* Pope. *Rheims, Roan,* Capell. See note (II).
Orleans] *Orleans, and Roan* Keightley.

62, 63 *man,...corse? Speak*] *man!... corse Speak* Staunton.

65 *is Rouen*] *is Roan* F_1. *and is Roan* $F_2F_3F_4$. *and Roan* Pope. *and Orleans* Hanmer.

76 *A third thinks*] *A third thinkes* F_1. *A third man thinks* $F_2F_3F_4$. *A third one thinks* S. Walker conj. *A third thinketh* Delius conj. *A third thinks that* Keightley. *While a third thinks* Anon. conj. *And a third thinks* Dyce (ed. 2). *A third, he thinks* Orger conj.

Digitized by Google

Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

78 *Awake, awake*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *Awake, away* F_2.
79 *new-begot*] *newly got* Vaughan conj.
80, 81 *arms; Of...coat*] *arms, Of...coat* Pope. *Armes Of...Coat*, Ff.
83 *their*] Theobald. *her* Ff. *our* Anon. conj.
85 *steeled*] *stealed* F_2.
87 *will I*] *I will* Pope.
89 SCENE III. Pope.
Mess.] 2 Mess. Rowe.
bad] *sad* Vaughan conj.
92 *Dauphin*] *Dolphin* Ff (and elsewhere).
93 *of*] om. Pope.
94 *Reignier*] Rowe. *Reynold* Ff.
doth take] F_1. *doth* $F_2F_3F_4$. *takes* Hanmer.
95 *of*] om. S. Walker conj.
flieth to] *flyeth to* F_1F_2. *flieth on* F_3F_4. *flies to* Pope.
side.] Capell. *side.* Exit. Ff.
96 *crowned*] Rowe. *crown'd* Ff.

Digitized by Google

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?
Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit

103 SCENE IV. Pope.
Mess.] 3 Mess. Rowe.
108, 145, 157 Mess.] 3. Mes. or 3. Mess. Ff.
112 *full scarce*] Ff. *scarce full* Rowe.
123 *durst*] *did* Vaughan conj.
124 *flew*] Rowe (ed. 2). *slew* Ff.
126 *the*] *their* Capell conj.

Digitized by Google

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;

128 *A Talbot! a Talbot! cried*] *A Talbot! Talbot! cried* Pope. *A Talbot! cried, a Talbot!* Seymour conj. *Talbot! a Talbot! cried* Vaughan conj.
131 *Fastolfe*] Theobald. *Falstaffe* F_1 F_2F_3. *Falstaff* F_4.
132 *in...behind*] *in aidance, placed behind the vaward* Singer conj. *in*] *nigh* Vaughan conj. *vaward*] *Vauward* Ff. *rereward* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
135 *wreck*] Theobald (ed. 2). *wrack* Ff.
137 *Walloon*] F_3F_4. *Wallon* F_1F_2.
139 *their chief*] *their chiefe* F_1F_2. *their* F_3F_4. *her chief* Pope (ed. 2).
141 *slain? then*] Johnson. *slaine then?* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glou. I 'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

156 *make*] *cause* Collier MS.
157 *for Orleans is besieged;*] *'fore Orleans besieg'd* Hanmer.
162 *oaths*] *oath* S. Walker conj.
165 *it*] *'t* S. Walker conj. om. Anon. conj.
my] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
166 [Exit.] Exit Bedford. Ff.
168 *munition*] *amunition* Pope.
169 [Exit.] Exit Gloster. Ff.
170, 176 *Eltham*] Steevens. *Eltam* Ff.
175 *Jack*] *thus* Pope.
176 *steal*] Singer (Mason conj.). *send* Ff. *fetch* Keightley conj.
177 *at chiefest stern*] *as chief, at stern* Vaughan conj.
[Exeunt.] Edd. Exit. Ff. Exit. Scene closes. Capell.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Sound a Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *marching with Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let 's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. France. Before Orleans.] Before Orleans in France. Theobald. France. Pope. France. The English Posts before Orleans. Capell.
Sound a Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
6 *lie*] *live* S. Walker conj.
7 *Otherwhiles*] *Tho' still* Pope. *The whiles* Capell.
11, 12 *And have...mice.*] Misplaced in $F_2F_3F_4$ after line 13.
13 Reig. *Let's.....here?*] Omitted by Rowe, Pope, and Hanmer.
live] *sit* Capell. *lie* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
19 *forlorn*] *forborne* Collier MS. *forward* Lettsom conj. *true-born* Kinnear conj.

Digitized by Google

Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Here Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device

21 *one*] *on* F_3F_4.
or fly] *to fly* Hanmer. *or flee* Dyce (Collier MS.).
Here...loss.] Ff.
Re-enter...] Theobald. Enter... Ff. and Reignier.] Reignier and the rest. Capell.
27 *The*] F_1. *To* F_2F_3. *Too* F_4. *Two* Rowe.
28 *hungry*] *hungred* Johnson conj.
29 *Froissart*] *Froysard* Ff.
30 *bred*] Rowe. *breed* Ff.
33 *Goliases*] *Goliahs now* Hanmer.
37 *Let's...slaves,*] As in Pope. As two lines in Ff.
hare-brain'd] Dyce. *hayre-brayn'd* F_1F_2. *hair-brain'd* F_3F_4.
38 *to*] om. Pope.
41 *gimmors*] F_1. *Gimmalls* F_2F_3. *Gimmals* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

Bast. Where 's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD of Orleans, *with* JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

42 *on*] *one* S. Walker conj.
44 *even*] *e'en* Pope.
58 *my*] *her* Johnson conj.
59 *unfallible*] *infallible* Rowe.
60 [Exit Bastard.] Capell. om. Ff.
63 [Retires. Capell.
64 SCENE VI. Pope.
Re-enter.....Joan La Pucelle.] Re-enter.....La Pucelle. Dyce. Enter La Pucelle, usher'd. Capell. Enter Ioane Puzel. Ff.
Fair...feats?] As prose in Ff.
wilt] *will* Capell conj.

Digitized by Google

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:

74 *Lady gracious*] *gracious Lady* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.).
77 *sun's*] *suns'* or *summer's* Vaughan conj.
86 *which you see*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *which you may see* F_1. *you may see* Anon. conj.
90 *my*] *thy* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:

97 *Otherwise...confidence*] *Or...confidence in you* Collier MS. *Otherwise I*] *I otherwise* Seymour conj.
99 *five*] Steevens, 1793 (from Holinshed). *fine* Ff.
100 *churchyard*] *church* Pope.
101 *Out of a great deal of*] *Out a deal of* Steevens conj. *Out of ordeal'd* Jackson conj. *Out of a deal* Dyce (ed. 2). *great*] om. Pope. *forth*] om. Capell.
102 *come*] *come on* Keightley. *o'*] Theobald. *a* Ff.
I fear] *for I fear* Pope. *I do fear* Hudson (S. Walker conj.). *on; I fear* Lettsom conj.
103 *ne'er fly from a man*] F_1. *ne're flye no man* $F_2F_3F_4$ (*flie* F_3F_4). *never fly no man* Capell. *ne'er fly from no man* Collier MS. [Here...Joan La Pucelle...] Here ...Ioane de Puzel... Ff.
112 *to thee thus*] *thus to thee* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
113 *rites*] Pope. *rights* Ff.

Digitized by Google

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I 'll confirm: we 'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

122 *know:*] *know*, F_1. *know?* $F_2F_3F_4$.
124 *devise you on*] *devise you now* or *decide you on* Vaughan conj. *on?*] F_1. *on*, $F_2F_3F_4$.
125 *over*] Rowe. *o're* Ff. *o'er this* Capell.
127 *I will*] Capell. *Ile* F_1. *for Ile* F_2. *for I'le* F_3F_4.
128 *I 'll*] *I* Lettsom conj.
129 *am I*] F_1F_2. *I am* F_3F_4.
131 *halcyon*] F_3F_4. *Halcyons* F_1F_2.
132 *entered*] *entred* F_1. *entred thus* $F_2F_3F_4$.
138 *proud insulting*] *proud-insulting* S. Walker conj. *proud exulting* Vaughan conj.
139 *fortune*] *fortunes* Collier MS. *bare*] *bore* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough? 145

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.* 150

SCENE III. *London. Before the Tower.*

Enter the DUKE of GLOUCESTER, *with his* Serving-men *in blue coats.*

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

144 *fall'n*] *falne* F_1. *faine* F_2. *fal'n* F_3. *faln* F_4.
145 *reverently worship*] *ever worship* Capell. *reverence, worship* Steevens conj. *reverent worship* Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *reverent-worship* Vaughan conj.
145, 146 *thee enough?* Alen.] *thee?* Alen. Pope. *thee?* Alen. *Enough:* Anon. conj.
148 *Orleans*] *Orleance* Ff. *hence* Capell.
149 *we'll*] om. Pope.
150 *prove*] *proves* Rowe (ed. 2).
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope.
London.....] The Tower-gates, in London. Theobald.
the Duke of Gloucester] Capell. Gloster F_1F_2. Gloucester F_3F_4.
in blue coats] in blue Capell. om. Ff.
1 *I am...day*] *I am this day come to survey the Tower* Pope. *I am come here...day* Seymour conj.
come] om. F_3F_4.
4 *'tis Gloucester*] Pope. *'tis Gloster* Ff. *it is Gloster* Steevens (1778). *Gloster it is* Reed (1803).
calls] *now calls* Collier MS.
[Servants knock at the gates. Capell.

Digitized by Google

First Warder. [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Woodv. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloucester that would enter.

Woodv. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,

5, 7, 9 [Within] Malone.
5 *Who's*] *Who is* Malone.
knocks so imperiously] *so imperiously doth knock* Seymour conj.
knocks] *knocketh* Theobald.
6, 17, &c. *Gloucester*] Pope. *Gloster* Ff.
6 First Serv.] Glost. 1. Man. Ff.
Gloucester] *Gloster knocks* Vaughan conj.
7 *you*] *he* Capell.
8 First Serv.] 1. Man. Ff.
Villains, answer...protector?] *Answer ...protector, villains?* Reed (1803).
Villains.....the lord protector so? Keightley.
11 *willed you*] *will'd you so* Collier MS.
13 *Break up*] *Break ope* Grey conj.
20 *commandment*] F_4. *commandement* $F_1F_2F_3$.
23 *that*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER *and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?

27 *unto*] F_1F_2. *to* F_3F_4. *there to* Pope.
28 *Or we'll...if that*] *We'll...if* Pope. [Servants rush at the Gates again. Capell.
29 *ambitious*] *ambition* F_4. *Humphry*] Theobald. *Vmpheir* F_1. *Umpire* $F_2F_3F_4$.
30 *Peel'd*] *Piel'd* Ff. *Pied* Grey conj. *Pill'd* Collier. *to be*] *be* Pope.
34 *murder*] Pope. *murther* Ff. *dead*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *dread* F_2.
35 *indulgences*] *indulgencies* Pope.
41—56 Glou. *I will...hypocrite!*] Put in the margin by Pope.

Digitized by Google

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London *and his* Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here 's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

46 *privileged*] *is a privileg'd* Collier MS.
47 *tawny coats*] *tawny* Pope.
your] *thy* F_3F_4.
[Gloster, and his Men, attack the others. Capell.
49 *I*] F_1. *Ile* $F_2F_3F_4$. *ay*, Anon. conj.
52 *thou wilt*] *thou 'lt* Pope.
57 Mayor] $F_2F_3F_4$. Maior F_1.
59 *mayor !*] *Maior*, F_1. *Mayor, for* F_2F_3 F_4. See note (III).
60 *Beaufort*] Capell. *Beauford* Ff.
nor God] F_1F_2. *not God* F_3F_4.
62 *Gloucester*] *Gloster* F_1. *Gloster too* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Gloster here* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation:
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchester with their Serving-men.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

72, 73 *as e'er...canst: Cry.*] Edd. *as e're thou canst, cry:* Ff. *as e'er... canst.* Pope. *as thou canst cry.* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *as ever... cry.* Staunton.

72—74 *canst: Cry.* Off. *All...*] *canst.* Crier. *All...* Anon. conj. *canst.* Off. [reads] *All* Dyce (ed. 2).

74 Off.] Hanmer. om. Ff.

80 *break*] *tell* Pope.

81 *we...cost*] *we 'll meet; and to thy cost* Keightley.

we will] Edd. (S. Walker conj.). *wee 'le* F_1. *we 'll* $F_2F_3F_4$.

cost] F_1. *deare cost* $F_2F_3F_4$.

84 *'s*] F_1. *is* $F_2F_3F_4$.

85 *Mayor*] F_4. *Maior* F_1. *Major* F_2 F_3.

87 *it ere long*] F_1F_2. *it e're be long* F_3 F_4. *it, ere 't be long* Capell. *it off, ere long* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *'t ere long* Staunton.

[Exeunt.....] Exeunt either Party, severally. Capell. Exeunt. Ff.

89, 90 *Good.....year.*] Given to Off. by Hanmer (Warburton).

89 *these*] *that* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Scene IV. *Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner *and his* Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

Scene iv.] Capell. Scene viii. Pope.
Orleans.] Orleans in France. Pope. Under Orleans. Capell.
Enter...] Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy. Ff. Enter, upon the Walls, above, a Gunner and his Son. Capell.
8 *espials*] *'spials* Pope.
9 *How the*] *The* Pope.
10 *Wont*] Steevens, 1793 (Tyrwhitt conj.). *Went* Ff. *Watch* Hanmer. *View* Roderick conj. *Are wont* Heath conj. *Won* Vaughan conj.
16—18 *And even.....longer.*] See note (iv).
16 *have I*] om. Vaughan conj., reading *And even...them* as one line.
18 *Now*] *Now Boy* F_2F_3. *Now, Boy,* F_4.
longer.] *longer on my post.* Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:

22 [Exit.] F_1F_2. om. F_3F_4.
23 Enter...] Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others. Ff. Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower... Malone.
25 *got'st*] F_4. *got's* $F_1F_2F_3$.
27 *Duke*] Theobald. *Earle* Ff.
28 *Call'd*] *Called* Pope.
Lord] *Lord of* Collier MS.
Santrailles] Capell. *Santrayle* F_1. *Santraile* $F_2F_3F_4$.
29 *ransomed*] Pope. *ransom'd* Ff.
33 *so vile-esteem'd*] *so vilde esteem'd* Pope. *so pil'd esteem'd* Ff. *so pill'd esteem'd* Capell. *so ill-esteemed* Mason conj. *so pile-esteem'd* Malone conj. *so Philistin'd* Steevens conj. *sop-oil'd esteem'd* Jackson conj. *so pill'd esteem* Vaughan conj.
35 *Fastolfe*] Theobald. *Falstaffe* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Falstaff* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy *with a linstock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

43 *scarecrow*] *Scar-crow* F_1F_2.
50 *So...spread*] *So great a fear my name amongst them spread* Pope.
was] Rowe. *were* Ff.
54 *That*] *They* Rowe (ed. 2).
57 Enter...] Ff. Omitted by Pope.
60 *through*] Ff. *thorough* Malone.
grate] *secret grate* Dyce (ed. 2).
count each one] F_1. *can count every one* $F_2F_3F_4$. *count each enemy* Anon. conj. *can count each stone* Vaughan conj.
65 *next.*] Capell. *next?* Ff.
66 *stand*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *stands* F_1.

Digitized by Google

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,

68 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Ff.
69 [Here...fall.] Here...Sir Thomas Gargrave fall down. Hanmer. Here they shot, and Salisbury falls downe. Ff.
shoot] Rowe.
Gargrave] Capell.
fall] Capell.
73 *canst speak*] Pope. *canst, speak* Ff.
75 *thy eyes*] *thine eyes* Collier MS.
78—86 *In...hands!*] Erased in Collier MS.
84 *The sun...world.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
87 *his*] *this* F_3F_4.
90 *Salisbury, cheer*] *O Salisb'ry, cheer* Pope. *Cheer, Salisbury* Seymour conj.
91 *whiles—*] Ff. *while—* Pope.

Digitized by Google

As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

95 *like thee, Nero,*] Malone. *like thee,* F_1. *Nero like will,* F_2. *Nero like, will* F_3F_4. *Nero-like,* Pope. *like the Roman,* S. Walker conj. *like the emperor* Vaughan conj. *like to Nero* Kinnear conj.

97 *my name*] *thy name* S. Walker conj.

99 *the noise*] *this noise* Pope.

101 *la Pucelle*] *de Puzel* Ff (and elsewhere).

107—109 *Pucelle...brains.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

107 *Pucelle or puzzel*] *Puzel or Pussel* Ff.

110 *me*] *brave* Pope. *we* Vaughan conj.

111 *And then we 'll try*] *Then we 'll try* Long MS. *Then try we* Hudson (Steevens conj.). *And then try* S. Walker conj.

these dastard] *these said* Vaughan conj.

these] om. Pope.

[Alarum.] om. Capell.

Exeunt.] F_1F_2. Exit. F_3F_4. Exeunt, bearing Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave out. Theobald.

Digitized by Google

SCENE V. *The same.*

Here an alarum again: and TALBOT *pursueth the* DAUPHIN, *and driveth him: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*Here they fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*

SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE X. Pope. The same.] The same. Before one of the Gates. Capell.
Here...Joan La Pucelle...re-enter...] Here...Ioane de Puzel...enter... Ff.
and exit after them] Dyce. om. Ff.
3 *them.*] *men* / Vaughan conj.
4 Re-enter La Pucelle.] Dyce. Enter Puzel. Ff.
a bout] *about* F_2.
[throwing himself in her Way. Capell.
6 *thou art*] *tho' thou'rt* Vaughan conj.
9—12 Tal. *Heavens...strumpet.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
10 *breast*] *brace* Vaughan conj.
14 *forthwith.*] *forwith;* F_2. *forthwith?* F_4.
[A short...enter...] Ff. A short... enters... Johnson. Quitting him, to head some Troops. Capell.

Digitized by Google

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. [*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

16 *hungry-starved*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *hongry-starved* F_2. *hunger-starved* Rowe. *hungry, starved* Boswell conj. *hungry staid* Jackson conj.
26 *like to*] F_1. *like the* $F_2F_3F_4$. *like their* Pope.
29 *soil*] *style* or *scroll* Dyce conj. *shield* Vaughan conj.
30 *treacherous from the*] F_3F_4. *trecherous from the* F_1F_2. *tim'rous from the* Pope. *from the treacherous* Mitford conj. *tremulous from the* Collier MS. *reckless from the* Vaughan conj.
31 *leopard*] *leopard's paw* Vaughan conj.
37 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.

SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE XI. Pope. om. Ff. Dyce and Staunton continue the scene.
walls] Wall F_3F_4.
2 *Rescued*] *For rescu'd* Keightley.
English] F_1. *English wolves* F_2F_3 F_4. *English dogs* Staunton conj.
4 *Astræa's*] F_1. *bright Astræa's* F_2F_3 F_4.
6 *gardens*] Hanmer. *Garden* Ff.
11 *Why...town?*] As two lines, the first ending *aloud*, in Ff.
out the bells aloud] *out the bells* Pope. *bells aloud* Steevens conj. *loud the bells* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before Orleans.*

Enter a Sergeant *of a band, with two* Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus
are poor servitors,

21 *pyramis*] Ff. *pyramid* Rowe.
22 *or Memphis'*] Hanmer. *or Memphis* Ff. *of Memphis* Dyce (Capell conj.).
23 *when*] *wen* F_2.
24 *precious*] *gracious* Rowe.
25 *rich-jewel'd coffer*] Ff. *rich jewel'd coffer* Pope. *rich jewel-coffer* Steevens conj.
25, 26 *Darius, Transported*] F_4. *Darius, Transported,* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Darius Transported,* Capell.
27 *Before*] *Ever before* Hanmer. *And borne before* Anon. conj.
queens] *queens and peers* Dyce conj.
France] *France up-born* Capell. *France for aye* Keightley. *France for ever* Id. conj.
ACT II. SCENE I.] Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima. Ff.
Before Orleans.] Theobald. Continues in Orleans. Pope.
Enter...] Ff. Enter a French Serjeant, and Sentinels, to the Gate. Capell.

Digitized by Google

When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

8 and forces] Capell. om. Ff. 29 *all together*] Rowe. *altogether* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Bed. Agreed: I'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[*Cry: 'St George,' 'A Talbot.'*

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.
Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.
Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,

33 *And*] om. Pope.
37 [The English, scaling the Walls, Cry St George! A Talbot! Theobald.
38 [Cry...] om. Theobald.
39 SCENE II. Pope.
over] ore Ff.
the...Orleans,] Bastard, Ff.
40 *ay, and glad*] *I and glad* Ff. *I am glad* Pope.
42 *alarums*] *Alarms* F_4.
46 *be*] *is* Pope.
50 Enter...] Enter...Joane. Ff (after line 48).

Digitized by Google

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, *crying 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.

63 *your*] F_1. *our* $F_2F_3F_4$.
quarters] $F_1F_2F_3$. *Quarter* F_4.
76 *our*] om. Pope.
77 [Exeunt. Ff. Omitted first by Capell.
78 SCENE III. Within the walls of Orleans. Pope.
an English Soldier] Capell. a Souldier Ff.

Digitized by Google

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Orleans. Within the town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,

SCENE II.] Capell. om. Ff and Pope.
Orleans...] The same... Theobald (after line 77 of Scene I.).
a Captain, and others] Capell. om. Ff.
3 [Retreat sounded.] Capell. Retreat. Ff.
6 *centre*] F_3F_4. *Centure* F_1. *Center* F_2.
11 *happen'd*] Rowe. *happened* Ff.

Digitized by Google

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.

20 *Arc*] Rowe. *Acre* Ff.
27 *dusky*] *dusty* Rowe.
34 *of this*] *of his* F_2.
38 *Auvergne*] Rowe. *Ouergne* F_1. *Auergne* F_2F_3. *Avergne* F_4.
40 *great lord*] *good lord* Reed (1803, 1813, 1821).
45 *unto*] *into* Rowe (ed. 2).
46 *with.*] *with* F_4.

Digitized by Google

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Auvergne. The Countess's castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS *and her* Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,

47 *may not*] *can't* Pope.
my] om. Capell.
48 *Ne'er trust me then*] *Nay, trust me there* Hanmer.
54 *it is*] Malone. *'tis* Ff. *that is* Pope.
59 [Whispers.] So Johnson. After the line, in Ff.
mind?] Dyce. *minde.* F_1F_2. *mind.* F_3F_4.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. om. Ff.
Auvergne...] The Countess of Auvergne's Castle. Pope. Auvergne. Court of the Castle. Capell.
2 *you have*] *you 've* Pope.

Digitized by Google

And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.
Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

9 *mine ears*] *my Ears* F_4.
11, 12 *Madam...desired,*] As in Steevens (1793). As one line in Ff.
12 *desired,*] om. Pope, reading *Madam ...ladyship* as one line.
16 *abroad*] *abroad,* Pope. *abroad?* Ff.
21 *And*] *A* F_4.
23 *writhled*] *wrizled* Hanmer.
24 *to*] *in* Pope.
27 [Going. Capell.
28 *What.....goes.*] As two lines in Ff. As one (omitting *him*) in Pope.
goes.] Pope. *goes?* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha!
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

33 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
44 *Laughest...moan.*] One line in Pope: two in Ff.
46 *aught*] Theobald. *ought* Ff.
48 *Why,*] *Why?* Ff.
49 *I substance*] *I shadow, aye and substance* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

60 *That*] *That, madam*, Steevens conj. *Lady, that* Keightley.
presently] *lady, presently* Collier, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
Enter Soldiers.] The Gates are forced; and enter certain of his Troops. Capell.
69 *gather'd*] Pope. *gathered* Ff.
73 *misconstrue*] Rowe. *misconster* Ff.
77 *Nor*] *No* Steevens (1793).
78 *your*] F_1. *our* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple-garden.*

Enter the EARLS of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper:
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. om. Ff.
London...] Pope.
Enter.....] Capell. Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others. Ff.
another Lawyer.] a Lawyer. Ritson conj. another, a Lawyer. Vaughan conj.
1 Plan.] Rowe. Yorke. Ff (and throughout the scene).
Great...silence?] One line in Pope: two in Ff.
6 *Or else was*] *And was not* Hanmer. *in the error*] *i' the right* Capell (Johnson conj.). *in error* Hudson (Dyce conj.).
8 *And never*] *I never* Pope.
9 *unto*] *into* F_4.
13 *bears*] *wears* or *hath* Anon. conj. *boasts* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

20 *The truth*] *Truth* F_4.
24 *blind man's*] F_4. *blind-mans* F_1F_2. *blind-man's* F_3.
26 *significants*] *significance* Pope.
31 *nor no*] *and no* Pope.
35 *base insinuating*] *base-insinuating* S. Walker conj.
48 *rose*] *rose'* S. Walker conj.

Digitized by Google

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

49—54 *Prick not.....I am.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
54 *where still*] *still where* F_4.
57 *in you*] *in law* Anon. conj. [To Somerset.] Rowe.
61 *in a*] *to a* Pope.
62—74 *Meantime...be seen.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
65 *anger*] *anger*— Capell. *that*] *but* Long MS. *and* Collier MS. *thy*] F_1F_2. *my* F_3F_4.
72 *roses*] *rose* Dyce (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

76 *fashion*] *passion* Pope. *faction* Theobald.
86 *bears*] *braves* Collier MS. *him on*] *in mind* Vaughan conj.
91 *executed*] *headed* Pope. *execute* Steevens conj.
99 *ripen'd*] Pope. *ripened* Ff.
102 *this apprehension*] *this reprehension* Theobald. *misapprehension* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am braved and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.

110 *to my grave*] *in my grave* Collier MS.
117 *wiped*] *wip't* $F_2F_3F_4$. *whipt* F_1.
127 *A thousand*] *Ten thousand* Collier MS.
128—134 *Good...day.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

Digitized by Google

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair, and* Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.

132 *Thanks*] *I thank you* Collier conj.
gentle sir.] $F_2F_3F_4$. *gentle.* F_1.
gentle sir; thanks, both. Steevens conj. *gentlemen.* Anon. conj.
SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. om. Ff.
The...London.] A Prison. Theobald. A Room in the Tower. Capell.
and Gaolers.] and Iaylors. Ff. supported by two of his Keepers. Capell.
3 *man*] *man's* Capell conj.
rack] Pope. *Wrack* Ff.
6 *aged*] *faded* Vaughan conj. (withdrawn).
an age] *a cage* Collier MS. *one age* Vaughan conj. (withdrawn).
9 *exigent*] *exeunt* Vaughan conj.
10 *burthening*] *burd'ning* Steevens (1793).
11 *like*] *look like* Vaughan conj.
wither'd] Pope. *withered* Ff.
16 *comfort*] *comfore* F_2.

Digitized by Google

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

18, 33 First Gaol.] 1. K. Capell. Keeper. Ff.
19 *unto his*] F_1. *his* $F_2F_3F_4$. *to his* Rowe.
21 *shall then*] F_1. *then shall* $F_2F_3F_4$.
28 *despairs*] *despair* Dyce conj.
32 *That so*] *But so*, Vaughan conj.
33 Enter Richard Plantagenet.] Enter Richard. Ff.
34 *my*] om. Hanmer.
35 Plan.] Rich. Ff (and throughout the scene).
38 *latter*] *later* F_4. *latest* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I 'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:

44 *disease*] *displeasure* Pope.
47 *Among*] F_1. *Amongst* $F_2F_3F_4$. *used*] *loos'd* Warburton conj. *tongue*] *mouth* Vaughan conj.
55 *That cause*] *This cause* Rowe.
58 *decease*] *disease* So quoted in Mrs Cowden Clarke's Concordance.
61 *fading*] *failing* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
64 *nephew*] *cousin* Rowe.
66 *the third*] *third* F_2.

Digitized by Google

The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:

71 *that—young*] *that* (*young* Ff. *that young* Pope.
King] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
75 *the third*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *third* F_1.
76 *To King...he*] *To the third Edward; whereas Bolingbroke* Pope.
To] *Unto* Keightley.
he] *he, Bolingbroke* Capell.
78 *fourth*] F_1. *the fourth* $F_2F_3F_4$.
79 *haughty great*] *haughty-great* S. Walker conj.
82 *the Fifth*] *nam'd the Fifth* Seymour conj.
83 *Succeeding*] *After* Pope.
89 *have install'd*] *re-instal* Pope.
93 *Of which*] *Of whom* Capell conj.

Digitized by Google

But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

102 *Strong-fixed*] Theobald. *Strong fixed* Ff.
105 *do*] *from* Hanmer.
109 *that slaughterer*] F_3F_4. *y' slaughterer* F_1F_2. *that slaughter* Rowe (ed. 2). *the slaughterer* Capell.
113 *be all*] *befal* Theobald.
121 [Exeunt.....Mortimer.] Exeunt Keepers, bearing out Mortimer. Capell. Exit. Ff. om. Rowe.
122 *dies*] *lies* Warburton.

Digitized by Google

Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the* BISHOP of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOUCESTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, tears it.*

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

123 *ambition of the*] *th' ambition of a* Hanmer.
126 *redress*] *redress them* Hanmer. *redress 'em* Keightley.
129 *ill the advantage*] *will the advancer* Collier MS.
ill] Theobald. *will* Ff.
ACT III. SCENE I.] Actus Tertius. Scena Prima. Ff.
London.] The same. Capell.
The Parliament-house.] Capell. The Parliament. Pope.
the Bishop of Winchester,] Capell. Winchester, Ff.
and others.] and many others attending. Capell. om. Ff.
1 *deep premeditated*] *deep-premeditated* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).
2, 3 *devised, Humphrey of Gloucester?*] *deuis'd? Humfrey of Gloster,* Ff.
4 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

13 *the method of my pen*] *them off my pen* or *the method of them* Vaughan conj.
27 *vouchsafe*] *vouchsake* F_2.
28 *me*] *my* F_4.
29, 30 *If...poor?*] *If covetous...perverse As.....poor?* or *If I were covetous, ambitious, or Perverse as he will have me, how so poor?* Vaughan conj.
29 *If I were...perverse*] *Were I...perverse* Steevens conj. *Were I ambitious, covetous, or perverse* Seymour conj. *ambitious or perverse*] *perverse, ambitious* Pope. *ambitious, proud* Collier MS.
31 *Or how haps it*] *How haps it then* Pope.
32 *myself, but...calling?*] *my selfe? but ...Calling.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—
Glou. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glou. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither, then.

33 *preferreth*] *preserveth* Collier MS.
36 *that that*] *that which* Pope.
41, 42 *as good*— Glou. *As good! Thou*] *as good as he.* Glou. *As good thou* S. Walker conj.
As good! Thou] *As good As I, thou* Vaughan conj.
41 *good*—] $F_2F_3F_4$. *good.* F_1.
45 *Am I not*] F_1F_2. *Am not I* F_3F_4. *Am not I then* Pope. *And am I not* Capell. *Am I not the* Steevens (1793). *Am I not Lord* Keightley (S. Walker conj.).
saucy] *thou saucy* Anon. conj.
49 *Unreverent*] *Unreverend* F_4.
reverent] *reverend* F_3F_4.
51 *Rome...this*] *This Rome shall remedy* Pope. *Rome this shall remedy* Keightley. *Rome shall this remedy* Id. conj.
Roam] *Go* Pope.
51—55 War. *Roam*...Som. *My lord*... War. *Ay, see*...Som. *Methinks my lord...such.*] Arranged as by Theobald. Warw. *Roame.....forbeare.* Som. *I, see...such.* Ff. Glou. *Go... then.* War. [to Win.] *My lord.....* Som. *I'll see...such.* Hanmer. Glo. *Roam*...Som. [to Glo.] *My lord*... War. *Ay, see.....*Som. *Methinks my lord...such.* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within*, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again*, 'Stones! stones!'

53 *Ay,*] Rowe. *I*, Ff. *I'll* Hanmer.
56 *humbler*] *humbler then* Pope.
61—64 First marked as 'Aside' by Hanmer.
65 [coming from his Throne. Capell.

Digitized by Google

Enter Mayor.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, *in skirmish, with bloody pates.*

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:

76 SCENE II. Pope.
77 *of*] om. Pope.
78 *bishop*] *Bishop's* Hanmer.
80 *pebble*] *peeble* F_1F_2. *peble* F_3F_4.
81 *banding themselves*] *themselves banding* Capell.
82 *pate*] *pates* Pope.
86 Serving-men] om. Ff.
ourself] *our selfe* F_1. *our selves* $F_2F_3F_4$.
89, 90 *Nay...teeth.*] As prose in Ff. As two lines in Capell, the first ending *be.*
93 *fight*] *sight* Vaughan conj.
96 *Inferior...majesty*] *To none inferior, but his majesty* Steevens conj.
to his] *his* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*
Glou. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glou. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,

100 *children*] *our children* Boswell.
101 *have*] *leave* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
103 *I say*] om. Hanmer.
104 *And if*] *An if* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).
110 *prefer*] *preserve* Collier MS.
112 *Yield, my lord protector; yield*] *My lord protector yield: yield* Pope. *Yield, lord protector, and yield* Collier MS.
115 *murder*] Johnson. *Murther* Ff.

Digitized by Google

As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
Glou. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
First Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.
Sec. Serv. And so will I.
Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*

124 *As*] *And* Rowe (ed. 2). *smoothed*] *smother'd* Pope.
129 *not you*] *you not* Capell conj.
129, 130 *teach,...same?*] Pope. *teach?... same.* Ff.
131 *king!*] Pope. *king:* Ff.
136 Marked as 'Aside' first by Collier.
138 *This*] *The* F_4.
141 Marked as 'Aside' first by Pope.
142 *kind*] *gentle* Pope. *kind, kind* Capell. *most kind* Steevens conj. *and kind* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *O kind* Vaughan conj.
146, 147 *And so...physic*] As one line in Capell.
146 *And so*] *So* Pope.
147 *I will*] *I'll* Pope.
148 [Exeunt Serving-men...] Exeunt Servants... Capell. Exeunt. Ff.

Digitized by Google

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glou. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your majesty.
King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.
King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

149 SCENE III. Pope.
150 *the right*] *right* Hanmer.
153 *An if*] Theobald. *And if* Ff.
163 *alone*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *all alone* F_1.
167 *humble*] *honour'd* Collier MS.
168 *humble*] *faithful* Pope.
169 [Plantagenet kneels to the King. Capell.
171 *gird*] F_4. *gyrt* F_1F_2. *girt* F_3.
175 *springs*] *springs* [rising. Capell.

Digitized by Google

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!
Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
King. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*
Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

178 Marked as 'Aside' first by Rowe.
186 [Sennet.] Senet. F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. Exeunt all.....] Capell. Exeunt. Manet Exeter. Ff.
187—201 *Ay...time.*] Erased in Collier MS.
192 *degree*] Ff. *degrees* Rowe.
199 *lose*] *loose* F_1. *should lose* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II. *France. Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, with four* Soldiers *with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. [*Within*] Qui est là?

Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.] Scæna Secunda. Ff. SCENE IV. Pope.
France. Before Rouen.] Changes to Roan in France. Pope.
Enter La Pucelle...] Enter Pucell... Ff (and throughout the scene). Enter Pucelle, and Soldiers, disguis'd like Countrymen,... Capell.
with four] and four F_4.
1 *Rouen*] *Roan* Ff (and passim).
10 First Sol.] 1. S. Capell. Souldier. Ff.
12 [Knocks.] Knock. Ff.
13 Watch. [Within] Watch. Ff. Gua. [Within. Capell.
Qui est là?] Malone. *Che la.* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Che la?* F_4. *Qui va là?* Rowe.
14 *Paysans, pauvres*] Rowe. *Peasaunes la pouure* Ff.
16 *is rung*] *has rung* Capell conj.
17 [Exeunt.] Ff. Guard open; and Pucelle, and her soldiers, enter the city. Capell.

Digitized by Google

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD *of Orleans*, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and forces.*

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reign. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*
Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Reign. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

18 the Bastard of Orleans] Bastard Ff.
Reignier] Edd. om. Ff. See note (v).
and forces] Capell.
20 *practisants*] *partizans* Hanmer.
21, 22 *specify Where.....in?*] *specifie, Where...in?* Rowe. *specifie? Here ...in.* Ff.
23, 33 Reign.] Ff. Ale. Capell.
25 *No*] *Our* Nicholson conj.
weakness] *waxness* F_3.
26 on the top,] Ff. on a battlement, Capell.
28 *Talbotites*] Theobald. *Talbonites* Ff. *Talbotines* Hanmer.
[Exit.] Edd. om. Ff.
31 *shine*] F_1F_2. *shines* F_3F_4.
35 [Alarum. Exeunt.] Edd. Alarum. Ff. They shout; Force open the Gate, and enter. Capell.

Digitized by Google

An alarum. Enter TALBOT *in an excursion.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. [*Exit.*

An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a chair. Enter* TALBOT *and* BURGUNDY *without: within* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

36 Enter Talbot...] Talbot... Ff. Enter Talbot, and certain English. Capell.
40 *the pride*] *the prize* Theobald. *being prize* Hanmer. *the bride* Jackson conj. *the gripe* Vaughan conj.
[Exit.] Ff. Enters the City again. Capell.
41 SCENE v. Pope.
Burgundy] Burgonie Ff.
Alençon, and Reignier.....] Collier. and Reigneir... Ff. and Alanson... Hanmer.
Good] F_3F_4. *God* F_1F_2.
42 *Burgundy*] Rowe. *Burgonie* Ff (and passim).
49 *no*] *not* F_4.
50, 51 *What...chair?*] As in Pope. As three lines in Ff, ending *gray-beard? ...death...chayre.*
51 *chair?*] Pope. *Chayre.* F_1F_2. *Chair.* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*The English whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

52 *all*] *hell's* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
57 *this*] *his* Rowe.
58 *ye so hot*] *you so hot* Capell. *you hot* Vaughan conj.
hot, sir?] Capell. *hot, sir:* Ff. *hot?* Pope.
59 [The English...] They... Ff.
60 *the speaker*] *speaker* Collier MS.
68 *hang!*] *hang then:* Hanmer.
muleters] *muleteers* Rowe.
71 *Away, captains!*] *Captains away,* Rowe.
73 *God be wi' you*] Rowe. *God b'uy* Ff.
came] F_1. *came sir* $F_2F_3F_4$. *came up* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.).

Digitized by Google

Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe *and a* Captain.

Capt. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:

92 *or woe*] *and woe* Pope.
99 *Undaunted*] *Undaunting* F_2.
103 [Exeunt...] Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces; leaving Bedford under the Guard of a Captain, and Others. Capell. Exit. Ff.
104 Fastolfe] Theobald. Falstaffe Ff. *Fastolfe*] Theobald. *Falstaffe* Ff.

Digitized by Google

We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON *and* CHARLES *fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the rest.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,

107, 108 *Ay...life.*] As in Hanmer. One line in Ff.
114 *glad*] *fled* Vaughan conj.
carried in] carried F_4.
115 SCENE VI. Pope. Scene, within the walls of Roan. Theobald.
Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter... Ff.
recover'd] Pope. *recovered* Ff.
117 *Yet*] *Let* Dyce (ed. 2). *Ye* Anon. conj.
118 *and martial*] *and matchless* Collier MS. *unmatchable* Vaughan conj.
120 *monuments*] *monument* Capell.
123 *gleeks*] Hanmer. *glikes* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.
Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The plains near Rouen.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD *of Orleans*, ALENCON, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,

129 *lie*] *lyes* Pope.
137 *human*] Rowe. *humane* Ff.
SCENE III.] Scæna Tertia. Ff. SCENE VII. Pope.
The plains near Rouen.] The same.
Plains near the city. Capell. om. Ff.
and forces] Capell. om. Ff.
3 *corrosive*] F_1F_4. *corrasive* F_2F_3. *a corrosive* Boswell conj.

Digitized by Google

And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT *and his forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

23 *should*] *shall* F_4.
31 Here...march.] Ff.
Enter...] Capell. om. Ff.
33 French march.] Ff.
Enter...] Capell. om. Ff.
36 SCENE VIII. Pope.
[Enter the Duke of Burgundy, marching. Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France! 41
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced 45
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, 50
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears, 56
And wash away thy country's stained spots.
Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.
Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny. 61
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France

45 *the...the*] *her...her* Collier MS.
47 *lowly*] *lovely* Warburton.
48 *tender dying*] Pope. *tender-dying* Ff.
52 *thy*] *the* F_4.
55 *foreign*] *forraine* F_1F_2. *common* F_3F_4.
60 *exclaims*] *exclaim* Pope.
62 *Who*] F_1. *Whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

78 *I am...hers*] One line in Rowe: two in Ff.
I am] *I'm* Pope.
84 *trust*] *trust trust* F_4.
85 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
90 *Now.....powers,*] One line in Rowe: two in Ff.
91 [Exeunt.] Exit. F_4.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *Paris. The palace.*

Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER: VERNON, BASSET, *and others. To them with his* Soldiers, TALBOT.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace. [*Kneels.*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said

SCENE IV.] Scæna Quarta. Ff. SCENE IX. Pope.
Paris.] Pope.
The palace.] A Room in the Palace. Capell.
Bishop of Winchester,] Winchester, Ff.
Vernon, Basset, and others.] Vernon, and Bassett, in the Train. Capell. om. Ff.
with his Soldiers, Talbot.] Ff. Talbot, and some of his Officers. Capell.
8 *Beside*] *Besides* Knight.
11 *his*] *this* Vaughan conj.
12 *my God*] *his God* Collier MS.
[Kneels.] Edd.
13 *the Lord*] *the fam'd Lord* Rowe. *the* Capell. *Lord* Hudson (Anon. conj.). *then the Lord* Vaughan conj.
18 *do remember*] *was remember'd* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York:—
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;

20 *were*] F_1F_2. *have* F_3F_4.
your truth] *that truth* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
22 *our*] *your* Warburton.
27 [Sennet. Flourish.] Senet. Flourish. F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Exeunt all but...] Exeunt. Manet... F_1. Exeunt. Manent... $F_2F_3F_4$.
34 *my lord*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
37 *ye*] F_1F_2. *you* F_3F_4.
38 *Villain.....such*] One line in Rowe: two in Ff.
know'st] Pope. *knowest* Ff.
39 *whoso draws*] Rowe. *who so draws* Ff.
'tis present death] *in th' presence, 'tis death* Warburton.

Digitized by Google

When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paris. A hall of state.*

Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, *the* Governor of Paris, *and others.*

Glou. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

ACT IV. SCENE I.] Actus Quartus. Scena Prima. Ff.
Paris.] Pope.
A hall...] Capell.
Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.] Exeter and Governor of Paris. Pope. and Governor Exeter. Ff.
3 [Governor kneels. Capell.
8 [Exeunt Gov. and Train. The King comes from his Throne. Capell.
9 Enter...] Enter Fastolfe. Theobald. Enter Falstaffe. Ff.
12 *to*] om. Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,

14 *thee*] *the* F_1.
15 *thy*] *the* Keightley.
craven's] *craven* Theobald.
[Plucking it off.] Capell. om. Ff.
18 *me, princely*] *me Princely* F_1F_2. *my Princely* F_3F_4.
19 *Patay*] Malone (Capell conj.). *Poictiers* Ff.
23 *Like*] *Unlike* Vaughan conj.
29 *no.*] Capell. *no?* Ff.
38 *most*] *worst* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[*Exit Fastolfe.*

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?

No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [*Reads*] 'I have, upon especial cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

47 [Exit Fast.] Exit. Ff.
48 *my lord*] *lord* F_1.
51 *bluntly, 'To the king!'*] *bluntly?* (*To the King.*) Ff. [Reading. Rowe. viewing the Superscription. Capell.
54 *Pretend*] *Portend* Rowe (ed. 2).
55 [Reads] Rowe. opens the Letter. Capell.
56 *of*] *of of* F_2.
wreck] Theobald (ed. 2). *wracke* F_1F_2. *wrack* F_3F_4.
61 *so,*] *so;* Capell. *so?* Ff.
65 *your*] F_1. *my* $F_2F_3F_4$. *our* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.
King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,

70 *How say you, my lord*] *My lord, how say you* Pope.
71 *yes*] om. Capell conj.
77 [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff.
78 SCENE II. Pope.
87 *whereof*] *wherof* F_1. *whereon* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

90 *envious*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. *sharp and* Rowe.
93 *represent*] F_1. *present* $F_2F_3F_4$.
101 *noble*] *royal* Collier MS.
103 *bold*] *bad* or *bald* Vaughan conj.
113 *factious*] *factions* F_2.
115 *I pray, and be*] F_1. *and be* $F_2F_3F_4$. *and be again* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glou. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.
King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo

133 *It...friends.*] One line in Pope: two in Ff.
137 *we*] *you* F_4.
138 *amongst*] *among* F_4.
142 *rebel*] *rebellion* Keightley.

Digitized by Google

That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter and Vernon.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;

150 *that was*] *which was* Pope.
151 *umpire*] *Umper* F_1F_2. *Umpier* F_3 F_4.
152 [Putting.....rose.] Johnson. om. Ff.
167 *digest*] *disgest* F_2.
173 [Flourish.] Ff (after line 181). Exeunt all but...] Exeunt. Manet... F_1F_2. Exeunt. Manent... F_3F_4.
175 *Prettily*] *Most prettily* Pope.

Digitized by Google

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt all but Exeter.*
Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, *with trump and drum.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

180 *An if I wist he did,*—] Capell. *And if I wish he did.* Ff. *And if I wish he did.*— Rowe. *An if I wis, he did.*— Theobald, ed. 1 (in text). *And if I wis, he did.*— Theobald (in note). *And if—I wish—he did*— or *And if he did,—I wish*— Johnson conj. *And, if I wist, he did,*— Steevens.

181 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Flourish. Manet Exeter. Ff.

183 *had*] om. F_4.

191 *But that it*] F_1F_2. *By that it* F_3F_4. *But that he* Rowe. *But saith it* Capell conj. *But thinks it* Anon. conj. *But sees it* Keightley conj. *But at it* Vaughan conj.

193 *more when*] om. Roderick conj.

194 *There comes*] F_1. *Then comes* F_2F_3 F_4. *Thence comes* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE III. Pope. om. Ff.

Before...drum.] Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux. Ff (Trumpet F_2F_3. Trumpets F_4).

Digitized by Google

Trumpet sounds. Enter General *and others, aloft.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would: Open your city-gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament

3 Trumpet sounds.] Sounds. Ff. and others,] Malone. om. Ff. *calls*] *call* F_1.
6 *humble*] F_1. *humbled* $F_2F_3F_4$.
14 *their*] *our* Hanmer.
22 *war*] *death* Capell.
26 *spoil*] *steel* Vaughan conj.
28 *Ten...sacrament*] This line is placed before line 25, *And no way...* in F_2 F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, &c.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,

29 *rive*] F_3F_4. *ryue* F_1F_2. *drive* Johnson conj. *rain* Vaughan conj.
34 *due*] Theobald. *dew* Ff. *'due* Collier. *dow* Vaughan conj.
37 *well coloured*] *well-colour'd red* Vaughan conj.
38 *wither'd*] Rowe (ed. 2). *withered* Ff.
41 Exeunt...] Malone. Exit. Ff.
42 *hear*] *heard* F_4.
50 *moody-mad and*] Capell. *moodie mad: And* $F_1F_2F_3$. *moodie mad and* F_4.
53, 54 *Sell...friends.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

Digitized by Google

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter a Messenger *that meets* YORK. *Enter* YORK *with trumpet and many* Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

56 [Exeunt.] om. F_1.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. om. Ff.
Plains...] Capell. Another part of France. Theobald.
5 *Talbot: as...along,*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Talbot as...along.* F_1.
11 *this*] *the* F_4.
13 *lowted*] Ff. *flouted* Grey conj. *loiter'd* Nicholson conj. *letted* Vaughan conj.
by a] *by at* F_2.

Digitized by Google

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.

17 Enter Sir William Lucy.] Theobald. Enter another Messenger. Ff.
Lucy.] 2. Mes. Ff.
20 *waist*] Steevens (1778). *waste* Ff.
30 Lucy.] Mes. Ff (and throughout the scene).
31 *lose*] *loose* F_1.
33 *'long*] Johnson. *long* Ff.
35 *who*] *whom* Theobald (ed. 2).
36 *toward*] F_1. *towards* $F_2F_3F_4$.
40 *grave?*] Capell. *grave:* Ff. *grave!* Rowe.
42 *sunder'd*] *sundry* Rowe (ed. 1).

Digitized by Google

Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay. [*Exit, with his soldiers.*
Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Other plains in Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, *with his army; a* Captain *of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

44 *cause I*] *cause: I* Lloyd conj.
46 *'Long*] Johnson. *Long* Ff.
[Exit...] Exit York with his Forces. Collier. Exit. Ff.
49 *loss*] Pope. *losse:* $F_1F_2F_3$. *loss,* F_4.
50 *conquest*] *conquests* F_4.
51 *ever living man of*] *man of ever-living* Lettsom conj.
52 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
other] *others* F_4.
53 [Exit.] om. F_1.
SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope.
Other plains...] Capell. Another part of France. Theobald.
a Captain...] an Officer... Capell. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.
Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.
Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,

12 Enter...] Theobald. om. Ff.
whither] *whether* F_1.
were you] *were thou* F_4. *wert thou* Rowe (ed. 1).
13 *Whither, my lord?*] Rowe. *Whither my lord,* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Whether my lord,* F_1. *Hither, my lord;* Pope.
14 *bold adversity*] *bloody adversaries* Vaughan conj.
16 *legions*] Rowe. *Regions* Ff.
17 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
19 *in advantage lingering*] *in disadvantage ling'ring* Staunton conj. *in disvantage lingering* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.). *disadvantage ling'ring* Vaughan conj.
20 *the trust*] *thro' trust* Vaughan conj.
21 *off*] *both* Vaughan conj.
23 *should*] F_1. *shall* $F_2F_3F_4$.
25 *Yields*] *Yeeld* F_1.
26 *Burgundy*] *Burgundie* F_1. *and Burgundie* $F_2F_3F_4$.
27 *Reignier*] Rowe. *Reignard* Ff.
31 *host*] F_3F_4. *hoast* F_1F_2. *horse* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).

Digitized by Google

Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,

42 *rescue: he is*] *rescue, he is* F_1F_2. *rescue, if he is* F_3F_4. *rescue, if he's* Rowe (ed. 1). *rescue, he's* Id. (ed. 2). *rescue now, he's* Pope.
44 *though*] *if* Capell.
SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. The English camp...] Malone. A Field of Battle near Bourdeaux. Theobald. Camp near Bourdeaux. Capell.
John his son.] Malone. his Son. Ff.
7 *thou art*] *art thou* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

9 *my*] *thy* Rowe.
13 *mother*] F_1F_2. *Mothers* F_3. *Mother's* F_4.
29 *bow, they 'll*] *fly, they 'll* Hudson (Collier MS.). *go, they 'll* Long MS. *flew, they 'd* Singer (Anon. conj. MS.). *do, they 'll* Keightley. *budge, they 'll* Vaughan conj.
37 *to fly*] *flye* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A field of battle.*

Alarum: excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son *is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

39 *shame*] *sham'd* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
40 *nor*] *and* Pope.
lose it] *lose't* S. Walker conj.
41 *abuse it*] *abuse't* S. Walker conj.
42 *that*] *y^t* F_1. *y^t* F_2. *the* F_3F_4.
48 *sever'd*] Pope. *severed* Ff.
52 [embracing him. Capell.
55 *heaven fly*] *heav'n shall fly* Pope.
SCENE VI.] Capell. Pope continues the scene.
A field of battle.] Capell.
3 *France his*] *France's* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.
John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!

6 *am I*] *I am* Rowe (ed. 1).
20 *and*] *then* Pope.
21 *him thus; 'Contaminated*] *him— 'This contaminated* Vaughan conj.
26 *care,*] *care?* F_4.

Digitized by Google

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let 's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

35 *mickle*] *milky* Theobald conj.
36 *an if*] Capell. *and if* Ff.
44, 45 *On that advantage...fame,*] Ff. *On that bad vantage...fame,* Theobald conj. *Out on that vantage... fame!* Theobald. *Oh! what advantage...fame!* Hanmer. *On that advantage...(To save...fame,)* Mason conj. *Oh hated vantage!...fame!* Vaughan conj. *On that advantage ...fame!* Perring conj.
47 *coward*] *coward's* Vaughan conj.
48 *like me to*] *leave me to* Hanmer. *take me so* Vaughan conj.
49 *scorn*] *own* Vaughan conj.
51 *An if*] Theobald. *And if* Ff.
53 *If*] *I* Vaughan conj.
55 *Thou Icarus; thy*] *Though, Icarus, thy* Vaughan conj.
57 *proved*] *proud* Vaughan conj. [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter old TALBOT *led by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, *with the body of young* TALBOT.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

SCENE VII.] Pope. SCENE VI. Capell (a misprint).
Another...] Malone. Another Part of the same. Capell.
Enter...led by a servant.] Enter... led. Ff. Enter...led by the French. Johnson. Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Soldier. Collier (ed. 2). Enter old Talbot led by a Soldier. Collier MS.
3 *death,...captivity,*] Ff. *death,...captivity!* Pope. *death!.....captivity,* Malone conj. *death,.....captivity* Vaughan conj.
smear'd] *snared* Vaughan conj.
5 *shrink and on*] *sink upon* or *sinking on* Lettsom conj.
10 *Tendering*] *Tending* Tyrwhitt conj. *Fending* Becket conj.
18 Enter...] Capell. Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne. Ff (born. F_3F_4), after line 16.
antic] *antick* F_3F_4. *antique* F_1F_2.

Digitized by Google

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:'

21 *lither*] *hither* S. Walker conj.
23 *hard-favour'd*] Theobald. *hard favoured* Ff.
25—28 *Brave.....to-day.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
25 *whether*] F_3F_4. *whither* F_1F_2.
32 [Alarums. Exeunt. Sol. and Ser. leaving the two Bodies. Drums. Capell.
33 Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1. Capell first continued the scene.
Enter...and forces.] Enter...and Pucell. Ff.
Alençon,] om. Capell.
35 *Talbot's, raging-wood,*] Capell. *Talbots raging wood,* Ff. *Talbot's raging brood,* Rowe (ed. 2).
36 *puny sword*] Hyphened in Ff.
39 *proud*] *prood* F_2.

Digitized by Google

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended;* Herald *of the* French *preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,

42, 43 *So, rushing.....He left*] *So left* Pope.
42 *So...French,*] F_1. Omitted in F_2F_3 F_4.
46 *most bloody*] *still bleeding* Collier MS.
his] *our* Staunton conj.
51 Enter...] Capell. Enter Lucie. Ff.
51, 52 *Herald...day.*] Arranged as in Ff. As three lines, ending *Herald..... know...day* by Malone.
51 *Herald*] om. Pope, ending the line at *know*.
52 *To know*] om. Hanmer. *I know* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., 1789).
obtain'd] *obtained* F_4. om. Capell conj.
59 *But tell*] *There look my friends; but tell* Lettsom conj.
whom thou seek'st] *briefly whom thou seekest now* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
seek'st.] Capell. *seek'st?* Ff.
60 *But where 's*] Ff. *Where is* Rowe. *First, where 's* Lettsom conj.
61, 62 *Earl...arms*] *for his rare success In arms, created Earl of Shrewsbury* Anon. conj.
61, 71 *Shrewsbury,...France?*] Dyce. *Shrewsbury?...France.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

66 *Lord Cromwell.....Lord Furnival*] *Cromwell...Furnival* Capell conj.

70 *marshal*] *marishal* Capell. Corrected to *mareshal* in Errata.
Henry] F_1. *our king Henry* $F_2F_3F_4$.

72 *Here is*] Pope. *Heere's* F_1F_2. *Here's* F_3F_4.
silly stately] *silly-stately* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).

75 *Him that*] *He that* Hanmer. *He, whom* Capell.

83 *amongst*] *among* F_4.

85 *may bear them hence*] *bear them forth* Collier MS. *may bear hence* Vaughan conj.

88 *proud commanding*] *proud-commanding* S. Walker conj.

Digitized by Google

For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I 'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOUCESTER, *and* EXETER.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

89 *'em*] Theobald. *him* Ff. *them* Collier (Theobald conj.).
them] om. Vaughan conj.
92 *I'll...rear'd*] As in Ff. Pope, reading *ashes Dauphin*, ends the first line at *hence;* Steevens at *bear*.
but] *But doubt not* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.), making *But...rear'd* one line.
ashes] *very ashes* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[Att. take up the Bodies. Capell.
93 *afeard*] *afear'd* Rowe. *affear'd* Ff.
94 *So...them*] *So they be rid* Vaughan conj.
rid...what] Malone. *rid of them, do with him what* F_1. *rid of them, do with them what* $F_2F_3F_4$. *rid of them, do what* Pope. *rid, do with them what* Capell.
[Exeunt Luc. and Att. bearing out the Bodies. Capell.
96 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. $F_1F_2F_3$. om. F_4.
ACT V. SCENE I.] Capell. Scena Secunda. Ff.
London.....] Changes to England. Pope. London. A Room in the Palace. Capell.
Sennet.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
2, 17 *Armagnac*] *Arminack* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Glou. I have, my lord: and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
King. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.
King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

7 *their*] *this* F_4.
9 *our*] *much* Collier MS.
16 *this*] *his* F_4.
17 *knit*] Ff. *kin* Pope. See note (VI).
20 *dowry*] *dower* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
21 *Marriage...young!*] *Marriage, alas! my years are yet too young:* Pope. *Marriage, good uncle! alas, my years are young;* Capell. *Marriage, uncle, 'las my years are young!* S. Walker conj.
Marriage] *In marriage* Anon. conj.
uncle! alas,] *alas! uncle,* Anon. conj.
27 *my*] $F_1F_3F_4$. om. F_2.

Digitized by Google

Enter WINCHESTER *in Cardinal's habit, a* Legate *and two* Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'
King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.
King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised

28 Enter.....] Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors. Ff. Enter a Legate, and two Embassadors, usher'd; Winchester with them, habited as a Cardinal. Capell.
39 *of*] om. F_2.
46 [to the Emb. Capell.
49 *where inshipp'd*] F_4. *wherein ship'd* F_1F_2. *wherein shipp'd* F_3.
50 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

53 *deliver'd*] Pope. *delivered* Ff.
54 *grave*] *brave* Collier conj.
55 *your*] om. F_4.
[Exit. Dyce and Staunton.
56 Win. [Aside] Edd. Win. Ff.
59 *neither...or for*] *nor...or for* Pope. *nor...nor for* Hanmer. *nor for birth, or for* Johnson conj. *neither on birth, or for* Vaughan conj.
60 *be overborne*] *not be o'erborn* Capell.
62 *sack*] *rack* Vaughan conj.
[Exeunt.] Ff. Exit. Dyce and Staunton.
SCENE II.] Capell. Scæna Tertia. Ff.
France.] Pope.
Plains in Anjou.] Capell.
Enter...] Enter...and Ione. Ff.
Bastard, Reignier,] om. Capell.
and forces.] and Forces, marching. Capell. om. Ff.
1 *These*] F_1F_2. *This* F_3F_4.
3 *turn*] *turne* F_1. *returne* F_2. *return* F_3F_4.
5 *powers*] F_1. *power* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Before Angiers.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

8 Scout.] Ff. a Messenger. Capell.
10 *scouts*] *Scout* F_4.
12 *parties*] *parts* Pope.
conjoin'd] *join'd* Anon. conj.
Scene III.] Capell. Ff continue the scene.
Before Angiers.] Under Angiers. Capell.
4 *accidents.*] *accidents,* Dyce.
7 [Thunder again. Capell.

Digitized by Google

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil. [*They depart.*
See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

8 *speedy and quick*] *speedy quick* Pope. *speed and quick* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
argues] *urges* Vaughan conj.
10 *cull'd*] *call'd* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
11 *regions*] *Regions* Ff. *legions* Singer, ed. 2 (Warburton conj.).
25 *vail*] F_3F_4. *vale* F_1F_2.
lofty-plumed] Capell. *lofty plumed* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Excursions. Re-enter LA PUCELLE *fighting hand to hand with* YORK: LA PUCELLE *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, *with* MARGARET *in his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

30 Re-enter La Pucelle...] Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye. Ff.
32 *your*] *you* Anon. conj.
44 *comest*] Rowe. *comst* F_1F_2. *com'st* F_3F_4.
45 SCENE IV. Pope.
47 *reverent*] Hanmer. *reverend* Ff.
48, 49 *I kiss...side.*] As in Ff. Capell transposed the lines, thus: *And lay.....side. I kiss.....*[Kissing her Hand.]...*peace.*
50 *thou? say,*] *thou? say;* Pope. *thou, say?* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend. [*She is going.*
O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

53 *An*] F_1F_4. *And* F_2F_3.
56 *cygnets*] Hanmer. *signets* F_1. *cignets* $F_2F_3F_4$.
57 *prisoner*] F_1F_2. *prisoners* F_3F_4. *prisoned* Vaughan conj.
her wings] F_3F_4. *his wings* F_1. *hir wings* F_2. *its wings* Vaughan conj.
59 [She is going.] Ff. She turns from him, as going. Capell.
60 *pass*] *go* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
62 *streams*] *stream* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
63 *Twinkling...beam*] *Kindling...beam* or *Twinkling in other.....beams* Vaughan conj.
64 *seems*] *shines* or *flames* Vaughan conj.
68 *tongue?*] *tongue to speak?* Anon. conj.
here?] *heere?* F_1. *heere thy prisoner?* $F_2F_3F_4$. *here alone?* Keightley conj. *here in place* or *here beside thee* Lettsom conj. *present here?* Vaughan conj.
70 *Ay,*] *Oh,* Pope.
71 *Confounds*] 'Confounds F_1.
makes the senses rough] Ff. *makes the senses crouch* Hanmer. *make... crouch* Capell. *makes the senses touch* Jackson conj. *wakes the sense's touch* Anon. MS. apud Singer. *mocks the sense of touch* Collier, ed. 2 (Col-

Digitized by Google

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She 's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I 'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that 's a wooden thing!
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

lier MS.). *makes the senses dull* Keightley conj. *makes the senses nought* Vaughan conj.
75 See note (VII).
77 *pay*] *pray* F_2.
83 *I were best to leave*] Ff. *'Twere best to leave* Pope. *I were best leave* Capell.
85 *random*] F_4. *randon* F_1F_2. *randome* F_3.
89, 90 *tush...carpenter.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
95 *is he*] *he is* F_4.
97 *ye*] *ye me* Pope.
you] *ye* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

101 *enthrall'd?*] *enthral'd?* Capell. *in-thral'd*, F_1F_2. *inthrall'd*, F_3F_4.
106 *cause*—] Capell. *cause.* Ff.
108, 109 Suf. *Lady...Quo.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
108 *Lady*] *Nay, hear me, lady* Capell. *Lady, pray tell me* Collier (Collier MS.). *Lady, sweet lady* Lettsom conj. *I prithee, lady* Dyce (ed. 2).
110 *suppose*] *then ween* Collier MS.
112 *To be a queen...vile*] *A queen in bondage is more vile to me* Collier MS.
115 *free*] *true* Collier MS.
120 *to be my*—] $F_1F_2F_3$. *to my*— F_4. *to*— Dyce, ed. 2 (Steevens conj.).

Digitized by Google

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER *on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

125 *And...myself*] [Aside] *And...thyself* Delius conj. [Aside] *And...myself* Vaughan conj.
126 *are ye*] F_1F_2. *are you* F_3F_4.
127 *An if*] Theobald. *And if* Ff. *am content*] *give consent* Collier MS.
128 [To his troops; who come forward. Capell.
131 SCENE V. Pope. A parley sounded.] Trumpet sounds a parley. Capell. Sound. Ff. Enter...] Ff.
136, 137 *Consent, and...Thy*] *Consent and—for...consent— Thy* Vaughan conj.
139 *easy-held*] *easie-held* Rowe (ed. 2). *easie held* Ff.
142 *or feign*] *nor feign* Capell conj.

Digitized by Google

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

144 [Exit....] Capell. om. Ff.
145 *here*] *here, my lord*, Dyce (ed. 2). *coming*] F_4. *comming* $F_1F_2F_3$. *coming, Reignier* Capell. *coming down* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *coming, king* Anon. conj. *comming* Anon. conj.
146 Enter Reignier, below.] Capell. Enter Reignier. Ff.
148 *for*] *in* Pope.
149 *with*] *of* Pope.
154 *country*] Ff. *counties* Theobald conj. *countries* Capell. *county* Malone.
158 *counties*] *countries* Rowe (ed. 1).
164 *this*] *it* F_4.
165, 166 Marked 'Aside' by Rowe.

Digitized by Google

To be mine own attorney in this case.
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,

172 [Exit. Anon. conj.
174 [Going.] Shee is going. Ff.
175 *but*] om. Pope.
[calling her back. Capell.
177 *becomes*] Ff. *become* Rowe.
179 *modestly*] *modestie* F_1.
184 [Kisses her.] F_4. Kisse her. F_1F_2 F_3.
185 Mar.] Wark. F_4.
186 [Exeunt...] Capell. om. Ff. Exit. Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Camp of the* DUKE OF YORK *in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify

192 *And natural*] *Maid-natural* Perring conj.
And] Capell. *Mad* F_1. *Made* F_2 F_3F_4. *Her* Pope. *'Mid* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier conj.). *Man:* Jackson conj. *Made* Barry conj. *Mild* Vaughan conj.
193 *their*] *her* Vaughan conj.
195 [Exit.] Ff. Exeunt. Rowe.
SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. om. Ff.
Camp...Anjou.] Capell. Enter.....] Capell. Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell. Ff.
2 Enter La Pucelle...] Enter Pucelle, guarded; Shepherd, her Father, with her. Capell.
5 *timeless cruel*] *timeless-cruel* S. Walker conj.
death?] *Death!* Rowe. *death:* Ff.
6 *Joan, I'll*] *Jone, Ile* F_1. *Ile* F_2. *I'le* F_3F_4. *I will* Rowe.
10 *an*] Pope. *and* Ff. *an't* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,

13 *first fruit*] *first-fruits* Capell conj.
17 *obstacle*] *obstinate* S. Walker conj.
20 *prithee*] *prythee* F_1F_2. *pray thee* F_3 F_4.
27 *the*] *i' the* Vaughan conj.
28 *suck'dst*] *suck'st* F_1.
30 *my*] *thy* F_4.
a-field] F_1. *a field* F_2F_3. *afield* F_4.
35 *fill*] *file* Vaughan conj.
37 *Not me*] *Me, not* Anon. conj.
me begotten] *one begotten* Collier (Malone conj.). *mean-begotten* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

48 *help*] *the help* F_4.
49 *No, misconceived!*] Steevens. *No misconceyued,* F_1. *No misconceived,* F_2F_3. *No, misconceived* F_4. *No, misconceivers;* Capell. *No, misconceited!* Vaughan conj.
Arc] Rowe. *Aire* Ff.
52 *maiden blood*] Hyphened in Ff.
54 *Ay.....execution!*] As two lines, S. Walker conj.
56 *enow*] *enough* Steevens (1778).
60 *discover*] F_3F_4. *discovet* F_1F_2.
61 *warranteth*] *warrants* S. Walker conj. *warrant hath* Vaughan conj. *to be*] om. Hanmer.
63 *Murder*] Johnson. *Murther* Ff.
66 *ye*] *you* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we 'll have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that 's most intolerable.
York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*
York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

70 *Well*] *Well, well* Capell.
we 'll] F_1. *we will* $F_2F_3F_4$.
74 *Alençon...Machiavel!*] Put in the margin by Pope.
Machiavel] Pope. *Machevile* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Matchevile* F_4.
75 *an if*] Theobald. *and if* Ff.
82 *sign*] *a sign* F_3F_4.
hath] F_1. *had* $F_2F_3F_4$.
83 *forsooth*] *fore seeth* F_4.
87 *reflex*] *reflect* Warburton.
91 [Exit, guarded.] Theobald. Exit. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.
York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

94 SCENE VII. Pope.
Enter Cardinal...] Enter Cardinall. Ff (after line 91). Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended. Capell.
99 *aspiring*] *respiring* Warburton.
100, 101 *here...Approacheth*] *see...Approaching* Pope.
101 *maiter*] F_1. *matters* $F_2F_3F_4$.
102 *travail*] *travell* $F_1F_2F_3$. *travel* F_4.
effect f] Rowe. *effect*, Ff.
114 *severe*] *several* Vaughan conj.
116 ...Bastard...] Ff. om. Capell.
...and others] Capell. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means

118 *We*] *I* Capell.
121 *poison'd*] *prison'd* Theobald. See note (VIII).
122 *these*] *those* F_3F_4.
133 *as*] *a* F_4.
139 *With*] *Of* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

148 *league*] *truce* or *peace* Keightley conj.
149 *compromise*] Rowe. *compremize* Ff.
150 *comparison f*] Rowe. *comparison.* Ff. *comparisons.* Collier MS.
155—158 [To the Dauphin aside. Hanmer.
158 *like*] *the like* F_4.
159—164 [Aside to the Dauphin. Pope.
163 *compact*] *contract* F_3F_4.
165 *How.....stand f*] As in Pope: two lines in Ff.
166, 167 *It...interest*] One line, Vaughan conj.
172 [Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty. Johnson.

Digitized by Google

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *London. The royal palace.*

Enter SUFFOLK *in conference with the* KING, GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;

173 *ye*] *you* F_4.
175 *entertain*] *enterchange* Collier MS.
SCENE v.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope. Actus Quintus. F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. London. The royal palace.] Changes to England. Pope. London. A room in the palace. Capell.
Enter...] Ff. Enter King Henry, and Suffolk, conferring; Gloster, and Exeter, after them. Capell.
3 *graced*] *grac'd* F_4.
6 *Provokes*] *Propels* Keightley conj.
11 *of her*] F_1F_2. *to her* F_3F_4.
17 *full-replete*] Hyphened by Dyce.
18 *as*] *a* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,

28 *that contract*] *the contract* Rowe (ed. 2).
35 *And*] *It* Vaughan conj.
36 *pray,*] *pray?* Vaughan conj.
39 *Yes, my lord*] F_1. *Yes my good lord* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Yes, yes, my lord* or *Why, yes, my lord* Anon. conj. *O, yes, my lord* Dyce (ed. 2). *Yes, my lord—more* Vaughan conj.
42 *As*] *That* Rowe.
46 *warrant a*] F_1. *warrant* $F_2F_3F_4$.
47 *Where*] *While* Pope.

Digitized by Google

That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

55 *Marriage*] F_1. *But marriage* $F_2F_3F_4$.
60 *It most*] Rowe. *Most* Ff. *The most* Keightley (Collier MS.).
64 *bringeth*] F_1. *bringeth forth* $F_2F_3F_4$.
71 *women*] *woman* Rowe (ed. 2).
72 *Will answer*] Ff. *Answer* Pope. *will Answer* Capell.
our] om. Hudson (Steevens conj.).

Digitized by Google

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm. [*Exit.*

82 *love*] *Ioue* F_1.
90 *To cross*] *Across* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
102 [Exeunt...] Capell. Exit Gloucester. Ff.
106 *Trojan*] *Troian* F_1.

Digitized by Google

NOTES.

Note I.

Dramatis Personæ. Mr G. R. French writes to us: 'In 1 Henry VI., it is generally said of the Duke of York: "Richard Plantagenet, *eldest* son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge." But he was an *only* son. "Eldest" should therefore be left out.'

We have made other changes in the 'Dramatis Personæ' of the following plays, in accordance with suggestions from Mr French, to whom we beg to repeat our acknowledgements.

[Mr French afterwards embodied a great deal of valuable information on the historical characters in Shakespeare's English plays in a volume called *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, which has been treated with undeserved neglect. W. A. W.]

Note II.

I. 1. 60. The word Rheims, spelt 'Rheimes' in the Folios, must be pronounced as a disyllable, otherwise the metre halts. Capell's interpolation, the credit of which is claimed as usual by Steevens, derives some support from the fact that *Roan*, i.e. *Rouen*, is mentioned by Gloucester in line 65. Possibly we should read *Rheimes* for *Roan* in the latter passage.

Note III.

I. 3. 59. The insertion made by the Editor of the second Folio for the sake of the metre shows that a change had already taken place in the pronunciation of the word 'Mayor,' which in Shakespeare's day was sometimes written and pronounced 'Major.' See 1 *Henry IV.* II. 4. 478: 'I deny your major; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; let him enter.' In line 85 of the present scene, however, the 'Maior' of the first Folio becomes 'Major' in the second—probably from inadvertence.

Digitized by Google

Note IV.

I. 4. 16—18. We leave this corrupt passage as it stands in the first Folio. In the second Folio, which is followed as usual by the third and fourth, it is thus given:

> 'And fully even these three dayes have I watcht,
> If I could see them. Now Boy doe thou watch,
> For I can stay no longer.'

Pope omits the words 'For...longer.'

Malone has:

> 'And even these three days have I watched,
> If I could see them.
> Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.'

Mr Collier:

> 'And even these three days have I watch'd, if I
> Could see them.
> Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.'

Mr Kinnear conjectures:

> Aim'd fully even; these three days &c.

reading what follows with the second Folio.

Note V.

III. 2. 18. All editors previous to Capell, except Hanmer, follow the Folios in making Reignier speak without having brought him on the stage, and all subsequent editors follow Capell in giving Reignier's speeches to Alençon, without noting that he had made any change. Hanmer altered Alençon to Reignier in the stage-direction, line 18, and Reignier to Alençon in the stage-direction, line 41.

Note VI.

V. 1. 17. However plausible the emendation *kin* may seem, we leave *knit*, the reading of the Folios, as the conceit suggested by the 'knot of amity,' in the preceding line, is not alien from the author's manner. Mr Collier, in a note to his second edition, says: "Mr Singer

Digitized by Google

is obliged to admit that it has been proposed to read 'near *kin* to Charles.' Where has it been so proposed? In the corrected Folio, 1632, which Mr Singer has always such a wish to ignore. The emendation was never suggested (not even in Mr Singer's corrected Folio, 1632) until it appeared in our volume of 'Notes and emendations,' p. 277."

In fact, it was first suggested by Pope, and adopted by Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson. Capell restored *knit*, in which he was followed by Steevens and Malone.

Note VII.

v. 3. 75. This and other speeches which follow are marked by Pope and subsequent editors as spoken aside, but this is so obvious that we have not thought it necessary to encumber our pages with marginal directions.

Note VIII.

v. 4. 121. Malone, followed by Singer, Mr Collier, and Herr Delius, attributes the emendation 'prison'd' for 'poison'd' to Pope. Mr Staunton rightly assigns it to Theobald.

Digitized by Google

THE SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY the Sixth.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CLIFFORD.
Young CLIFFORD, his son.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.
LORD SCALES.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
VAUX.
MATTHEW GOFFE[2].
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.
BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.
THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
SIMPCOX, an impostor.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.
JACK CADE, a rebel.
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL, &c., followers of Cade.
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.
MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.] First given imperfectly by Rowe.
[2] MATTHEW GOFFE.] Edd. (French conj.). om. Rowe.

Digitized by Google

THE SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, THE KING, HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *on the one side;* THE QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *on the other.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused:

London.] Capell.
The palace.] Scene, the Palace. Theobald.
1 *by*] *from* Lettsom conj.
2 *for*] F_1F_2. *from* F_3F_4.
7 *Calaber, Bretagne and*] *Bretagne* Hanmer.
and] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
9 *have perform'd*] *did perform* Hudson (Lettsom conj.), from (Qq).

Digitized by Google

And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For Thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

13 *To...are*] *Unto your excellence, that art* Seymour conj., from (Qq). *hands*] F_1. *hand* $F_2F_3F_4$.
19 *lends*] *lend'st* Rowe (ed. 2).
28 *alder-liefest*] *Alder liefest* (in italics) Ff. *aller-liefest* Malone conj.
34 *Makes*] F_1F_2. *Make* F_3F_4. *wondering fall to weeping*] *Wondring, fall to Weeping* F_1F_2. *wondring, fall to weeping* F_3F_4.
37 All [kneeling]. All kneel. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father—'

[*Lets the paper fall.*

King. Uncle, how now!

Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [*Reads*] 'Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

King. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent

46 *unto*] *to* (Qq) Capell.
47 *thirtieth*] *thirteenth* Rowe.
48 *duchy...county of Maine*] *dutchies of Anjou and Maine* Capell, from (Qq).
49 *father*—] Malone. *father.* Ff. *fa.* (Q_1Q_2). *fa*— (Q_3) Capell. [Lets...fall.] Duke Humphrey lets it fall. (Qq). om. Ff.
51 *at*] *to* F_4.
54 [Reads] om. Ff. [taking the paper from Glo. and reading. Capell. *It is...them,*] Omitted by Pope.
55 *duchies*] *Dutchesse* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Dutchess* F_4.
57 *any*] om. Malone.
58 *kneel*] *kneel you* Pope. *kneel thee* Keightley (Collier MS.).
60 *gird*] *girt* (Qq) Ff.

Digitized by Google

I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

Glou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,

62 *I' the*] *I' th* $F_1F_2F_3$. *I' th'* F_4. *in the* (Qq) Capell. See note (1).
64 *Somerset*] F_1. *and Somerset* $F_2F_3F_4$.
66 *all for*] *for all* (Q_3) and Warburton.
69 [Exeunt...] $F_2F_3F_4$. Exit... F_1. Manet the rest. F_1. Manent the rest. $F_2F_3F_4$.
70 SCENE II. Pope.
79 *got?*] Pope (ed. 2). *got:* FfQ.
82 *Normandy?*] Theobald. *Normandie:* Ff.
83 *Beaufort*] *Beauford* Ff. *Bedford* Rowe.
87 *awe,*] *awe?* Rowe (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

88, 89 *And had.....Crowned*] Grant White. *And hath...Crownèd* F_1F_2 F_3. *And hath...Crown'd* F_4. *And was...Crowned* Rowe. *Or hath...Been crown'd* Capell. *And hath...Been crown'd* Malone.

89 *foes?*] Rowe. *foes*, Ff.

97 *Defacing*] *Reversing* (Qq) Capell.

100 *peroration*] *preroration* F_1.

104 *roast*] Pope. *rost* Ff. *roost* Grant White.

105 *duchy*] *dutchies* Capell.

Digitized by Google

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France and starved in France,
Before—

Car. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glou. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

116 *I*] *are* F_4.
wounds] *swords* Collier conj., from (Qq).
118 *Mort Dieu !*] om. Pope.
119, 120 *For...isle !*] Put in the margin by Pope.
130 *starved*] *starv'd* F_1F_2. *starv'd* F_3F_4.
136 *ye*] *you* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displaced, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,

149 *west*] *east* Warburton.
160, 161 *sovereign,.....himself?*] *Souereaigne?...himselfe.* Ff.
162 *of*] om. F_4.
163 *all together*] Rowe. *altogether* Ff.
164 *We 'll*] *We* Capell (corrected in Errata).
hoise] *hoyse* Ff. *heaue* (Qq). *hoist* Theobald.
169 *us*] *us all* F_4.
171 *princes*] *princes'* Vaughan conj.
173 *Or thou or I, Somerset,*] *Or Somerset or I* Pope. *Thou, or I, Somerset,* Capell.
protector] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Protectors* F_1.

Digitized by Google

Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

174 [Exeunt...] Exit... Ff.
175 *went*] *goes* Capell.
follows him] *follows after* Anon. conj., from (Qq).
187 *Hath*] *Have* Rowe.
189 *brother*] *cousin* Anon. conj., from (Qq).
acts] *acting* F_4.
199 *tend the*] *tend to* Capell. *'tend the* Steevens conj.
201 *And*] *The good and* Seymour conj.

Digitized by Google

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods

202 [Aside] Theobald.
And so...cause.] As in Pope. As two lines in Ff.
203 *Then.....main.*] One line in Pope. As two lines, the first ending *away*, in Ff.
make haste] om. Seymour conj., or as (Qq).
away] om. Pope.
main.] *maine?* $F_2F_3F_4$.
204 *Unto...lost;*] One line in Pope. As two lines, the first ending *maine?*, in Ff.
204—208 *Unto...slain.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
205 *Warwick did*] *did Warwick* Collier MS.
207 *Main chance*] Theobald (ed. 2). *Main-chance* Ff.
208 [Exeunt W. and S.] Exit W. and S. Manet Yorke. Ff.
209 SCENE III. Pope.
213 *was*] om. S. Walker conj.
216 *thine*] *mine* Grant White.
217 *pennyworths*] *penn'orths* Pope. *penn'worth* Capell. *pennyworth* Steevens (1778, 1785).

Digitized by Google

Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,

221 *hapless*] *helpless* Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
223, 224 *While...own:*] Hudson transposes these lines.
224 *starve*] F_3F_4. *sterue* F_1F_2.
dare] *dares* Theobald.
230 *Unto...Calydon*] om. Collier MS.
233 *England's soil*] *England* Anon. conj., from (Qq).
242 *humours fits*] (Qq) Ff. *humour fits* Rowe. *humours fit* Malone.
246—248 *Till Henry,...And Humphrey*] *Till, Henry.....Duke Humphrey* Hudson.
246 *surfeiting in*] *surfeit in the* Hanmer. *surfeiteth in* Hudson conj.
247 After this Capell conjectures that a line is lost.

Digitized by Google

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S *house.*

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY *and his wife* ELEANOR.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.

251 *in*] *in in* F_1.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. om. Ff.
The...house.] Theobald.
2 *at*] *with* Pope.

Digitized by Google

And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.
Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.
Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,

19 *thought*] *hour* Vaughan conj.
22 *dream...doth*] Capell. *dreames... doth* Ff. *dreams...do* Rowe.
23, 24 *lord?...dream.*] Rowe. *Lord,... dreame?* Ff.
25 *office-badge*] *office' badge* S. Walker conj.
31 *my*] *the* F_3F_4.
36 *seat*] *state* Vaughan conj.
38 *And*] *E'en* Lettsom conj.
are] (Qq) Hanmer. *wer* F_1F_2. *were* F_3F_4.
39 *Where*] *There* Dyce, ed. 2 (Staunton conj.).
dame] om. F_4.
42 *ill-nurtured*] *ill-nurtur'd* F_3. *ill-nurter'd* F_1F_2. *ill-natur'd* F_4.

Digitized by Google

And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

57 *Saint*] *S.* $F_1F_2F_3$. *St.* F_4.
58 *Where as*] F_1F_2. *Whereas* F_3F_4.
59 *thou...us f*] *thou'lt ride with us, I'm sure.* Dyce (ed. 2), from (Qq). *thou*] *thou too* Hanmer. *thou; thou* Vaughan conj.
60 [Exeunt...] Capell. Ex. Hum. F_1 (after line 59). Ex. Hu. $F_2F_3F_4$ (after line 59).
68 *there? Sir John!*] Hanmer. *there? Sir Iohn;* Ff.
69 *thee*] *thou* Seymour conj.

Digitized by Google

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;

71 *What...majesty!*] *My majesty! why, man,* Capell, from (Qq). *What? say'st thou 'Majesty'?* or *What say'st thou 'Majesty'?* Vaughan conj.
75 *Jourdain*] Capell (and passim). *Iordane* F_1F_2. *Jordan* F_3F_4.
76 *With Roger*] *And Roger* Pope.
84 *these*] F_1. *those* $F_2F_3F_4$.
89 *words but*] *words, but* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The palace.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, *the Armourer's man, being one.*

First Petit. My masters, let 's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

97 *Dame Eleanor's aspiring*] F_1F_2. *Dame Elianor's* F_3F_4. *Eleanor's aspiring* Pope.
101 *Suffolk*] F_2. *Suffolke* F_1F_2. *Suffolk's* F_3.
105 *wreck*] Theobald (ed. 2). *wracke* F_1F_2. *wrack* F_3F_4.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. SCENE VII. Johnson (a misprint). The palace.] Hanmer. An apartment in the palace. Theobald. ...Peter...] Theobald. om. Ff.
3 *in the quill*] *in quill* Hanmer. *in quiet* Jackson conj. *in the coil* Singer conj. *in sequel* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *in the quile* Jervis conj. *in the pend* Bulloch conj.

Digitized by Google

Enter SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN.

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading*] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

First Petit. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that 's some wrong, indeed. What 's yours? What 's here! [*Reads*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

6 Peter.] F_1F_2. 1 Peter. F_3. 1 Pet. F_4.
13 [Reading] Rowe (ed. 2). om. Ff. *To*] *For* Capell.
16 *an 't*] Hanmer. *and 't* Ff.
20 [Reads] Rowe. om. Ff.
21 *Melford*] *Long Melford* Theobald, from (Qq).
25 Peter] F_1. Pet. $F_2F_3F_4$. 3 Pet. Rowe. Suff. [reads]. Theobald. [giving his petition] Capell. om. Ff.
28 *What say'st thou? did*] *What did* Pope. *What! did* Theobald.

Digitized by Google

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: we 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Servant with Peter.*

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;

30 *master was*] Warburton. *Mistresse was* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Mistress was* F_4.
32 [Enter Servant.] Ff. om. Pope. Enter Servants. Capell.
34 [Exit.....] Exit. Ff. Exit Peter, guarded. Theobald.
37 [Tears the supplications.] Rowe. Teare the Supplication. Ff.
39 All.] 1 P. Capell. [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Ff.
40 *guise,*] Capell. *guise?* Ff.
41 *fashion in*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Fashions in* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Fashion of* F_4.
46 *Am*] *And* F_3F_4.
49 *a tilt*] F_3F_4. *a-tilt* F_1F_2.

Digitized by Google

His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,

56 *holy*] *are Holy* F_4.
58 *images*] *image'* S. Walker conj.
59 *of the cardinals*] *of cardinals* Reed (1803). *now of cardinals* Seymour conj.
63 *cause*] *the cause* Rowe.
66 *haughty*] *haughtie* F_1. *haught* F_2F_3 F_4. *proud* Pope.
75 *through*] *though* F_2.
79 *our*] *her* Reed (1803).
81 *callet*] Dyce. *Callot* Ff. *callat* Johnson.

Digitized by Google

The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a Sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY of Gloucester, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,

88 *the lays*] *their lays* Rowe.
92 *not*] *nor* F_2.
97 *we 'll.....last*] *we will weed all the realm* Collier MS.
98 *helm.*] *helme.* Exit. Ff. *realm.* Theobald.
99 SCENE VI. Pope.
Sound a Sennet.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Duke Humphrey of Gloucester,] Duke Humfrey, Ff.
Cardinal Beaufort,] Cardinall, Ff.
Somerset,] Hanmer. om. Ff.
the Duchess of Gloucester.] the Duchesse. Ff.
101 *demean'd*] *demeaned* F_4.
102 *denay'd*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *deny'd* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glou. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glou. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,

106 *that: York*] *that York* Vaughan conj.
108 *The*] *A* Collier MS.
112 *this.*] Theobald. *this?* Ff.
115 *his*] *this* F_4.
women's] *Womens* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Womans* F_4.
122 *wreck*] Theobald (ed. 2). *wrack* Ff.
128 *wife's*] Rowe. *Wiues* F_1. *Wiues* $F_2F_3F_4$.
129 *treasury*] *Treasuris* F_1. *Treasure* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?
Duch. Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'ld set my ten commandments in your face.
King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*
Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,

135 [Exit Gloucester.] Exit Humfrey. Ff.
The Queen...] Johnson. om. Ff.
140 *I'ld*] *I'd* Pope, from (Qq). *I could* Ff.
142 *will! good king,*] *will?—Good King,* Johnson. *will, good King?* Ff.
144 *master*] *masters* Halliwell conj.
wear] *weare* F_1. *weares* F_2. *wears* F_3F_4.
146 *I will*] *I'll* Pope.
148 *fume*] *fury* Grant White (Dyce and S. Walker conj.).
needs] F_1. *can neede* F_2. *can need* F_3F_4. *needs now* Keightley. *now needs* Id. conj.
149 *far*] F_3F_4. *farre* F_1F_2. *fast* Pope.
150 SCENE VII. Pope.
Re-enter G.] Pope. Enter Humfrey. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter HORNER, *the Armourer, and his man* PETER, *guarded.*

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man

155 *so deal*] *deal so* Rowe.
166 *here*] *there* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and Long MS.).
175 Enter...] Theobald. Enter Armorer and his Man. Ff. Enter Horner the Armour and his Man Peter. Rowe.

Digitized by Google

That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

185 *An 't*] Rowe (ed. 2). *And 't* Ff.
188 [holding up his hands. Steevens.
202 *This..judge*] *This do, my lord, if I may be the judge* Capell. *This is my doom, my lord.....judge* Dyce (ed. 2), from ¹(Qq). *This..judge, is law* Vaughan conj.
my lord] *my gracious lord* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
207 *For he*] *Since he* Wordsworth.
208 See note (II).

Digitized by Google

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. GLOUCESTER'S *garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below;

212 *spite of man*] *sight of my master* Capell.
man] F_1. *my man* F_2F_3. *my master* F_4. *this man* Collier MS. *a man* Steevens (1773, 1778, 1785). *many* Vaughan conj.

216—218 *Away...away.*] As in Ff. As three lines in Capell, ending *day... month...away.*

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope. Gloucester's garden.] Capell. The Witch's cave. Theobald. A room prepared for the pretended inchantments. Hanmer. See note (III).

Enter.....] Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwell, and Bullingbrook. Rowe. Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke. Ff.

5 *you*] om. Pope.

8 *we*] om. Capell (corrected in Errata).

Digitized by Google

and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess *aloft*, HUME *following*.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

10 *you*] om. Rowe.
13 Enter...] Enter Duchess above; and presently Hume. Dyce. Enter Elianor aloft. Ff.
all] *to all* F_4.
To] *Come, to* Capell.
14 *gear*] Edd. *geere*, F_1F_2. *geer*, F_3F_4. *geer;* Capell.
16 *silent*] *silence* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.), from (Qq).
19 *up*] *ope* Collier MS.
22 ...they do...] Capell. ...doe... Ff.
23 *Adsum*] *Ad sum* F_1.
24—27 *Asmath.....hence.*] Arranged as by Capell; as four lines in Ff, ending *God...at...speake...hence.*
24 M. Jourd.] Witch. Ff.
Asmath] *Asmuth* Pope.
26 *answer...ask*] F_1. *Answer that I aske* $F_2F_3F_4$. *tell what I ask* Pope, ending the lines *name...ask...hence.*

Digitized by Google

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Boling. 'First of the king: what shall of him become?'

[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Boling. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of York *and the* Duke of Buckingham *with their* Guard *and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

28 *Ask...done!*] As one line in F_4; as prose in $F_1F_2F_3$.
wilt. That...done!] Rowe. *wilt; that...done.* Ff.

29 *'First...become?'*] Rowe; as prose in Ff.
of him become] *become of him* (Qq) Capell.
[Reading out of a paper.] Capell.

31 [As the Spirit.....] Capell. As the spirit speaks, they write the answer. Rowe. om. Ff.

32 *What fates await*] Ff. *Tell me what fates await* Pope. *What fate awaits* Capell. *What fates awaiteth then* Vaughan conj. *Tell me what fate awaits* Wordsworth.

36 *be*] om. F_2.

36, 68 *upon the sandy plains*] *upon sandy plains* Rowe (ed. 1). *on the sandy plains* Pope. *on the plains* Hanmer. *on sand* Capell. *On sandy plains* Vaughan conj., reading *Let...stand* as two lines, the first ending *be.*

37, 69 *castles mounted stand*] *a castle mounted stands* Hanmer. *high castles stand* Wordsworth, reading *Let...stand* as two lines, the first ending *be.*

40 *False*] *Foul* Hudson (Collier MS.). *Hence,* Cartwright conj.
[Exit Spirit.] Ff. Spirit descends. Rowe.

42 *we...inch*] *we 've catch'd you in the nick* or *at the nick* Daniel conj.

Digitized by Google

What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where 's no cause.
Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*
We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away! [*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why, this is just
'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'
Well, to the rest:

43 *commonweal*] *realm* Pope.
44 *deeply*] *deep* Rowe.
48 *threatest where 's*] F_1F_2. *threaten'st where 's* F_3F_4. *threat'st where is* Pope.
49 [showing her the Papers. Capell.
51 *asunder*] *apart* Pope.
52—54 *Stafford...away!*] As two lines, the first ending *trinkets*, Vaughan conj., reading *are all.*
52 [Exeunt.....] Dyce. Exit Duchess from above. Malone. Exeunt some to the Dut. Capell. om. Ff.
53 *all forthcoming*] *forth-coming all* Rowe. *are all forth-coming* Collier MS.
54 *All, away!*] Knight. *All away.* Ff. *Away.* Rowe. om. Pope. *All.—Away!* Malone.
[Exeunt...] Rowe. Exit. Ff.
55—72 *Lord...understood.*] Put in the margin by Pope, following (Qq).
56 *chosen*] *chose* Pope.
62 *te, Æacida,*] Warburton. *te Æacida* Theobald. *Æacida* F_1F_2. *Æacide* F_3F_4. *te Æacidem* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

'Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*

64 *Tell me,*] om. (Qq) Capell. *Tell me* Ff.
66 *betide*] *befal* Capell.
70 *Come,...lords;*] Transfer to end line 72, Anon. conj.
Come, come] *Come, come away* Capell, reading lines 70—72 as two lines of verse, the first ending *oracles.*
lords] *lord* Dyce (ed. 2).
71 *These oracles are*] *we 'll keep these oracles,* Wordsworth, reading *Come ...understood* as two lines, the first ending *oracles.*
hardly] *hardily* Theobald.
75 *Thither...them:*] As in Pope; as two lines in Ff.
go] Rowe. *goes* Ff.
them] *'em* S. Walker conj.
79 *At...ho!*] As in Capell. Two lines in Ff.
At...lord.] *My lord, at your good pleasure.* Hanmer.
ho!] om. Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Saint Alban's.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *halloing.*

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all His creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.
Glou. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
King. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

ACT II. SCENE I.] Pope. om. Ff.
Saint Alban's] Pope.
Gloucester,] Protector, Ff.
9 *an it*] Pope. *and it* Ff.
15 *he would*] Ff (reading as prose). *he'd* Pope.
20 *Beat*] *Bent* Pope.

Digitized by Google

That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!.

Glou. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glou. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,

An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

King. I prithee, peace, good queen,

And whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

23 *What...peremptory?*] As one line in Pope. As two lines in Ff, the first ending *Cardinall.* As prose in Theobald.

peremptory] *so peremptory* Rowe.

24, 25 *Tantæne...malice;*] As in Theobald: the first line ends *hot?* in Ff.

24 *Tantæne...iræ?*] Omitted by Pope.

25, 26 *Churchmen...do it?*] *A churchman, and so hot? good uncle, hide Such malice with such holiness. Can you do it?* Becket conj.

26 *With...it?*] Omitted by Pope. *With such holiness can you not do it?* Warburton conj. *A churchman, with such holiness can you do it?* Johnson conj. *What? with...can you not do it?* Heath conj. *With such holiness, Can you not do it?* Capell (ending the lines *hot?...holiness,...it?*) *What with...can you not do it?* Rann. *And with such holiness you well can do it.* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *With such holiness can you do it.* Collier (ed. 1). *With such holiness you can do it.* Singer conj. *With...can you dote?* Staunton (Malone conj.), from (Q_3). *For with such holiness you can do it* Keightley. *For with such holiness well can you do it.* Dyce (ed. 2). *How with...so dote?* Vaughan conj.

29 *Why,*] *Why, faith,* Wordsworth.

you] *yourself* Pope.

30 *An 't*] Ff.

lord-protectorship] Capell. *Lord Protectorship* F_4. *Lords Protectorship* $F_1F_2F_3$.

33, 34 *good queen...peers;*] Arranged as in Ff; as one line by Malone.

34 *furious*] F_1. *too-too furious* F_2. *too-too-furious* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.
Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if thou darest,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.
King. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy two-hand sword.
Glou. True, uncle.
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side of the grove?
Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.
King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!
Glou. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.
[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

36 *peace*] *piece* Vaughan conj.
38—53 The 'Asides' first indicated by Rowe.
40 *the*] *that* Rowe.
42, 43 *Ay.....grove.*] Arranged as by Theobald; as three lines in Ff, ending *peepe...Euening...Groue.*
42 *an if*] Capell. *And if* Ff.
46 *We...sword.*] As in Rowe: two lines in Ff.
We had had] *We 'd had had* Steevens (1778). *We 'd have had* Mason conj.
47—49 *True...you.*] Given to 'Glost.' in Ff; corrected by Theobald.
48 *ye*] *you* Theobald.
advised] *avis'd* Capell.
of] om. Pope.
51 *Now...this,*] One line in Pope; two lines, the first ending *priest,* in Ff.

Digitized by Google

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum—
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.
King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman *of Saint Alban's, crying* 'A miracle!'

Glou. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.
Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing* SIMPCOX, *between two in a chair,* SIMPCOX'S Wife *following.*

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

53, 54 *Medice...yourself.*] As in Theobald. As prose in Ff.
53 *Medice, teipsum*—] Edd. *Medice teipsum,* Ff. *Medice cura teipsum.* Rowe. Omitted by Pope. *Medice, teipsum.* Theobald.
55 *The...lords.*] As in Pope. As two lines in Ff.
59 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter...] Enter One of the Town, crying out, A miracle! Capell. Enter one crying a Miracle. Ff.
61, 63 Towns.] One. Ff.
62 *him*] om. Seymour conj.
68 Enter...] Rowe. Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre. Ff.
comes] Ff. *come* Rowe. *are* Capell.
69 *To present...man*] *Before your highness to present the man* Pope. *Come to present.....man* Capell. *For to ...man* Keightley.

Digitized by Google

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glou. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
King. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

71 *Although*] *Though* Pope.
his sight] *sight* Lloyd conj.
77, 80, 83 *an't*] Hanmer. *and't* Ff.
77—82 *Born...born?*] Four lines of verse, S. Walker conj.
80 *like*] *please* F_4.
81 *Hadst...told.*] One line in Capell; as prose in Ff.
Hadst...couldst] *Hadst been...thou'd* Wordsworth.
83 *Berwick*] Rowe. *Barwick* $F_1F_3F_4$. *Barwicke* F_2.
84 *Poor...thee:*] As two lines in Ff. See note (IV).
85 *nor*] *or* F_3.
unhallow'd] Capell. *unhallowed* Ff.
91 *Simpcox*] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *Symon* F_1F_2. *Simon* F_3F_4. *Saunder* Capell.
92 *help*] *heal* S. Walker conj.

Digitized by Google

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How camest thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glou. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glou. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glou. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glou. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glou. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.
King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

93 *time*] *a time* F_3F_4.
96 *off of*] F_1F_2. *off* F_3F_4. *from off* Hanmer.
99 *that in all*] *that in* Rowe (ed. 1). *once in all* Pope.
102 *master*] *Sir* Pope.
105 *Let me*] *Let 's* Pope.
107 *master*] om. Hanmer.
108 *Alban*] F_3F_4. *Albon* F_2. *Albones* F_1.
110—112 *Red...jet.*] Capell ends the lines *said...forsooth...jet.*
114 *did he*] *he did* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glou. What 's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glou. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glou. What 's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glou. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glou. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glou. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

124 *an if*] Pope. *and if* Ff.
125—132 *Then.....again?*] As prose in (Qq) and Knight (Boswell conj.). See note (v).
125 *Then*] om. Pope.
sit] *sit thee* Keightley.
127 *all*] om. Steevens.
name] *know* F_4.
128 *of*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
129 *it is*] *'s* Steevens.
131 *and*] om. Hanmer.
131, 132 *his...great*] *it to be great cunning* Keightley.
131 *his*] (Qq) Capell. *it*, Ff. *that* Rowe.
132 *legs again?*] Rowe. *Legges againe.* Ff. *legs?* Pope.
136 *my lord, if it*] *my Lords, if it* F_3F_4. *my good lord, if 't* Capell.
138 [Exit...] Capell. Exit a Messenger. Theobald. Exit. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle *with whips.*

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry,* 'A miracle!'

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

139 *Now*] *New* F_2.
by and by] om. Pope. [Stool set out. Capell.
150 *bearest*] Ff. *bear'st* Pope.
152 *this*] *his* Anon. conj.
153 *Alas*] *Alas, alas* Keightley.
for] *only for* Wordsworth.
154, 155 *Let...came.*] As prose in Pope; two lines, the first ending *Towne*, in Ff.
155 *till...from whence*] *Until...whence* Keightley.
come.....from whence] *do come..... whence* Capell. *be come.....whence* Wordsworth.
[Exeunt...] Capell. Exit Beadle with the Woman. Theobald. Exit Beadle. Rowe. Exit. Ff.
156 *has*] *hath* Hanmer.
159 *You...fly*] *You, in a day, my lord, made whole towns fly* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.
King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal:

160 SCENE III. Pope.
173—176 [Aside...] Rowe.
178 *vanquish'd*] *languish'd* S. Walker conj. *banish'd* Vaughan conj.
182 *thereby*] om. Pope.
186 *commonweal*] *commonwealth* Rowe (ed. 1).

Digitized by Google

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. The* DUKE OF YORK'S *garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

199 *the cause*] *the case* Vaughan conj.
199, 200 *scales...stands...prevails.*] *scale ...stand...prevail!* Johnson conj.
200 [Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. om. Ff.
London.....garden.] Capell. The Duke of York's Palace. Pope.
6 *at full*] *thus at full* F_3F_4. *at the full* Capell. *at full length* Keightley.
7 *and if*] *an if* S. Walker conj.

Digitized by Google

York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

15 *Edmund*] *Edmond* F_1. *Edward* F_2 F_3F_4.
16 *was Thomas of*] F_1F_2. *Thomas of* F_3F_4. *Thomas* Rowe (ed. 2). *was Thomas* Pope.
20, 46 *the*] om. Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
20 *as*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
26 *all you*] *you both* (Q_2) Capell. *well you* Cartwright conj.
27 *Richard.....traitorously*] *Richard... traiterously* F_1. *King Richard... traiterously* $F_2F_3F_4$. *King Richard trait'rously was murther'd* Pope. *Was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously* Dyce conj.
murder'd] Johnson, reading as Pope. *murthered* Ff.
28 *told the truth*] *told the very truth* Hanmer. *surely told the truth* Capell. *told the truth in this* Keightley.
29 *crown*] *crown of England* Vaughan conj., reading *Father...got* as one line.

Digitized by Google

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee

34, 35 *The...daughter,*] As in Pope; as three lines in Ff.
35, 49 *Philippe*] Hanmer. *Phillip* F_1. *Philip* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Philippa* Collier MS.
43—50 *His eldest...Clarence:*] See note (VI).
51 *elder*] *eldest* F_4.
53 *proceeding is*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *proceedings is* F_1. *proceedings are* Malone.
55 *York claims*] *York here claims* Pope. *but York claims* Capell. *while York claims* Dyce (ed. 2). *York doth claim* Hudson.
56 *fails, his*] *fail, he* F_4. *fail, his* Rowe (ed. 2).
57 *flourishes*] *flourisheth* F_4.

Digitized by Google

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exeunt.*

59 *together*] *both together* Capell, from (Qq).
64, 65 *We...stain'd*] As in Pope. As three lines, ending *Lords:...Crown'd ...stayn'd*, in Ff.
77 *My lord,...full.*] As prose in Ff. *My Lord, here.....full.* Rowe (reading as prose). *My lord, here break we off; we know your mind.* Pope. *My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Scene III. *A hall of justice.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, *the* Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, *and* Salisbury; *the* Duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, *and* Bolingbroke, *under guard.*

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*

Scene III.] Capell. Scene v. Pope. A hall.....] Capell. A house near Smithfield. Theobald. A room of State. Hanmer.
Sound Trumpets. Enter...] Substantially as Theobald and Capell. Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Duchesse. Ff.
1 *Gloucester's wife:*] As in Rowe: a separate line in Ff.
3 *sins*] Theobald. *sinne* F_1F_2. *sin* F_3 F_4.
3, 4 *sins...are*] *sin...is* Collier MS.
5 [to Jourd. &c. Malone.
9 [to the Dut. Malone.
14 *banishment*] *exile* Pope.
welcome were my] *welcomer my* Anon. conj. *welcome were* Wordsworth.
16 *the law*] *law* Pope.
[Exeunt...guarded.] Theobald. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glou. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

20 *I beseech*] *Beseech* Hanmer.
21 *ease*] F_1F_4. *cease* F_2F_3.
22—25 *Stay...feet:*] As in Pope. As five lines, ending *Gloster,...Staffe,... be,...guide,...feete:*, in Ff.
25 *lantern*] Steevens (1793). *Lanthorne* Ff.
29 *be to be...child*] *be protected like a child by peers* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
30 *God...England's realm.*] Omitted by Capell.
England's realm] *England* Anon. conj.
realm.] *Realme:* F_1F_2. *Realm:* F_3F_4. *helm.* Steevens, 1793 (Johnson conj.). *helm!*— Dyce and Staunton.
31 *the*] *to th'* Hanmer.
his realm] *his helm* Keightley conj.
32 *staff:*] *staff; To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
35 *willingly*] *willing* (Qq) Pope.

Digitized by Google

And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

42, 43 *banish'd,...raught,*] *banish'd; and a limb lopp'd off, This.....raught.* Vaughan conj. *off. This...raught,*] F_1. *off This... raught,* F_2. *off, This...raught,* F_3F_4. *off, This.....raught:*— Capell. *off, This...wrench'd:*— Capell conj.

44 *it best*] F_1F_2. *best it* F_3F_4.

46 *her*] *your* Jackson conj. *it's* quoted by Rann. *youngest*] F_1F_2. *younger* F_3F_4. *strongest* Singer, ed. 2 (Anon. conj. MS.). *proudest* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *haughtiest* Staunton conj. *longest* Anon. conj. *highest* Kinnear conj.

50 *the lists*] *lists* Collier MS.

54 *O'*] Capell. *A* Ff. *A'* Theobald.

55 *end it*] *end 't* Wordsworth. *defend*] *guard* Pope. *fend* Vaughan conj.

56 *bested*] *betid* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., LIX. p. 908).

58 *this*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

Enter at one door, HORNER, *the Armourer, and his* Neighbours, *drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door* PETER, *his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and* 'Prentices *drinking to him.*

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco.

Third Neigh. And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

First 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

Sec. 'Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

59 SCENE VI. Pope.
Horner] Malone. om. Ff.
Peter] Malone. om. Ff.
71 *credit*] F_1F_2. *the credit* F_3F_4.
74 *an if*] Capell. *and if* $F_1F_2F_3$. *if* F_4.
78 *fence*] F_1F_2. *to fence* F_3F_4.
79 *drinking*] *drinking both* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.), reading as verse.

Digitized by Google

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*

87 *I will*] *will* Malone.
90 *blow!*] *blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.* Warburton, from (Qq).
91 *this*] *for this* Keightley.
92 *Sound, trumpets*] Collier. *Sound trumpets* Ff.
alarum] *'larum* Capell.
[Alarum.] Capell. om. Ff.
93 [Dies.] Theobald. om. Ff.
96 *enemy*] *Enemies* F_1.
97 *right*] *the right* Hanmer.
98 *Go, take hence*] *Go, and take hence* Hanmer. *Go, take away* Capell.
102 *to have murder'd*] *to murder* Pope. *murder'd*] Steevens (1778). *murther'd* Ff.
103 [Sound a flourish.] F_1. Omitted in $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.*

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what 's o' clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope.
A street.] Theobald.
Gloucester and his Serving-men,] Duke Humfrey and his Men, Ff.
3 *Barren...wrathful nipping*] *The barren...nipping* Pope. *Bare...wrathful nipping* Capell. *The barren...wrathful* Mitford conj.
wrathful nipping] *wrathful-nipping* S. Walker conj.
4 *abound*] *go round* Capell (Theobald conj.).
5 *o'*] Capell. *a* Ff.
Ten] *'Tis ten o'clock* Steevens conj. *'Tis almost ten* Lettsom conj., from (Qq).
11 *face,*] *face* Collier (Capell's Errata).
12 *laughing*] F_1. *still laughing* $F_2F_3F_4$. *and laughing* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
16 *to see*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *so see* F_2.

Digitized by Google

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with* SIR JOHN STANLEY, *the* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

17 Duchess of Gloucester] Duchesse Ff. Sir John Stanley,] Theobald. om. Ff. Capell partly adopts the stage direction of (Qq).

25 *thine enemies*] *their enemies* F_4. *our enemies* Rowe.

33 *deep-fet*] *deep-fetch'd* Pope.

39 *them...enjoy*] Rowe. *them...enjoyes* Ff. *him...enjoys* Anon. conj. *thee ...enjoys* or *enjoyest* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all—
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,

45 *As*] *That* Pope.
54 *betray*] *bewray* Long MS.
69 *These few days' wonder*] *This few-days-wonder* Hanmer.
70, 71 *I...month.*] As in Ff. As prose in Pope.

Digitized by Google

Holden at Bury the first of this next month.
Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. [*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.
Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!
Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!
Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.*
Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.
Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

71 *this*] *the* (Qq) Capell.
73 [Exit Herald.] Theobald. om. Ff.
75 *exceed*] *pass* Capell conj.
76 *An't*] Hanmer. *And't* Ff.
your] *you* F_2.
79 *here*] *hence* Heath conj. *there* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
83, 84 *And...farewell!*] As in Pope. The lines end *her...farewell* in Ff.
86 [Exeunt...] Exeunt G. and Servants. Capell. Exit Gloster. Ff.
87 *gone too?*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *gone to?* F_1. *gone so?* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
89 *afear'd*] *afraid* Pope.

Digitized by Google

And shall I then be used reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be used.
Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury St Edmund's.*

Sound a Sennet. Enter KING, QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY *and* WARWICK *to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,

98 *Like to*] *No; like* Rowe.
105 *Madam,...sheet,*] One line in Pope; two, the first ending *done*, in Ff.
106 *our*] *your* S. Walker conj.
ACT III. SCENE I.] Pope. om. Ff.
The Abbey...] At Bury. Theobald. St Edmund's Bury. Hanmer. Bury. A Room in the Abbey. Capell.
Cardinal Beaufort,] Cardinall, Ff. See note (VII).
4 *will ye*] *will you* (Qq) Theobald.

Digitized by Google

How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;

8 *How proud, how peremptory*] *How peremptory* Pope. *How proud, peremptory* Steevens (1793). *himself!*] Johnson. *himselfe.* F_1F_2 F_3. *himselfe* F_4. *himself!* Rowe.
10 *And if*] *An if* Delius conj.
28 *commons'*] *common* Pope (ed. 2).
35 *Made*] *Makes* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

39 *Lord*] *lords* Pope.
40 *allegation*] *allegations* Collier MS.
46 *life, began*] Pope. *Life began* Ff. *practices*] *practise* S. Walker conj.
48 *by reputing*] *by repeating* Rowe. *the repeating* Hanmer.
53 *deep*] *deepest* Capell, from (Qq).
54 *And...treason.*] Placed after line 57 by Keightley.
62 *sent*] *send* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France

66 *once:*] *once,* Wordsworth.
68 *conscience,*] Ff. *conscience?* Pope.
76 *he's*] *he is* F$_4$.
77 *is*] *was* F$_4$.
78 *is...wolf*] Rowe. *is... Wolues* Ff. *are ...wolves* Malone. *the ravenous wolves* Vaughan conj.
84 *your*] *our* F$_4$.
87 [Aside] Rowe.

Digitized by Google

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Glou. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!

88 *hope*] *hop'd* Rowe (ed. 1).
93 SCENE II. Pope.
98 *Suffolk, thou*] F_1. *Suffolk, yet thou* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Suffolk's duke, thou* Malone, from (Qq). *Suffolk, well, thou* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
104 *'Tis...France,*] One line in Pope; two, the first ending *Lord,* in Ff.
107 *Is...it?*] One line in Pope; two in Ff.
109 *Nor ever*] *Nor never* F_4.

Digitized by Google

That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

115 *mine*] *my* Rowe.
117 *dispursed*] *disbursed* F_4.
124 *whiles*] Ff. *while* Johnson. *whilst* Capell.
127 *fault*] *guilt* Vaughan conj.
128 *murderer*] Johnson. *Murtherer* Ff.
131 *Murder*] Johnson. *Murther* Ff.
133 *easy*] *easily* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *very* S. Walker conj. om. Wordsworth.
answer'd] *answered* Wordsworth.
134 *mightier*] *weightier* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
137 *you*] om. Capell.

Digitized by Google

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.
Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—

140 *suspect*] Capell. *suspence* Ff. *suspicion* Rowe. *suspects* Malone (Steevens).
151 *mine is*] *I am* Hudson (Lettsom conj.), from (Qq).
151, 152 *play; For thousands more,*] *play, For thousands more* Vaughan conj.
156 *unburthens*] *unburdens* Johnson.
163 *endeavour*] *endeavours* Rowe (ed. 2).
166 *notice*] *note* Wordsworth (Anon. conj. and Vaughan conj.).

Digitized by Google

And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected:
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'
Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glou. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

167 *And...life.*] Omitted in Variorum ed. (1803, 1813, 1821).
make] *take* Capell conj.
169 *treasons*] *reasons* S. Walker conj.
170 *effected*] *affected* Reed (1803).
172 *his*] *this* Anon. conj.
174 *traitors'*] Capell. *Traytors* F_1F_2. *Traytor's* F_3F_4.
179—181 *couch'd,.....state?*] Capell. *coucht?...state.* Ff.
184 *play'd*] *play* Capell.
188 *take*] *takes* F_3.
193 *my*] *may* F_3.

Digitized by Google

For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit, guarded.*
King. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.
Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?
King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,

194 [Exit, guarded.] Theobald. Exit Gloster. F_1. Exit Glocester. F_2F_3 F_4.
195 SCENE III. Pope.
wisdoms] *wisdom* Rowe.
196 [Rising. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
202 *face*] *sad face* F_4.
206—208 *estate,...life?*] Capell. *estate? ...Life.* Ff.
209 *Thou*] *That* Rowe.
211 *strays*] *strives* Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *strains* Vaughan conj.
214 *dam*] *Damme* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Dame* F_4.
217 *bewails*] *bewail* Rowe (ed. 2).
218 *dimm'd*] *dimn'd* Ff.
eyes] *eyes*, Rowe. *eyes;* Ff.
219 *Look*] *Looks* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York. Somerset remains apart.*

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

222 *Who's*] *whose* F_4.
traitor ?] *traitor*, Malone.
[Exeunt...] Edd. Exit. Ff.
223 Queen. *Free lords,*] Manent Queen, three lords. Queen. *My lords,* Edd. conj.
Free...beams.] One line in Pope; two, the first ending *Lords*, in Ff.
Free lords] *See, lords* Hanmer.
Fair lords Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
225 *and*] om. Pope.
228 *in*] *on* Capell.
flowering] *flowry* Rowe.
232 *mine*] F_1F_2. *my* F_3F_4.
241 *And yet*] *As yet* Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.
Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

245 [Aside. S. Walker conj.
more] *most* Hudson (Collier MS.).
246 *you*] om. Hanmer.
my lord of] *lord* Collier MS.
249 *the*] *a* Anon. conj.
chicken] F_1. *Chicke* F_2. *Chick* F_3 F_4.
254 *murderer*] Johnson. *Murtherer* Ff.
260 *Humphrey,*] *Humphry's* Hanmer (and Mason conj.).
reasons] *treasons* Hudson (Heath conj.). *reason* Mason conj. *treason* Wordsworth, reading as Hanmer.
264 *good deceit*] *good conceit* Delius conj.
266 *'tis*] om. Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queen. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

279, 280 Queen. *And so say I.* York. *And I: and now*] York. *And so say I; and now* Vaughan conj.
280 *three*] om. Steevens conj.
spoke] *spoken* Hanmer.
282 Scene iv. Pope.
286 *uncurable*] *incurable* F_3F_4.
288 *quick expedient*] *quick-expedient* S. Walker conj.
290 *as*] F_1. *a* $F_2F_3F_4$.
291 *that*] *the* F_4.
293 *far-fet*] *far-fetch'd* Pope.

Digitized by Google

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.
Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,

298 *burthen*] *burden* Johnson.
301 *Men's flesh preserved*] *Men flesh-preserved* Vaughan conj.
do] *doth* Hanmer.
306 *happily*] F_1. *haply* $F_2F_3F_4$.
307 *nought*] Pope. *naught* Ff.
310, 311 *The uncivil.....Englishmen:*] Part of the Post's speech, Lettsom conj.
313 *county*] *Country* F_4.

Digitized by Google

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;

326 *that event.*] *this.* Capell conj. *that intent.* Anon. conj. *that.* Vaughan conj.
328 *Bristol*] *Bristow* Ff.
330 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manet Yorke. Ff.
331 SCENE v. Pope.
333, 334 *art Resign to death*] F_4. *art; Resigne to death* $F_1F_2F_3$.
334 *the*] om. Vaughan conj.
339 *the*] *a* Capell.
348 *Whiles*] *Whilest* F_4. *Whilst* Rowe. *nourish*] *march* Collier MS. *raise* Cartwright conj.

Digitized by Google

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.

354 *mad-bred*] *mad-brain'd* Rowe.
357 *Ashford,*] *Ashford, with a headlong crew,* Seymour conj.
362 *fought*] *fight* Hanmer.
363 *porpentine*] *porcupine* Rowe.
364, 365 *seen Him caper...like*] *seen him Caper...like to* Capell. *seen him Capering...like* Anon. conj.
370 *given*] *give* F_4.
372 *now is*] *is now* F_4.
373 *gait*] Johnson. *gate* Ff.
378 *arms*] *aims* Dyce conj. (withdrawn).

Digitized by Google

Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Bury St Edmund's. A room of state.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.
Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?

383 *the*] *then* Collier MS.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope.
Bury...state.] Edd. An apartment in the Palace. Theobald. The same. Another Room. Capell.
Enter.....] Capell. Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey. Ff.
4, 5 *Didst.....penitent?* First Mur. *Here*] First Mur. *Didst...penitent? Here* Edd. conj.
5—7 *Here...dead.*] As two lines, the first ending *you*, in Steevens (1793). Hanmer ends the first at *dispatch'd.*
7 *he 's*] *'tis done, he 's* Hanmer.
11 *Is*] F_1. *are* F_2F_3. *and are* F_4. See note (VIII).

Digitized by Google

First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, *the* QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *with Attendants.*

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
King. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.
Queen. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*

13 *'Tis*] *Yes* Rowe.
14 [Exeunt Murderers.] Theobald. Exeunt. Ff.
Sound trumpets.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Cardinal Beaufort,] Malone. Cardinal, Theobald. Cardinall, Suffolke, Ff.
24 *faultless...a*] *may condemn a faultless* Wordsworth.
26 *thee, Nell;*] *thee Nell,* Ff. *thee: Well,* Theobald. *thee, Meg;* Capell. *thee, Margaret;* Malone. *thee well,* Clark MS. See note (IX).
27 Re-enter S.] Re-enter Suffolk, hastily. Capell. Enter S. Ff.
32 [The King swoons.] King sounds. $F_1F_2F_3$. King swoons. F_4.

Digitized by Google

Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

King. O heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

35 [Exeunt Cardinal Beaufort and Somerset. Ritson conj.
38 *comfort*] *comfore* F_2.
41 *tune*] *tunne* F_2.

Digitized by Google

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statuë and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind

63 *primrose*] *primrose'* S. Walker conj. *blood-drinking*] *blood-draining* Anon. conj.
67 *may*] *way* F_4.
69 *fill'd with my*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *fill'd with* F_4. *filled with* Rowe.
70 *ay me, unhappy!*] *ah me unhappy!* Pope.
76 *the adder*] *an adder* Rowe.
78—121 *Is all...so long.*] Struck out in Collier MS.
79, 100 *Eleanor*] *Elianor* Ff. *Margaret* Rowe. See note (IX).
80 *statuë and worship it*] Keightley. *Statue, and worship it* Ff. *statue, and do worship to it* Rowe. *statue then, and worship it* Capell. *statua and worship it* Dyce.
82 *wreck'd*] *wreckt* Rowe. *wrack'd* $F_1F_2F_3$. *wrackt* F_4.
83 *awkward wind*] *adverse winds* Pope.
84 *clime?*] Rowe. *Clime.* Ff.
85 *wind*] F_3F_4. *winde* F_1F_2. *winds* Pope.
85—87 *this, but...shore?*] Capell. *this? but...Shore.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Eleanor.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,

87 *no*] *a* Rowe. *thy* Pope.
88—91 *then, but cursed...rock?*] *then? But curst...Rocke:* Ff. *then, but curse...rock?* Hanmer.
88 *gentle*] *ungentle* Singer, ed. 2 (Anon. MS. conj. and Collier MS.).
89 *he*] *him* Hanmer.
forth] F_1F_2. *from* F_3F_4.
90 *them*] *him* Vaughan conj.
91 *stern*] *stem* Vaughan conj.
92 *murderer*] Johnson. *murtherer* Ff.
93 *But*] *He* Pope.
94—96 *The...unkindness:*] Put in the margin by Pope.
94 *pretty-vaulting*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *pretty vaulting* Ff.
96 *sea*] *he* Vaughan conj.
97 *The...sands,*] *The sinking sands, the splitting rocks cow'r'd in,* Johnson conj.
101 *thy*] *the* Pope.
102 *thy*] *the* Steevens (1793).
105 *earnest-gaping*] *earnest-gazing* Anon. conj.
thy] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ay me, I can no more! die, Eleanor!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, *and many* Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:

116 *witch*] Theobald. *watch* Ff.
Ascanius] *Ascanius'* Vaughan conj.
119 *or thou not*] *art thou not* Hanmer. *thou* Steevens conj.
120 *Ay*] *Aye* Ff. *Ah* Rowe.
Eleanor] *Elinor* Ff. *Margaret* Rowe. See note (IX).
121 *dost*] *didst* Rowe.
Enter...] Commons are seen pressing towards the Door, with Salisbury keeping them back: Enter Warwick. Capell.
Salisbury] Theobald. om. Ff.
123 *murder'd*] Johnson. *murdred* F_1. *murdered* F_2. *murthered* F_3F_4.
124 *Suffolk*] *Suffolke*, F_1. *Suffolkes*, F_2. *Suffolk*, F_3F_4.
127 *who...his*] *who...their* Pope. *whom ...their* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [*Exit.*

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgement only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter WARWICK *and others, bearing* GLOUCESTER'S *body on a bed.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him

134 *shall I*] *I shall* Rowe.
135 [Exit.] Warwick goes in. Theobald. om. Ff. Exit, to an inner Room. Capell. Warwick goes into an inner room, and Salisbury retires. Steevens (1793).
142 *drain*] *rain* Rann (Capell conj.).
146 *mean*] *meant* Vaughan conj.
147 *earthy*] F_1. *earthly* $F_2F_3F_4$.
149 Re-enter.....bed.] Edd. Bed put forth. Ff (after line 146). Warwicke drawes the curtaines and showes Duke Humphrey in his bed. (Qq). A Door is thrown open, and Gloster discover'd dead upon his Bed: Warwick, and Others, by him. Capell.
152 *For...life in death*] *For...life is Death* F_4. *For.....death in life* Johnson conj. *And...death in life* Capell. *And...life in death* Rann. *So.....myself in death* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;

159 *vow?*] *vow.* F_1.
161 *ghost*] *coarse* Roderick conj.
162 *bloodless*] *blood-left* Hanmer. After this Keightley marks the omission of a line.
165 *aidance'gainst*] *aidagainst* Vaughan conj.
171 *nostrils*] *nostris* F_2.
174 *Look, on the sheets his*] Edd. *Looke on the sheets his* F_1F_2. *Look on the sheets, his* F_3F_4. *Look on the sheets; his* Pope. *Look, on the sheets, his* Capell's Errata.
175 *rough*] *ruffe* $F_1F_2F_3$. *ruff* F_4. *rugged*] F_1. *rugg'd* $F_2F_3F_4$.
177 *murder'd*] *murdred* $F_1F_2F_3$. *murdered* F_4.
179, 182 *duke*] F_3F_4. *D.* F_1F_2.

Digitized by Google

And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

181 *sir*] *sirs* Rowe.
murderers] Johnson. *murtherers* Ff.
182 *were...foes*] F_1. *were...death* F_2. *have...death* F_3F_4. See note (x).
186 *Then*] *Than* F_1.
192 *was dead*] *is dead* or *was deaded* or *was ended* Vaughan conj.
195 *your*] Ff. *the* Rowe.
200 *murder's*] Johnson. *Murthers* F_1F_2. *Murther's* F_3F_4.
202 [Exeunt.....others.] Capell. Exit Cardinall. (Qq). om. Ff.
204 *He dares*] *He dare* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*
King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,

207 *say*] *say it* Capell, from (Qq).
216 *murder*] Johnson. *murther* Ff.
225 *send*] F_1F_4. om. F_2F_3.
231 [Exeunt...] Hanmer. Exeunt. Ff.
232 SCENE VII. Pope.

Digitized by Google

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
Sal. [*to the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest

237 Re-enter...] Enter... Ff. Re-enter Suffolk, and Warwick. Capell.
Why...drawn] One line in Pope: two in Ff.
242 Enter Salisbury. Ff. Noise of a crowd within. Enter Salisbury. Johnson. Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter Salisbury. Steevens (1793).
[to the Commons, entering] Capell.
244 *Lord*] *false* Malone, from (Qq).
done] *put* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,

257 *In pain*] *On pain* Collier, ed. 2 (Capell conj.). *In spite* Vaughan conj.
or pain] *on pain* Vaughan conj.
pain of death] *punishment* Wordsworth.
258 *strait*] *strange* F_4.
259 *Were there*] *Where there is* F_4.
262 *harmful*] *harmefull* F_1. *harmelesse* F_2. *harmless* F_3F_4.
263 *the sleep*] *thy sleep* Vaughan conj.
265 *whether*] *where* $F_1F_2F_3$. *whe're* F_4. See *King John*, note (v).
278 Commons [within]. Within. Ff.
we will all] *we'll all* Steevens (1793). *we'll* Dyce conj.

Digitized by Google

Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

287 *breathe*] *breed* F_3F_4.
288 [Exit...] Capell. om. Ff.
299 [Exeunt.....] Edd. Exeunt K. Henry, Warwick, &c. Theobald. Exit. Ff.
300 SCENE VIII. Pope.
303 *make*] F_1. *made* $F_2F_3F_4$.
307 *coward woman*] *woman-coward* Becket conj.
308 *enemy*] Ff. *enemies* Capell, from (Qq).

Digitized by Google

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

310 *Would...groan*] *Could...as do the mandrake's groans* Lettsom conj. from (Qq).
311 *bitter-searching*] Steevens (1793). *bitter searching* Ff.
318 *on end*] (Qq) Pope (ed. 2). *an end* Ff.
as one] *like one* Pope.
320 *burthen'd*] *burden'd* Johnson.
322 *daintiest that*] *dantiest meat* Theobald. *dainties that* Id. conj. *daintiest thing* Hanmer, from (Qq). *daintiest cate* Vaughan conj.
325 *smart*] *sharp* Keightley (Collier MS.).
327 *concert*] Theobald. *Consort* Ff.
328 *dark-seated*] F_3F_4. *darke seated* F_1 F_2.
331 *overcharged*] *overcharg'd* F_4.
332 *turn*] Rowe. *turnes* F_1F_2. *turns* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;

339 *O,*] In a separate line, S. Walker conj.
341 *place*] *pace* F_4.
342 [Kissing his hand. Johnson.
344 *upon these*] *on these lips* Hanmer. *upon her* Vaughan conj.
the] *their* Lettsom conj., reading with Hanmer.
345 *whom*] *which* Hanmer.
347 *whiles*] *whil'st* F_4.
359 *thence*] F_1. *hence* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit Vaux.*

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

366 *no joy*] *to joy* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
nought] *ought* F_3F_4.
367 SCENE IX. Pope.
Whither] *Whether* F_1.
369 *is at point*] F_1F_2. *is at the point* F_3F_4. *'s at the point* Pope.
373, 374 *Sometime...sometime*] *Sometimes...sometimes* F_4.
379 [Exit Vaux.] Exit. Ff.
380 *Ay*] *Ah* Steevens (1793).
381 *an hour's poor*] *another's* Mason conj. *a neighbour's* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!
Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.

383—385 *thee,...teare,...sorrowe?*] *thee? ...teares?...sorrowes.* Ff.
385 *sorrowe*] *sorrow's* Vaughan conj.
390 *like*] *take* Vaughan conj.
393 *its*] F_4. *it's* $F_1F_2F_3$. *his* (Qq).
393, 395, 396 *lipe:...eyes, To...mouth;*] *lipe,...eyes. To...mouth,* or *lipe,* (*Where...mad*) *And...eyes; Or... mouth* Vaughan conj.
397 *thou*] om. F_3F_4.
399 *lived*] *liu'd* F_1F_2. *lives* F_3F_4.
403 *Away!*] In a line by itself, S. Walker conj.
fretful] om. Hanmer. *fearful* S. Walker conj. (a misprint?).
corrosive] *cor'sive* Boswell (Malone conj.).
406 *wheresoe'er*] *wheresoere* F_1. *wheresoever* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Queen. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Queen. This way for me.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *A bedchamber.*

Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *to the* CARDINAL *in bed.*

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.

408 *And*] *And going* Vaughan conj. *with thee*] *along with thee* Hanmer. *with thee along* Capell.
409 *cask*] *casket* Rowe.
412 [Exeunt severally.] Rowe (ed. 2). Exeunt. Ff.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE X. Pope. A bedchamber.] The Cardinal's bedchamber. Theobald. The same. Another Room. Capell. London. Cardinal Beaufort's bedchamber. Malone.
1 *sovereign*] *king* Collier MS.
4 *and feel no pain*] *but one whole year* Theobald conj., from (Qq).
9 *bed? where should he*] *bed, where he should* Delius conj.
10 *whether*] Johnson. *where* Ff. *whe're* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Alive again? then show me where he is:
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
King. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!
Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

21 *busy meddling*] *busy-meddling* S. Walker conj.
22 *this wretch's*] *his wretched* Capell conj. *this sinner's* Lettsom conj.
23 *this*] *his* Daniel conj. (reading line 22 as Capell conj.).
26 *if*] *if't* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
28 *make*] *give* Capell conj. (dies) Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The coast of Kent.*

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *and others, prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

ACT IV. SCENE I.] Pope. om. Ff.
The coast of Kent.] Pope. om. Ff.
Alarum...Enter...] Alarum...Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'at Dover.' Firing heard at Sea. After that, a Boat appears; and puts ashore a Captain, a Master, a Master's mate ... Capell.
Walter Whitmore,] Whitmore, Rowe. om. Ff.

1 Cap.] (Qq) Rowe. Lieu. Ff (and throughout the scene).
5, 6 *wings, Clip dead men's graves*] *wings O'erspread the graves that in their noisome arms Clip dead men's bones* Wordsworth conj.
6 *Clip*] Theobald. *Cleape* F_1F_2. *Cleap* F_3F_4. *Clap* Pope (ed. 2).
8 *the*] om. F_4.
11 *discoloured*] Ff. *discolour'd* Pope.
14 [pointing to Suffolk. Johnson.

Digitized by Google

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

First Gent. I 'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To Suf.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;

18 Cap.] Whit. Malone conj.
two thousand] 2000. Ff.
20 *throats*] *throat* F_2.
shall :] After this Malone supposes a line has been lost.
21, 22 *The lives...sum /*] Grant White. *The lives...sum ?* Knight. *The liues ...summe.* Ff. *Shall the lives...sum?* Nicholson conj.
The lives of those...Be counterpoised ...sum /] *Nor can those lives.....Be counterpois'd...sum.* Rowe. *The lives of those...Cannot be pois'd...sum.* Capell. *The lives of those...Cannot be counterpois'd...sum.* Malone. *The lives of those we have lost in fight cannot Be counterpois'd...sum.* Steevens conj. *Can lives of those...Be counterpois'd...sum ?* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *The lives of those... Can they be counterpois'd.....sum ?* Halliwell. *The lives of those we've lost in fight can not Be...sum.* Wordsworth.
22 *Be*] *Be n't* Cartwright conj.
26 [To Suf.] Rowe. om. Ff.
29 *George*] *ring* Capell conj., from (Qq).
32 *start'st*] F_4. *startst* F_3. *starts* F_1F_2. *what, doth death*] Rowe. *What doth death* Ff. *what doth thee* Vaughan conj.
affright] *affright thee* Delius conj.

Digitized by Google

Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.
Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not:
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;

37, 38 *Gualtier*] *Gaultier* Collier.
39 *Never*] *Ne'er* Rowe.
43 [is laying Hands on Suffolk, to bear him off. Capell.
46 Whit.] Wal. Ff. Cap. Capell, from (Qq).
48 *Jove...I f*] Pope, from (Qq). Omitted in Ff.
50 Suf. *Obscure.....blood,*] Pope, from (Qq). Continued to Lieu. in Ff.
lowly] Pope, from (Qq). *lowsie* Ff.
51 *The honourable*] Pope. Suf. *The honourable* Ff.
52 *jaded*] *jady* Capell, from (Qq). *jadis* quoted by Rann.
54 *Bare-headed*] *And bare-head* Capell, from (Qq).
55 *shook my head*] *smiled on thee* or *stroked my beard* or *stroked thy head* Vaughan conj.
head f] Pope. *head.* Ff.
56 *waited*] *water'd* Vaughan conj. (withdrawn).

Digitized by Google

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou darest not, for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Pole.
Suf. Pole!
Cap. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord

63 *mine*] F_1. *thine* $F_2F_3F_4$.
64 *it*] *I* Vaughan conj., from (Qq).
65 *forlorn swain*] *foul tongd slaue* Collier MS.
swain?] *swain.* F_1.
69 *thy*] *thine* Capell, from (Qq).
70 Cap. *Yes, Pole.* Suf. *Pole?*] Added by Capell from (Qq).
Suf. *Pole!* Cap. *Pool! Sir Pool! lord!*] Suf. *Pole!* Cap. *Pole! Sir Pole! Lord Pole! Duke Pole!* Lettsom conj. Suf. *Pole?* Cap. *Pool!* Suf. *Pool?* Cap. *Pool, Sir Pool, Lord Pool.* Vaughan conj.
Pool! Sir Pool! lord!] *Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,* Ff. *Poole? Sir Poole? Lord Poole?* Johnson conj. *Pole, ay Pole;* Capell. *Poole; Sir Poole; Lord Poole.* Keightley.
71 *Ay*] *I* Ff. *Nay* Capell.
74 *swallowing*] *swallowing up* F_3F_4.
76 *Duke*] om. F_4.
77 *shalt*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *shall* F_1.
78 *shall...again*] *again shall hiss at thee* Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

82 *neither*] *nor* Rowe.
84 *overgorged*] *ouergorg'd* F_1. *overgor'd* $F_2F_3F_4$.
85 *mother's bleeding*] Rowe. *Mother-bleeding* Ff.
87 *thorough*] *through* F_4.
93 *are*] Rowe. *and* Ff.
95 *murder*] Johnson. *murther* Ff.
96 *proud encroaching*] *proud-encroaching* S. Walker conj.
98 *our*] *a* Rowe (ed. 2). *an* Keightley. *half-faced*] *pale-faced* Vaughan conj.
102 *Is*] *Are* Hanmer.
107 *threatens*] *threats* F_2.

Digitized by Google

Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.
Cap. Walter,—
Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus: it is thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:

108 *Bargulus*] *Bardylis* Hanmer.
110 *should*] *shald* F_2. *shal* Collier MS.
115, 116 Cap. *Walter,*— Whit. *Come,*] Rowe (ed. 2). Lieu. *Water: W. Come* Ff, printing as prose.
117 *Gelidus*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Pine gelidus* F_1. *Pœnæ gelidus* Theobald. *Pene gelidus* Malone. *Pone gelidus* Mitford conj. *Jam gelidus* Wordsworth conj.
it is] *it's* Pope. *'tis* Capell.
118, 142 Whit.] Wal. Ff.
119 *now will*] *will* F_4.
128 *the*] *this* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
129 *True...fear*] *Exempt from fear is true nobility* Lloyd conj. *Exempt is true nobility from fear* Keightley.
True] *Know true* Hanmer. *No, true* or *All true* Anon. conj. *For true* Wordsworth (Keightley conj.).
nobility is] *nobility's* Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google

More can I bear than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*
Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*
First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

132 *Come...can,*] Given to Suf. by Hanmer. Continued to Lieu. in Ff.
ye] *you* Hanmer.
134 *vile*] F_4. *vilde* $F_1F_2F_3$.
135 *banditto*] Johnson. *Bandetto* Ff.
136 *bastard*] *dastard* Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
137 *Stabb'd.....islanders*] Omitted by Rowe (ed. 2) and Pope (ed. 1).
islanders] *outlanders* Vaughan conj.
138 [Exeunt Whitmore and others...] Exit Water... F_1. Exit Walter... $F_2F_3F_4$. Exit, with Whitmore, and Others. Capell.
140 *depart:*] *depart, To fetch what's due for him and for the rest:* Lettsom conj.
141 [To 2 Gent. Collier MS.
[Exeunt.....body.] Capell. Exit Lieutenant, and the rest. Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body. Ff.
142 *lifeless*] Capell. *liuelesse* F_1F_2. *liveless* F_3F_4.
[throwing it down. Capell.
143 [Exit.] Exit Walter. Ff.
147 [Exit...] Capell. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Scene II. *Blackheath.*

Enter George Bevis *and* John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Scene II.] Pope. om. Ff.
Blackheath.] Capell. Southwark. Pope. om. Ff.
...George Bevis...] Capell. ...Beuis ... Ff.
1, 4, &c. Bevis.] Ff. Geo. Capell.
3, 7, &c. Holl.] Hol. Ff. Joh. Capell.
7 *for*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
8 *merry*] *a merry* F_4.
16 *to say as,*] *to say, as* F_1F_2. *as to say* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Holl. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holl. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

27 *Smith*] *Will* Capell, from (Qq).

30 Drum. Enter...] Ff. Collier MS. adds, 'the more the better and vproare.'

31—33 *father,—...inspired*] *father, for our enemies shall fall before us;*— Dick. *Or rather.....herrings.* Cade. *Inspired* Tyrwhitt conj. *father, or rather,*— Dick. *—of stealing...herrings.* Cade. *—for our.....inspired* Lettsom conj.

32, &c. Dick.] Rowe. But. Ff. The 'Asides' were first marked by Capell.

33 *For*] *Or for* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

33, 34 *For.....princes*] Transferred by Capell to the end of Holland's speech, line 29.

33 *fall*] F_4. *faile* F_1F_2. *fail* F_3.

34 *princes,—Command*] Malone. *Princes. Command* Ff.

35 (Noise) Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

Smith. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lament-

45, &c. Smith.] Steevens (1778). Weauer. Ff. Wil. Capell.
50 *the cage*] *a cage* F_3F_4.
58 [Exit. Malone conj.
64 *I*] om. F_3F_4.
67 *will be,—*] Rowe. *will be* Ff.
70 *on*] *upon* F_4.

Digitized by Google

able thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who 's there? 80

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain! 85

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjuror.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. 89

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you. 96

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy

76, 77 *parchment?...man?*] *parchment;...man?* Pope. *Parchment;...man.* Ff.
78 *'tis the*] F_1F_2. *'tis* F_3F_4.
79 *mine*] F_1. *my* $F_2F_3F_4$.
80 *who's*] *who is* Rowe (ed. 2).
81 Enter some.....] Capell. Enter a Clearke. Ff. Re-enter Smith... Malone conj.
Chatham] Rowe (ed. 2). *Chartam* F_1. *Chattam* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Charlton* French conj.
84 *of*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
86 *Has*] Dyce. *Ha's* Ff. *H'as* Rowe (ed. 2). *He'as* Pope.
87 *he is*] *he's* Pope.

Digitized by Google

name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

98 *an honest*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *a honest* F_1.
102 *he 's*] F_1. *he is* $F_2F_3F_4$.
105 [Exit one...] Ff. Exeunt Some... Capell.
106 Enter.....] Ff. Enter Michael, hastily. Capell.
Where 's] F_1F_2. *Where is* F_3F_4.
115 *presently*] *here presently* Keightley. [Kneels] Collier (ed. 1). om. Ff. [Rises] Dyce.
116 *him!*] *him. Is there any more of them that be knights?* Mich. *Ay, his brother.* Cade. *Then kneel down, Dick Butcher. Rise up, Sir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.* Theobald, from (Qq). (Kneeling and rising) Collier MS.
117 SCENE III. Pope.
Enter...] Ff.
his Brother,] young Stafford, Rowe. William his brother, Malone.

Digitized by Google

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:
The king is merciful, if you revolt.
Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.
Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.
Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?
Cade. And Adam was a gardener.
Bro. And what of that?
Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?
Staf. Ay, sir.
Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.
Bro. That 's false.
Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.
Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.
Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

120 *revolt*] *repent* Anon. conj.
121, &c. Bro.] Ff. Y. Staf. Rowe. W. Staf. Malone.
123 *slaves, I pass not:*] *slaves I pass not,* Vaughan conj. *not*] *them* Hanmer.
130 *And what*] *What* Hudson (Dyce conj.).
131 *Marry, this: Edmund*] *Marry, this.— Edmund* Theobald. *Marry, this Edmund* Ff.
132 *Clarence'*] *Clarence* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Clarence's* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

146, 147 *And...what?*] As in Pope. Prose in Ff.
148 *ye*] F_1. *you* $F_2F_3F_4$.
150 [Aside] Capell. om. Ff.
151, 165 *to*] Theobald. *too* Ff.
158 *mained*] *main'd* $F_1F_2F_3$. *maim'd* F_4.
159 *kings*] *knight* Vaughan conj. *that that*] F_1F_2. *that* F_3F_4. *that the* Dyce conj, *that by that* Vaughan conj.
166 *an enemy*] *the enemy* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS *are slain. Enter* CADE *and the rest.*

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,

176 *And*] *All* Collier MS.
[Exeunt...] Exeunt the two Staffords, with the Train. Theobald. Exit. Ff.
179 *We will*] *We'll* F_4.
180 *shoon*] F_2. *shooen* F_1F_2. *shoons* F_4.
183 *are*] *are are* F_2.
toward F_1F_2. *towards* F_3F_4.
185 *forward.*] *forward, lads!* Capell conj., reading 184, 185 as two lines of verse, the first ending *we are.*
[Exeunt.] Exeunt Cade and his Party. Theobald. om. Ff.
SCENE III.] Capell.
Another part of Blackheath.] The same. Another Part of it. Capell. om. Ff.
Alarums...] Ff.
Enter.....] Ff. Re-enter..... Theobald.
5 *will I*] F_1. *wil I* F_2. *I will* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let 's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

Enter the KING *with a supplication, and the* QUEEN *with Suffolk's head, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD SAY.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

6 *again*] om. Warburton.
7 *to kill for*] *for to kill* Hudson. *hundred lacking one*] *hundred lacking one, a week* Malone, from (Qq). *hundred years lacking one* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
10, 11 [putting on...brigandine] Edd. (from Holinshed). taking off Stafford's Armour. Capell. om. Ff. Putting on Stafford's armour. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
12 *horse*] F_1F_2. *horses* F_3F_4. *horse's* Rowe. *horse'* Capell.
14 *thrive and do good,*] *thrive, do good;* Johnson conj. *thrive and do well* Delius conj.
15 *gaols*] *Gaoles* F_1F_2. *Goals* F_3F_4.
SCENE IV.] Pope. om. Ff.
London. The palace.] London. A Room in the Palace. Capell. Blackheath. Pope. om. Ff.
Enter...] Ff. Enter King Henry, reading; Buckingham, and the Lord Say, with him: at a Distance, Queen Margaret, mourning over a Head. Capell.
4, 15 (Aside) Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

12 *shall*] *should* Rowe.
18 *same?*] *same.* F_1.
21, 22 *How...death?*] Steevens (1793) ends line 21 at *Still.*
22 *Still lamenting*] *Lamenting still* Pope.
and mourning for] om. Vaughan conj., reading *How...death?* as one line.
for] om. Pope.
23 *fear me, love,*] *feare me* (*Loue*) Ff. *fear, my love,* Capell, from (Qq).
24 *wouldest not*] Theobald. *would'st not* F_1. *would'st not halfe* $F_2F_3F_4$ (*half* F_3F_4).
25 *No, my*] *My* Pope. *No,* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:

29 *Clarence'*] *Clarence* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Clarence's* F_4.
34 *Stafford*] *Staffords* Collier MS.
39, 44 *Killingworth*] *Kenelworth* Capell.
42 *would*] F_1. *should* $F_2F_3F_4$.
43 *Lord...hate*] *Lord Say, thou know'st the traitor hateth* Wordsworth.
traitors hate] $F_2F_3F_4$. *traitors hateth* F_1. *traitor rebel hateth* Capell. *traitor hateth* Steevens (1778, 1785). *thee*] *thee specially* Anon. conj.
48 *may*] *can* Capell conj.
49, 50 Malone ends the lines at *citizens ...houses.*
49 *London bridge*] *London-bridge, my lord* Capell.
50 *fly*] *flye* F_1. *flye him* $F_2F_3F_4$ (*fly* F_4).
houses] *houses as he comes* Keightley, reading *Fly...comes* as one line.

Digitized by Google

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

King. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *London. The Tower.*

Enter LORD SCALES *upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three* Citizens *below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;

56 (Aside) Collier MS.
57 *the*] F_1. *to* $F_2F_3F_4$.
[to lord Say. Malone.
58 *be*] om. F_1.
SCENE V. Pope.
London. The Tower.] London. Pope.
The same. The Tower. Capell.
Enter...enter...] F_4. Enter...enters... $F_1F_2F_3$.
2 First Cit.] 1 Cit. Ff.
likely] *like* F_4.
2—5 *No...rebels.*] As prose by Pope. As five lines in Ff.
9 *to.....and gather*] F_1. *into.....and gather* $F_2F_3F_4$. *into...gather* Pope.
10 *I will*] *will I* F_3F_4.
Goffe] $F_1F_2F_3$. *Goff* F_4. *Gough* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. Cannon Street.*

Enter JACK CADE *and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer. 6

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning. 10

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.* 15

12 *for...again*] *rebellion never thrives* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
SCENE VI.] Capell. om. Ff. Pope continues the scene.
London. Cannon Street.] Cannon Street. Theobald.
Enter...] Ff.
staff] sword Capell, from (Qq).
1—6 *Now.....Mortimer.*] As prose by Pope. As seven lines in Ff.
4 *this*] F_1. *The* $F_2F_3F_4$.
9 *ye*] *you* Rowe.
13—15 *Come.....away.*] As prose by Pope. As four lines in Ff.
15 [Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE VII. *London. Smithfield.*

Alarums. MATTHEW GOFFE *is slain, and all the rest. Then enter* JACK CADE, *with his company.*

Cade. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holl. [*Aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holl. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

SCENE VII.] Capell. om. Ff. Pope continues the scene.
London. Smithfield.] Smithfield. Theobald.
After 'all the rest' Collier MS. adds 'of his followers flye.'
2 *court*] *courts* Rowe (ed. 2).
8, 15 Holl.] John. Ff.
8, 10, 15 'Aside' marked first by Capell.
11 *eating*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
15 *we are*] *are we* S. Walker conj.
18 SCENE VI. Pope. SCENE VIII. Hanmer.
19 *towns*] *town* Rowe (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not? 43

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets. 47

22 Enter George Bevis.....] Steevens. Enter George... Ff.
23 *serge*] Rowe. *Surge* Ff.
24 *point-blank*] *point-black* Rowe (ed. 2).
25 *giving*] *the giving* Capell conj.
26 *Mounsieur*] *Monsieur* F_4.
27 *these presence*] *these presents* F_4.
38 *peace*] *the peace* Rowe (ed. 2).
40 *they*] *thy* F_2.
43 *in*] F_1. *on* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

51 *What*] *Well, what* Hanmer. *Kent?*] F_3F_4. *Kent.* F_1F_2.
52 *'tis*] om. Hanmer.
55 *where*] F_3F_4. *wher'e* F_1F_2.
58 *because full*] *beauteous, full* Hanmer. *bounteous, full* Vaughan conj. *pleasant, full* Kinnear conj.
59 *wealthy*] *worthy* Hanmer.
60 *you are*] F_1. *thou art* $F_2F_3F_4$.
62 *Yet*] *Yea* Malone conj.
65 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Ff.
65, 66 *hands, But to.....you?*] Rann (Johnson conj.). *hands? Kent to... you,* Ff. *hands, Bent to.....you?* Steevens conj. *hands? 'Cept to... you?* Mason conj. *hands, Kent to ...you?* Malone. *hands, Kent?— To.....you,* Jackson conj. *hands, Kent, to.....you?* Collier. *hands, Even to...you?* Vaughan conj.
68 *book*] *books* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

72 *You*] *Ye* F_4.
murder] Johnson. *murther* Ff.
74 *behoof,—*] Capell. *behoof.* Ff.
75 *Tut*] *Tut, tut* Hanmer.
struck'st] *struckest* Dyce.
77 *never*] *neve* F_2.
79 *pale for*] F_1. *pale with* $F_2F_3F_4$.
84 *caudle*] F_4. *candle* $F_1F_2F_3$.
84, 85 *the help of hatchet*] F_1. *the help of a hatchet* $F_2F_3F_4$. *pap with a hatchet* Farmer conj. *the pap of a hatchet* Steevens (1793). *the helve of a hatchet* Mitford conj. *the heal of a hatchet* Brae conj.
87 *The palsy*] *It is the palsy* Dyce, ed. 2 (Anon. conj.), from (Qq).
provokes] *provoketh* Hanmer.
91 *have I*] *I have* Rowe (ed. 1).
92 *honour*] *honours* Vaughan conj.
93 *gold*] *gifts* Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

99—101 *I feel.....life.*] Marked as 'Aside' first by Capell.
100 *an*] Pope. *and* Ff.
it be] *be it* F_4.
102 *speaks*] *speake* F_2.
not] *not,* Capell.
o'] Theobald. *a* Ff.
104 *James*] *William* Ritson conj.
112 [Exeunt...] Hanmer. om. Ff.
113 *in the*] F_1F_2. *of the* F_3F_4.
115 *to me*] F_1F_2. *me* F_3F_4.
her] *for her* Vaughan conj. (doubtfully).

Digitized by Google

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Southwark.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter CADE *and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD, *attended.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee: Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king 6
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;

123 Re-enter...] Enter... Ff. Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads. Capell.
123—129 *But...Away!*] As prose by Theobald. As nine lines in Ff.
123 *braver*] *brave* F_4.
124 *alive*] *alive* [Jowle them. Collier MS.
128 *will we*] *we will* F_4.
and] om. F_3F_4.
129 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Ff.
SCENE VIII.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope. SCENE IX. Hanmer. Southwark.] Theobald. Enter...] Enter againe... Ff.
1 *Magnus'*] Warburton. *Magnus* Theobald. *Magnes* Ff.
2, 3 [Sound a parley.] Parley sounded; afterwards, a Retreat. Capell.
3, 4 *What...kill?*] As prose first by Hanmer. As three lines, ending *heare?...Parley...kill?* in Ff.
5 Clifford] old Clifford Ff.
attended] Theobald. om. Ff.
Ay, here] Rowe. *I heere* F_1F_2. *I here* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?

10 *relent*] *repent* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
12 *rebel*] Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and Anon. MS.). *rabble* Ff. *ribald* Vaughan conj.
20 *him?*] Rowe. *him*, Ff. *'em?* Theobald. *them?* Hanmer.
23 *White Hart*] *White-hart* F_4. *White-heart* F_1. *white-heart* F_2F_3.
23, 24 *Southwark?*] Rowe. *Southwarke.* Ff.
24 *ye*] *you* Rowe (ed. 2).
out] *over* S. Walker conj. *up* Cartwright conj.
28 *burthens*] *burdens* Steevens.
32 *We'll...Cade?*] As two lines in Ff.
34 *him?*] Rowe. *him.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying 'Villiago!' unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

39 *Unless*] *He gets* Keightley conj. *And lives* Vaughan conj.
45 *Villiago*] Ff. *Villageois* Theobald. *Viliaco* Dyce and Staunton (Capell conj.).
50 *money*] *mercy* Warburton.
54—58 *Was ever.....staying.*] Marked 'Aside' by Dyce and Staunton.
60 *middest*] *midst* F_4.
62 *treasons*] *treason* Dyce.
makes] F_1. *make* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Kenilworth Castle.*

Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace.*

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!
King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

68 [Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. Ff.
SCENE IX.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope. SCENE X. Hanmer.
Kenilworth Castle.] The Palace at Killingworth. Theobald.
terrace] Tarras Ff.
5 *long'd*] *long* F_3F_4.
7 Clifford] Ff. old Clifford Capell.
10 below, multitudes,] Multitudes Ff. below, the Soldiers of Cade's army, Capell.
He is] *He's* Pope.

Digitized by Google

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;

18 *he*] *ye* Vaughan conj. (doubtfully). *infortunate*] F_1F_2. *unfortunate* F_3F_4. *importunate* Vaughan conj. (doubtfully).
21 *countries*] *counties* Delius conj.
22 [Exeunt. Hanmer.
25 *a mighty*] F_1F_2. *mighty* F_3F_4. *united* Collier MS.
26 *Of*] *Of desp'rate* Hanmer. *Of nimble* Capell. *Of savage* Dyce (ed. 2). *stout*] *stout Irish* Collier, ed. 2 (Mitford conj.).
kernes] *kernes, he* Keightley. *kernes supplied* Vaughan conj.
29 *arms*] *Armes* F_1. *Armies* $F_2F_3F_4$. *aims* Singer, ed. 2 (Dyce conj. withdrawn).
33 *calm'd*] F_4. *calme* F_1. *claimd* F_2. *claim'd* F_3. *cramp'd* Becket conj. *chased* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
34 *dispersed*] *dispers'd* F_4. *dispiers'd* F_1 F_2F_3.

Digitized by Google

And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Kent. Iden's garden.*

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so

36 *I pray...go*] *Go, I pray thee, Buckingham,* Staunton conj.
go and meet him] Ff. *go and meet with him* Rowe. *to go and meet him* Malone. *go forth and meet him* Steevens (1793). *then go and meet him* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *go thou and meet him* Dyce (ed. 2).
49 *For*] *Or* Hudson (Seymour conj.).
[Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
SCENE X.] Steevens. SCENE IX. Pope. SCENE XI. Hanmer. ACT V. SCENE I. Capell.
Kent. Iden's garden.] Capell. A Garden in Kent. Pope.
Cade] F_1F_2. Jack Cade F_3F_4.
1 *ambition*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Ambitions* F_1.
3 *these*] *those* Capell conj.
4 *so*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns

6 *on*] *o'er* Hanmer.
8 *grass*] *grapes* Vaughan conj.
11 *brain-pan*] *brain-pain* Rowe (ed. 2).
13 *and bravely*] *and toil'd by* Lettsom conj. *and barely* Vaughan conj. *and heavily* Dyce conj. *and breathless* Kinnear conj. *as hay by* Wordsworth conj.
16 Enter Iden.] Ff. Enter Iden, with Servants. Steevens, from (Qq). See note (XI).
17 *these f*] *these*, F_4.
19 *Contenteth*] *Contents* Hudson, reading as Malone.
and] *and's* Rowe. *and is* Malone. *in* Vaughan conj.
20 *waning*] *waining* Rowe (ed. 2). *warning* Ff.
21 *I care not with*] *not caring with* Wordsworth.
24, 25 *Here's...leave.*] Marked 'Aside' by Dyce and Staunton.
25 *Ah,*] *Ah* F_3F_4. *A* F_1F_2.
26 *a thousand*] *a* 1000. Ff.

Digitized by Google

of the king by carrying my head to him: but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,

27 *by*] *for* Steevens.
35 [Enter five Servants. Anon. conj.
36 *ay,*] om. Pope.
39 *five men*] (Qq) Ff. *fine men* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
all] om. Rowe.
42 *an esquire*] *'squire* Capell.
44 *steadfast-gazing*] Capell. *stedfast gazing* Ff.
52, 53 *As...what*] *As for more words, let this my sword report* (*Whose greatness answers words*) *what* Hanmer.
52 *As for words*] *As for more words* Rowe. *As for mere words* Mason conj. *But as for words* Dyce, ed. 2 (Anon. conj.). *And as for words* Keightley. *As for thy words* Perring conj.
words...words,] *wordes—*(*whose... wordes?*) Becket conj.

Digitized by Google

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.*

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'ld defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

55 *the edge*] *thine edge* F_4.
56 *chines*] *chaines* F_2.
57 *God*] Malone, from (Qq). *Ioue* Ff.
58 [Here they fight.] Ff.
Cade falls.] Capell. om. Ff.
67 *thee*] *thou* Jackson conj.
70 *that*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. *which* Rowe.
77 *in*] om. Dyce, ed. 2 (Lloyd conj.).
79 *headlong*] *endlong* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

Enter YORK, *and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

81 *off*] *of* F_4.
83 [Exit.] Ff. Exit, dragging out the Body. Capell. Exeunt, Iden dragging out the body, and Servants. Dyce.
ACT V. SCENE I.] Pope. ACT V. SCENE II. Capell. om. Ff.
Fields...Blackheath.] Malone. In the Fields near London. Pope. Fields near Saint Alban's. Capell.
Enter...] Ff. Two Camps pitch'd, the King's, and Duke of York's; on either Side, one. Enter York, attended. Capell.
5 *sancta majestas*] *majesty* Pope. *santa maestá* Capell conj., from (Qq).
6 *them...know*] Rowe. *them...knowes* F_1F_2. *them...knows* F_3F_4. *him... knows* Capell conj.
8 *I cannot*] *It cannot* Delius conj.
10 *soul*] F_3F_4. *soule* F_1F_2. *sword* Johnson conj.
11 *toss*] *boss* Vaughan conj.
flower-de-luce] *Fleure-de-Luce* F_1F_2. *Floure-de-Luce* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
York. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is great:
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

12 *me?*] *me!* Vaughan conj.
21 *Should*] *Should'st* Theobald. *leave,*] Johnson. *leave?* Ff.
22 *court.*] Capell. *Court?* Ff.
23—31 *Scarce...strong.*] Marked 'Aside' by Rowe.
27 *or oxen*] *and oxen* Capell.
32 *Buckingham*] F_1. *O Buckingham* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING *and* Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

39 *arms*] *aims* Collier conj.
43 *prisoner.*] F_1F_4. *prisoner?* F_2F_3.
49 *son*] om. F_4.
55 [Exeunt. Hanmer.
56 SCENE II.] Pope. Scene changes to the King's Pavilion. Theobald.
Enter...] Ff. Enter... Re-enter Buckingham and York, attended. Theobald.
60 *intends*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *intend* F_4.
61 *heave*] (Qq) F_1F_2. *have* F_3F_4.
63 *Who*] F_1. *Whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
heard] *hear* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.
King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.
King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*

65 *pass*] *press* S. Walker conj.
71 *art thou*] *wast thou* Capell conj. *wert thou* Vaughan conj.
72 *I was*] *I am* Hudson. *I was the man* Vaughan conj.
an 't] Ff.
74 *Alexander...name*] *My name is Alexander Iden, sir* Capell conj.
Alexander Iden] *Ev'n Alexander Iden* Hanmer. *Iden, Alexander Iden* Edd. conj. *Call'd Alexander Iden* Vaughan conj.
name;] *name, my liege;* Keightley.
75 *loves his*] F_1. *loves the* F_2. *love the* F_3F_4.
76 *it*] om. F_4.
77 *his*] *this* S. Walker conj.
78 *down.* [He kneels.] *Rise*] Johnson. *downe, rise* Ff. *down; and rise thou* Hanmer. *down.* [He kneels.] *Iden, rise* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.). *down,* [he kneels]; *and now rise up* Vaughan conj.
a knight] *Sir Alexander* Vaughan conj.
82 [Rises.] Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

Digitized by Google

Enter QUEEN *and* SOMERSET.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.
Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

83 SCENE III. Pope.
See.....Somerset] *See, Buckingham! see who* Capell conj.
88 *long-imprison'd*] *long imprison'd* Theobald. *long imprisoned* Ff.
93 *not*] F_1. *no* $F_2F_3F_4$.
94 *govern and rule*] *rule and govern* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
95 *darest*] *dar'st* F_1. *durst* $F_2F_3F_4$.
99 *these*] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
100 *smile and frown*] *frown and smile* Delius conj.
like to] F_1. *like* $F_2F_3F_4$.
103 *to act*] *to enact* Capell conj. *coact* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: [*Exit Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[*Exit Buckingham.*

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD.

See where they come: I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Enter CLIFFORD *and his* Son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

109—111 Theobald (Warburton) reads in this order: *Sirrah.....bail; Wouldst...man.*
109 *me kneel?*] *my knees?* Vaughan conj. *these*] Theobald. *three* Id. conj. *thee* Ff. *them* Hanmer. [pointing to his Troops, and Attendants. Capell.
110 *brook I...man.*] *brook; I...man!* F_4.
111 *sons*] *sonne* F_1. *bail*] F_3F_4. *bale* F_1. *baile* F_2. [Exit...] Capell. om. Ff.
112 *have*] *let* $F_2F_3F_4$.
113 *for*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *of* F_1.
116 [Exit Buckingham.] Capell. om. Ff. Exit an Attendant. Dyce.
120 *bail*] F_3F_4. *baile* F_1F_2. *bane*] *bale* Theobald.
121 *boys!*] Dyce. *Boyes.* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Boys.* F_4.
122 Enter...] Ff.
123 Enter.....Son.] Enter Clifford. Ff. Drums. Enter, from one Side, the

Digitized by Google

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Lords Edward and Richard, Sons to York; and, from the other, Old Clifford and his Son; Forces with them both. Capell, from (Qq), after line 123.

124 &c. Clif.] o. C. Capell.
124 *my*] *the* F_4.
[Kneels.] Johnson.
125 *I*] *We* (Qq) Capell.
126 *us*] F_1. *me* $F_2F_3F_4$.
130 *mistakest*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *mistakes* F_1.
135 *chop*] F_1. *crop* $F_2F_3F_4$.
137 *sons*] *son* F_4.
139 Edw.] F_1F_2. Edm. F_3F_4.
143 *thy*] F_1F_2. *the* F_3F_4.
146 *fell-lurking*] *fell-barking* Roderick conj. *fell-lurching* Hudson (Heath conj.). *fell-looking* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *fell lurking* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou darest bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

148 SCENE IV. Pope.
Enter...] Drums. Enter S., and W., with Forces. Capell.
bait] F_3F_4. *bate* F_1. *baite* F_2.
149 *bear-ward*] Pope. *Berard* F_1F_2. *Bearard* F_3F_4.
150 *baiting*] F_3F_4. *bayting* F_1F_2.
152 *Run*] *Turn* Hanmer.
153 *being*] *having* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
suffer'd with...paw,] *suffer'd, with... paw* Vaughan conj.
with] *within* Keightley conj.
154 *between*] *betwixt* F_4.
156 *oppose*] F_1F_2. *suppose* F_3F_4.
157 Clif.] y. C. (i.e. Young Clifford). Capell.
169 *go...to*] *for...go* or *to...go* Vaughan conj.
dig...war] *find out war to dig a grave* Roderick conj.

Digitized by Google

And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death or dignity.
Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,

170 *shame*] *stain* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
174 *mickle*] F_1. *milckie* F_2. *milky* F_3 F_4.
175 *consider'd*] Pope. *considered* Ff.
181 *an oath*] *a vow* Capell.
185—187 *deed, ... man, ... chastity, ... patrimony,*] *deed?...man?...chastity?...patrimony?* Vaughan conj.
189 *this*] *his* F_4.
194 *or*] Rowe (ed. 2). *and* Ff.
195, 198, 208 Clif.] Old Clif. Ff.
196 *to go*] *go* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.
Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*

201 *household*] Malone, from (Qq). *housed* F_1. *houses* $F_2F_3F_4$.
202 *Now, by*] *Known by* Vaughan conj.
badge] *age* Capell, from (Qq).
203 *ragged*] *rugged* Warburton.
207 *to*] Rowe (ed. 2). *io* F_1. *so* F_2F_3 F_4.
210 *bear-ward*] Pope. *Bearard* Ff.
211 *And so...father*] *And so, renowned sovereign, to arms* Capell conj., from (Qq), continuing the speech to Clifford.
to arms] *to arms, to arms* Anon. conj.
victorious] F_1. *victorious noble* F_2 F_3F_4. *my victorious* Keightley.
father] *sovereign* Vaughan conj.
212 *the rebels*] *these traitors* (Qq) Capell.
216 [Exeunt severally.] Theobald. Exeunt. Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II. *Saint Alban's.*

Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.] Steevens. SCENE V. Pope. SCENE III. Capell.
Saint Alban's.] Capell. The Battle at St. Albans. Pope.
Alarums to the battle.] (Qq). om. Ff. Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excursions. Capell. (Trumpets and battle) Collier MS.
2 *And if*] *An if* Capell conj.
4 *dead men's cries*] (Qq) Ff. *dy'ng mens cries* Rowe. *dying cries* Roderick conj. *deaf'ning cries* Vaughan conj.
8 *noble*] om. Johnson.
11 *carrion kites*] *Carrion, Kytes* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance

19 *What...pause?*] As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *Yorke?* in Ff.
24 *now*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
27 *lay*] F_1F_2. *day* F_3F_4.
[They...falls.] fight; and... Capell. Fight. Pope. Omitted in Ff.
28 *couronne les œuvres*] *Corrone les eumenes* F_1. *Corronne les oevres* $F_2F_3F_4$.
[Dies.] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
30 [Exit.] Pope.
31 Enter...] Alarums. Enter... Capell. Y. Clif.] Clif. Ff.
confusion! all] Pope. *confusion all* Ff.
36 *soldier*] *souldier* F_1. *souldiers* $F_2F_3F_4$.
38 *nor*] *for* Pope.

Digitized by Google

The name of valour. [*Seeing his dead father*] O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,

40 [Seeing his dead father] Theobald. om. Ff.
41 *premised*] *promised* Delius conj.
42 *earth and heaven*] *heaven and earth* Staunton.
together] *together in one blase* Vaughan conj.
45 *To cease*] *To-cease* Porson conj. MS.
ordain'd] F_1. *ordained* $F_2F_3F_4$.
dear] *deere* F_1. *O deere* F_2. *O dear* F_3F_4.
(to the bodie) Collier MS.
48 *and thy*] *and in thy* Capell (corrected in Errata).
59 *Absyrtus*] Theobald. *Absirtis* Ff. *Absirtus* Rowe.
61 [taking up the Body. Capell.

Digitized by Google

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

Enter RICHARD *and* SOMERSET *to fight.* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, *and others.*

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Queen. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are loved,

65 [Exit...father.] Pope. Exit. Rowe. om. Ff.
66 Enter...] Alarums. Enter... Capell. Somerset is killed.] Rowe. Omitted in Ff.
there] *there, fulfilling prophecy* Vaughan conj. See note (XII).
67 *For*] *Fall'n* Johnson conj.
an alehouse' paltry] *a paltry alehouse* Anon. conj., from (Qq).
71 [Exit.] Theobald. om. Ff.
72 SCENE VI. Pope.
Fight.] Alarums again. Capell.
74 *nor fight*] F_1F_2. *not fight* F_3F_4.
78 *should*] *shall* Johnson.
80 *we*] *me* Rowe (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Fields near St Alban's.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,

82 *where*] *were* F_2.
84 Re-enter young C.] Dyce. Enter C. Ff. Other Alarums. Enter young C. Capell.
Y. Clif.] Clif. Ff.
heart's] F_2F_3. *hearts* F_1F_4.
86 *uncurable*] *incurable* Pope (ed. 2).
discomfit] *discomfite* Ff. *discomfort* Capell conj.
87 *parts*] *pow'rs* Hanmer. *party* Warburton. *frends* Collier MS. *part* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
89 *them*] *then* F_4.
SCENE III.] Steevens. SCENE VII. Pope. SCENE IV. Capell. Theobald continues the scene.
Fields...] Malone. Fields without the Town. Capell.
1 *Of*] *Old* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.), from (Qq).
3 *Aged*] *Age's* Vaughan conj.
all brush] *all bruise* Warburton. *abuse* Cartwright conj.
of] F_1F_2. *off* F_3F_4.
4 *brow*] *blow* Johnson conj. *browse* Becket conj. *bloom* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *glow* Anon. conj. *prime* Cartwright conj.

Digitized by Google

Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

5 *occasion?*] Capell. *Occasion.* Ff.
8 *holp*] *holpe* F_1. *hope* $F_2F_3F_4$.
11 *still there*] *there* Vaughan conj.
12 *a*] F_1F_2. *an* F_3F_4.
14 *as he is, look*] *as he is,—Look* Delius conj.
16 *By the*] *By' th'* $F_1F_2F_3$. *By th'* F_4.
19 *imminent*] F_1F_2. *eminent* F_3F_4.
20 *have*] *crave* Cartwright conj.
27 *them?*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *them:* F_1.
29 *faith*] (Qq) Malone. *hand* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eternized in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

31 *be*] *we be* F_3F_4. *Drum* F_3F_4.
32 *drums*] (Qq) Hanmer. *Drumme* F_1F_2. 33 *these*] *this* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

NOTES.

Note I.

I. 1. 62. This passage, which is printed as prose in the Quartos, is arranged and read by Capell thus:

'And girt thee with the sword.—
Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,
Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick, thanks:
We thank you &c.'

Note II.

I. 3. 208. Theobald inserts here two lines from the old play:

'*K. Hen.* Then be it so: My Lord of Somerset,
We make your Grace Regent over the French.'

We have omitted them, agreeing with Capell, Malone, Mr Knight, Mr Collier, and Mr Grant White, that their insertion is not absolutely necessary. Besides Shakespeare would hardly have left so lame a line as the second unaltered. It is possible that some such line as the following may have dropped out:

'*King.* Then be it so: this is King Henry's doom.'

Digitized by Google

Note III.

I. 4. At the commencement of this scene Rowe, and Pope in his first edition, inserted the stage direction 'Flourish' which belongs to the end of the previous scene. Pope, in his second edition, omitted it altogether, and Theobald restored it to its right place.

Note IV.

II. 1. 84. Having recorded up to this point throughout the scene all the cases in which the arrangement of the lines in the Folios is defective, we have thought it unnecessary to do so any more, except where there is any doubt as to what the true arrangement should be. The restoration of the metre is, in almost all instances, due to Pope.

Note V.

II. 1. 125—132. In the first Folio this passage stands as follows:

'Then *Saunder*, sit there,
The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may distinguish of Colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint *Albons* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.'

Pope alters the first four lines thus:

'*Saunder*, sit there, the lyingst knave in christendom.
If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus
To know the several colours we do wear.'

Digitized by Google

The following is Hanmer's reading of the first six lines:

'Then, *Saunder*, sit thou there, the lying'st knave
In christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus
To know the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish colours: true, but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.'

In the rest of the scene several arbitrary changes have been made by different editors for the sake of the metre.

Note VI.

II. 2. 43—50. The first Folio has the whole passage thus:

'His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Phillip*, sole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.'

The later Folios follow the first, except that in the seventh line they read 'She then was' for 'She was.'

Rowe read, 'Who was son to Edmond Langley,' but made no other change; and Pope followed him.

Theobald read:

'Who was the son to Edmond Langley,
Edward the Third's fifth son'—

and arranged the following lines as they are found in our text.

Hanmer:

'Who was the son of Edmund Langley,
Edward the Third's fifth son's son, and by her
I claim the kingdom, for she then was heir
To Roger &c.'

Digitized by Google

It was Capell who arranged the earlier lines of the speech as we have given them. Steevens, as usual, adopted his arrangement without acknowledging the obligation.

Mr Collier, in his first edition, read:

'Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
To Edmond Langley Edward the third's fifth son, son.'

Note VII.

III. 1. We retain here Salisbury and Warwick among the persons who enter to the parliament, because they are found both in the Folios and Quartos. In the latter their 'exeunt' is also marked. Capell was the first to omit them because they do not speak throughout the scene.

Note VIII.

III. 2. 11. The murderer's answer *'Tis*, which Rowe changed to *Yes* without authority, shows that we ought to retain the *Is* of the first Folio notwithstanding the grammatical inaccuracy. In the Quartos the murderer says, 'All things *is* hansome now my Lord.'

Note IX.

III. 2. 26. We have left 'Nell' in the text as the mistake is, in all probability, Shakespeare's own. He was thinking of the Duchess of Gloucester. Oddly enough neither Rowe nor Pope discovered the blunder. Shakespeare again wrote 'Elianor' or 'Elinor' for 'Margaret' in the 79th, the 100th, and 120th lines of this scene. In *Henry V.* v. 1. 75, the author has made a similar mistake and written 'Doll' for 'Nell.' See also note VII on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Note X.

III. 2. 182. This is a striking example of the way in which corrections were made in the successive Folios; *i.e.* by mere guess-work, without reference to the first. The true reading escaped the notice of all editors before Capell.

Digitized by Google

Note XI.

IV. 10. 16. By comparing this scene as it stands in the Quartos with that of the Folios it will appear that Shakespeare, in remodelling it, intended that Iden should be alone when he encountered Cade, as his first speech is evidently a soliloquy; and after he has killed Cade he disposes of the body with his own hands. Shakespeare omitted, however, to strike out the reference to the 'five men' in line 39.

Steevens who brought the servants on the stage forgot to send them off it. The mistake remained uncorrected down to Mr Dyce's first edition.

Another example of Shakespeare's incomplete alteration of the Quarto has been pointed out by Malone at v. 1. 56.

Note XII.

v. 2. 66. Malone, referring to the corresponding passage of the Quartos, supposes that a line has been omitted, to the following effect:

'Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;
For &c.'

Digitized by Google

THE THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY the Sixth.
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.
LEWIS XI. KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF EXETER.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
LORD CLIFFORD.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,
} his sons.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STAFFORD.
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} uncles to the Duke of York.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth.
LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE: *England and France.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.] First given, imperfectly, by Rowe.

Digitized by Google

THE THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Alarum. Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,

ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus. Scæna Prima. Ff.
London.] Theobald.
The Parliament-house.] Capell. Before the Parliament-House. Hanmer.
Alarum. Enter the Duke of York ...] Alarum. Enter Plantagenet... Ff. Drums. Enter Soldiers of York's Party, as breaking in: Then, Enter the Duke of York.....and Others, with white Roses in their Hats. Capell, partly following (Qq).
Richard,] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
1 *hands.*] *hands!* Theobald. *hands!* Ff.
5 *ears*] *race* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
Mont. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

11 *dangerously*] (Qq) Theobald. *dangerous* Ff.
13 [Showing his bloody sword. Capell.
14 [To Warwick, showing his. Capell. To York, showing his. Malone.
16 [Throwing down...head.] Theobald. Shewing...head. Hanmer.
18, 19 *But is your...Gaunt I*] Norf. *Is his...Gaunt I* Hanmer.
18 *But is your*] *Is his* Pope. *Is your* Capell. *What, is your* Malone, from (Qq). *What, 's your* Steevens conj. *What, Is your* Lettsom conj.
19 *hope*] *end* Capell. *hap* Dyce, ed. 2 (Anon. apud Rann conj.).
Gaunt I] Theobald. *Gaunt* Ff.
20 *shake*] Ff. *shape* (Qq).
21 *I. Victorious...York,*] Theobald. *I, victorious...Yorke.* Ff.
[shake it. Collier MS.
22 *that*] F_1F_2. *the* F_3F_4.
27 *this is*] *it is* Capell.
heirs'] Warburton. *Heires* F_1F_2. *Heirs* F_3F_4. *heir's* Hanmer.
29 *we have*] *are we* Capell, from (Qq).

Digitized by Google

Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night. [*They go up.*
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

Flourish. *Enter* KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and the rest.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

32 [They go up.] Omitted by Capell. (Take the Throne) Collier MS.
34 *thrust you out perforce*] *thrust you out by force* Rowe. *put us out by force* Capell, from (Qq). [To the Soldiers, who retire. Capell.
36 *council*] Pope. *counsaile* F_1F_2. *counsell* F_3. *Counsel* F_4.
41 *Henry*] *Harry* Hanmer. *deposed*] *be deposde* (Qq).
43 *not, my lords; be*] *not, my lords, be* Rowe. *not, my Lords be* Ff.
48 *dares*] *dare* Rowe. [putting him in the Throne. Capell.
49 [Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats him. Johnson.
50 SCENE II. Pope. Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. Enter...and the rest.] Ff. Enter... and others, at the further end of the stage. Johnson. Flourish. Enter... and Others, with red Roses in their Hats. Capell, partly following (Qq).

Digitized by Google

Even in the chair of state: belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

55 *you both have vow'd*] *you have both vow'd* F_4. *you vow'd* Pope. *you have vow'd* Collier MS. *both have vow'd* Collier conj. *you both vow'd* Vaughan conj.

55, 56 *vow'd revenge On...favourites and his friends.*] *vow'd Revenge on...his favourers.* Capell. *vow'd Revenge on him, his favourers, and his friends.* Rann.

57 *heavens be*] *heavens, be* Capell.

62 *poltroons, such as he*] *Poultroones, such as he* F_1. *Poultroones, and such is he* F_2F_3. *Poltroons, and such is he* F_4. *poltroons, and such as he* Capell.

66 *spoken, cousin: be*] *spoken, cousin, be* Theobald. *spoken, Cousin be* Ff.

69 Exe.] Theobald, from (Qq). Westm. Ff.

70 *the thought of this from*] *it from the thoughts of* (Qq) Capell.

73 [To the Duke. Rowe (ed. 2). They advance to the Duke. Johnson.

Digitized by Google

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard Duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

76 *thy*] *my* F_2.
I am thine] *Henry, I am thine* Rowe. *Thou 'rt deceiv'd, I 'm thine* Theobald, from (Qq).
78 *'Twas*] (Qq) Pope. *It was* Ff.
earldom was] *kingdom is* (Qq) Theobald.
83 *and that 's*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *that 's* F_1. *and that is* (Qq). *that is* Collier.
93 *Yes*] *No* (Qq) Theobald.
remember it] *remember 't* Capell.

Digitized by Google

As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest arms,
Let 's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

105 *Thy*] (Qq) Rowe. *My* Ff.
father] *uncle* Capell conj.
113 *You...lose.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
and yet] *yet* Hanmer.
lose] $F_2F_3F_4$. *loose* F_1.
114 *Father, tear the crown*] *Tear the crown, father* Hanmer.
116 *Good.....arms,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
[To War. Capell. To York. Malone.
120 K. Hen.] North. (Qq) Lettsom conj.
to speak] om. Vaughan conj.
123 After this line Lettsom supposes a speech of York is lost.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

131 *Prove it*] F_1. *But prove it* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Prove it so* Keightley.
134, 151 [Aside] First marked by Capell.
137 *An if*] Capell. *And if* F_1F_2. *If* F_3F_4.
142 *his*] *the* (Qq) Capell.
144 *his crown*] *his son* Johnson conj. *the crown* (Qq) Capell. *his line* Vaughan conj. *the throne* Wordsworth.
150 [to the Lords. Capell.

Digitized by Google

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.
War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

153 *so*] om. F_4.
154 *all*] *thee* (Qq) Theobald.
155 *Thou.....power,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
164 *thy*] *the* Singer, ed. 2 (Anon. MS.). *my* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
168 *over*] F_1. *ore* F_2. *o're* F_3F_4.
170 *hear me*] (Qq) F_3F_4. *heare* F_1F_2.
171 *for this my life-time*] F_1. *for this time* $F_2F_3F_4$. *for the time present* Hanmer.
for...king] *but reign in quiet, while I live* (Qq) Theobald.

Digitized by Google

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
[*Exeunt North., Cliff., and West.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may: I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take and will perform.
War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

188 [Exeunt...] Rowe. om. Ff.
189 SCENE III.] Pope.
191 War.] York. Lettsom conj.
192 *Lord Warwick*] *Plantagenet* Lettsom conj.
194 [To York. Collier MS.
196 *thou*] *you* F_3F_4.
198 *king*] *true king* Hanmer.
199 *And*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
201 [coming from the Throne. Capell.

Digitized by Google

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.
Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. Here they come down.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

205 [Sennet...] Senet... F_1. Sonet... $F_2F_3F_4$. Tucket... Hanmer. Flourish; and the Lords come forward. Capell.
209 [Exeunt...] Capell. om. Ff. Exe. Rowe. Exeunt York, Warwick, Norfolk, and Montague. Theobald.
211 Enter...] Enter the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Rowe. Enter the Queene. Ff.
Here.....anger:] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
212 *Exeter, so will I*] Ff. *So Exeter will I* Pope.
[Going. Rowe.
219 *lose*] *loose* F_1.
220 *well*] *much* F_4.
223 *there*] om. Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.
Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace

224 *have*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
235 *and his*] *and 's* Pope.
245 *granted*] *assented* Keightley conj.
253 *thy*] *the* Keightley conj.

Digitized by Google

And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let 's away;
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I 'll see your grace: till then I 'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

256 *army is*] *army 's* Pope.
259 *with*] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1. *by* S. Walker conj.
260 *murder'd*] Johnson. *murther'd* Ff.
261 *from*] (Qq) $F_2F_3F_4$. *to* F_1.
263 [Exeunt.....] Exeunt Queen and Prince. Rowe. om. Ff.
264 *Poor...son*] One line in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
268 *cost*] *truss* Hanmer. *coast* Warburton. *cote* Steevens conj. *court* Jackson conj. *souse* Dyce conj. See note (VIII).
273 *I, I hope,*] F_1. *I hope,* $F_2F_3F_4$. *as I hope,* Pope.
[Exeunt.] Pope. Exit. Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II. *Sandal Castle.*

Enter RICHARD, EDWARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. om. Ff.
Sandal Castle.] Changes to Sandal-Castle, in Yorkshire. Pope. Sandal-Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Theobald.
Enter...] $F_2F_3F_4$. Flourish. Enter... F_1.
4 *brother*] F_1F_2. *Brothers* F_3F_4. *cousin* Capell.
6 *slight*] *sweet* (Qq) Theobald.
8 *About that which*] *That* Vaughan conj., reading *About what?...us*; as one line.
10 *till*] F_1F_2. *untill* F_3. *until* F_4.
16 *any*] *an* Dyce (ed. 2).
17 *I would*] *I'd* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,

21 *it is*] *'tis* F_3F_4.
24 *over*] *o'er* Pope.
36 *Brother*] *Cousin* Capell, from (Qq).
38 *shalt*] *shall* Rowe (ed. 2). *to the Duke of Norfolk*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *be Duke of Norfolk* F_4. *go to the Duke of Norfolk* Rowe. *to th' Duke of Norfolk go* Pope. *unto the Duke of Norfolk* Steevens (1793). *straight to the Duke of Norfolk* Vaughan conj.
40 *Lord Cobham*] *Lord of Cobham* Hanmer.
43 *Witty, courteous*] *Wealthy and courteous* Theobald. *Witty, and courteous* Capell. *Stout, witty, courteous* Lettsom conj. *Courteous, witty* Keightley.
45 *rise,*] *rise?* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Mortimer *and* Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we 'll meet her in the field.

46 *And yet*] *As yet* Hanmer.
47 *Lancaster?*] Johnson. *Lancaster.* Ff.
48 Enter a Messenger.] (Qq) Theobald. Enter Gabriel. Ff.
49 Mess.] Mes. Capell. Gabriel. Ff.
The queen...lords] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
50 *Intend*] Ff. *Intends* Pope.
53 *Ay...them?*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
55 *brother*] *cousin* Capell, from (Qq).
60 *Brother*] *Cousin* Capell, from (Qq).
61 [Exit.] Exit Mountague. Ff.
62 Enter...] Rowe. Enter Mortimer, and his Brother. Ff.
uncles,] *uncles!* Capell.
64 *mean*] *meane* F_1F_2. *means* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

66 *What...men?*] *What, with five thousand?* or *What, twenty thousand with five thousand men?* Vaughan conj.
69 *I hear.....order,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
75 [Alarum. Exeunt.] Theobald. Alarum. Exit. Ff.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. Field...] Theobald. Alarums.] Alarmes. (Qq). Alarums, as a Battle join'd. Excursions, and Parties flying. Capell.
Enter...] Ff.
1 *whither*] *whether* Warburton.
3 Enter.....and Soldiers.] Theobald. Enter Clifford. Ff.
4 *accursed*] *accused* F_2.
5 *Whose*] *His* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I 'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York

7 *away with him*] Ff. *away, and drag him hence perforce* (Qq) Theobald. *away with him! away with him* Vaughan conj.
8 *murder*] Johnson. *murther* Ff.
9 [Exit...] Theobald. Exit. Ff.
10, 11 *How.....them.*] Arranged as by Pope. As three lines in Ff, ending *alreadie?...eyes?...them.*
12 *o'er*] *on* Vaughan conj.
13 *devouring*] *destroying* Jackson conj. *paws*] *jaws* Delius conj.
21, 22 *In vain...enter.*] As in Pope. As three lines in Ff, ending *Boy:...passage...enter.*
23 *open it*] *open 't* Pope.
30 *of the*] *of of the* F_2.

Digitized by Google

Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [*Stabs him.*
Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. *Enter* RICHARD, Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:

34 [Lifting his hand.] Johnson. om. Ff.
47 [Stabs him.] Rowe. om. Ff.
48 [Dies.] Theobald. om. Ff.
52 *this*] *his* Anon. conj.

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. om. Ff. Theobald continues the Scene.
Another...] A field of Battle. Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
We bodged again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

16 *And cried*] *Ned cried* Collier conj. *Edward* Lettsom conj. *He cried* Kinnear conj. A line lost before this, referring to Edward. Edd. conj.

17 *earthly*] *early* Vaughan conj. *earthy* Id. conj. (withdrawn).

19 *bodged*] *budged* Johnson conj. *botch'd* Collier conj.

25 *make*] *makes* F_1.

Digitized by Google

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *the* young Prince, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

27 Enter Queen Margaret...] Enter the Queene... Ff.
the young Prince,] om. Capell.
28 *your*] *you* F_4.
33 *Phaëthon*] *Phaeton* Ff.
35 *phœnix*] *phœnix'* Edd. conj.
36 *upon*] *it on* Vaughan conj., from (Qq).
50 *buckle*] (Qq) Theobald. *buckler* Ff.
thee blows,] *thee, blows* Vaughan conj.
[assailing him. Capell. draws. Johnson. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

59 *prize*] *praise* Warburton.
60 [They lay.....] Johnson. om. Ff. joins with Cli. Capell.
62 *cony*] F_3F_4. *Connie* F_1. *Conny* F_2.
[In the struggle York is taken prisoner. Theobald.
64 *yield, with robbers*] *yeeld with Robbers*, F_1.
[falls his Sword. Capell.
68 *raught*] F_1F_2. *caught* F_3F_4.
72 *made*] *mad* F_2.
73 *back*] *bail* Theobald conj.
75 *crook-back*] *crookt-backt* Theobald, from (Qq).

Digitized by Google

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

79 Napkin. Collier MS.
82 *And if*] *An if* Delius conj.
83 [Throwing it to him. Collier (ed. 2). (Throwe it) Collier MS.
88 *for*] *to* F_4.
91 *Stamp...dance.*] Malone, after (Qq), makes this line follow *merry, York*, line 86.
93 (paper Crowne) Collier MS.
94 [they give her a paper Crown. Capell.
95 [Putting...] Rowe. om. Ff.
96 *sir*] *sirs* Lettsom conj.
98 *his*] *is* F_2.
100 *and broke*] *hath broke* Hanmer. *his*] *your* F_4.

Digitized by Google

And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;

105 *his...your*] *this...the* F_4.
109 *sake*] *death* (Qq) Capell.
110 *hear*] *here* F_4.
111 *She-wolf.....wolves of France,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
112 *tooth*] *doth* Vaughan conj.
117 *deeds,*] *deedes.* F_1.
118 *assay*] *essay* Collier (ed. 2).
120 *Were...shameless.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
thou] om. S. Walker conj.
121 *type*] *style* Lloyd conj.

Digitized by Google

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:

137 *tiger's*] *Tyger's* Rowe. *Tygers* (Qq). *Tygres* F_1F_2. *Tigres* F_3F_4. *tygress'* Capell.
141 *and*] om. S. Walker conj.
148 *for*] *to* F_4.
149 *and*] om. Collier conj.
150 *passion moves*] Edd. *passions move* $F_2F_3F_4$. *passions moues* F_1.
151 *my*] F_1F_2. *mine* F_3F_4.
152, 153 *That...blood:*] As in Warburton, from (Qq). As three lines in Ff, ending *his...toucht...blood.*
153 *Would.....blood:*] *Would not have touch'd those roses, new in bloom, The mountain beasts would not have stain'd with blood* S. Walker conj. *Would not have touch'd, the roses juiced with blood* Perring conj. *Would not have touch'd, nor tigers of Hyrcania Would not have stain'd the rose's tuft* (or *tufts*) *with blood* Vaughan conj.
Would ... would] *Would ... could* Kinnear conj.
with blood] F_1. *the roses just with blood* $F_2F_3F_4$. *the roses juic'd with*

Digitized by Google

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

blood Theobald. *the roses just s' th' bud* Hanmer. *the rose's hues with blood* Collier MS. *the rose just blown with blood* Vaughan conj. (doubtfully).
154 *But you are*] *You're* Hanmer.
159 [He gives back the handkerchief. Johnson.
164 [Giving back the paper-crown. Dyce.
169 *to all*] *of all* Capell, from (Qq).
170 *should*] *could* Capell, from (Qq).
172 *weeping-ripe*] Theobald. *weeping ripe* Ff.
175 [Stabbing him.] Pope.
176 [Stabbing him.] Rowe.

Digitized by Google

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and their power.*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

178 [Dies.] Rowe.
180 [Flourish. Exeunt.] Flourish. Exit. F_1. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$.
ACT II. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Ff.
A plain...] Malone. Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales. Theobald. The Marches of Wales. Hanmer. A plain in Herefordshire. Capell.
A march.] Ff. Drums. Capell.
Enter...] Ff.
3 *and*] *and from* F_4.
4 *should*] *would* F_4.

Digitized by Google

So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

20 *prize*] *pride* (Qq) Warburton. *praise* S. Walker conj.
21 *See how*] Edw. *See how* Hanmer, from (Qq).
25 Edw.] om. Hanmer.
27 *racking*] *wracking* Upton conj. (withdrawn).
28 *clear-shining*] *clear shining* Pope.
32 *heaven figures*] *heauens doth figure* (Qq). *heavens figure* Collier MS.
33 *'Tis...of.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
36 *meeds*] *deeds* Johnson conj.
40 *fair-shining*] Edd. *faire shining* F_1F_2. *fair shining* F_3F_4.
41 *Nay...it,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

Digitized by Google

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!
Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,

43 Enter a Messenger.] Rowe. Enter one blowing. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'in haste'. Enter a Messenger in haste. Collier (ed. 2).
55 *Hew...fell*] Pope. *Hewes...fells* Ff.
60 *face;*] *face*, Vaughan conj.
61 *The ruthless queen gave*] —*The ruthless queen!—gave* Vaughan conj. *cheeks*] *Cheekes* F_1. *Cheeke* F_2. *Cheek* F_3F_4.
62 *steeped*] *steep'd* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

77, 78 Lettsom would omit one of these lines.
80 *heart*] *heat* Vaughan conj.
81 *burthen*] Ff. *burden* Johnson.
82 *selfsame*] *th' self-same* Hanmer.
83, 84 *coals...fires...burns*] *coales...fires ...burnes* F_1F_2. *coals...fires up... ...burns* F_3F_4. *coals...fire up... burn* Rowe. *coals...fire...burn* Capell. *coal...fires...burns* Edd. conj.
94 *Either that is*] Ff. *Either that 's* Pope. *Either they 're* Hanmer. *Either seat is* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

March. Enter WARWICK, MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, *and their army.*

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent

95 SCENE II. Warburton. See note (I).
March.] Ff. Drums. Capell.
Marquess of Montague,] Marquesse Mountacute, Ff (Marquess F_4).
fare] *faire* F_1.
96 *recount*] F_3F_4. *recompt* F_2. *tecompt* F_1.
98 *our*] *your* Vaughan conj.
99 *than*] *to* Vaughan conj.
101 *O*] *Ah* (Qq) Capell.
106 *sith*] *since* (Qq) Capell.
112 *gather'd*] Rowe. *gathered* Ff.
113 *And.....thought,*] (Qq) Steevens (1773). Omitted in Ff.
114 *toward*] *towards* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent

124 *heated*] *hated* Warburton.
127 *captives blood*] *Captiues, Blood* Ff. *captives—blood* Capell.
130 *soldiers'*] Capell. *souldiers* Ff.
131 *an idle*] (Qq) Capell. *a lazy* Ff.
133 *our cause*] Ff. *the cause* (Qq) Capell.
134 *rewards*] F_1. *Reward* $F_2F_3F_4$.
138 *brother,*] F_1F_2. *Brother* F_3F_4.
144 *the soldiers*] *his power* (Qq) Theobald.

Digitized by Google

From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,

158 *makes*] *makes* F_1. 170 *moe*] Ff. *more* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!

180 *Amongst*] Ff. *Among* (Qq) Capell.
182 *to London.....march amain*] (Qq) Theobald. *to London...march* Ff. *straight to London...march* Hanmer.
184 *our foes*] *the foe* (Qq) Capell.
188 *if Warwick bid*] *when Warwick bids* (Qq) Capell.
189 *shoulder*] *shouldier* F_4.
190 *fail'st*] *fall'st* Steevens (1793). *faints* (Qq).
191 *which*] *with* F_4.
193 *throne*] *king* (Qq) Capell.
196 *throws*] *casts* (Qq) Capell.
198 *Richard, Montague*]Rowe. *Richard Mountague* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news? 205

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let 's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before York.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with drum and trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck: 5
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

209 *sorts, brave warriors, let 's*] F_1F_2. *sorts, brave warriors let 's* F_3F_4. *sorts; brave warriors, let 's* Theobald. *sorts, brave warriors: let 's* Capell.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt Omnes. Ff.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE III. Pope.
Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Enter.....] Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum- and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes. F_1. Enter...Northumberland and Yong...Trumpetes. F_2. Enter...Northumberland and young ...Trumpets. F_3. Enter...Northumberland, and young.....Drum and Trumpets. F_4.
2 *Yonder 's*] F_3F_4. *Yonders* F_1F_2.
5 *wreck*] Theobald (ed. 2). *wrack* Ff.
8 *Nor*] *Not* Reed (1803).
wittingly] *willingly* S. Walker conj.

Digitized by Google

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got

10 *harmful*] *harmless* Rowe.
20 *smiling*] *smilling* F_2.
30 *sometime*] *sometimes* F_4.
with] *in* (Qq) Capell.
fearful] *dreadful* Vaughan conj.
33 *precedent*] Johnson. *President* Ff.
35 *lose*] F_3F_4. *loose* F_1F_2.
37 *great-grandfather*] Capell. *great Grandfather* Ff.
grandsire] F_1F_2. *my grandsire* F_3 F_4.

Digitized by Google

My careless father fondly gave away'?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

39 *were*] *was* Rowe.
41 *steel*] *steele* $F_1F_2F_3$. *steal* F_4.
42 *with him*] *to him* Hanmer.
46 *ill-got had ever*] *ill-gotten have had* Hanmer.
success f] Theobald. *successe.* Ff.
47 *And happy*] *Unhappy* Nicholson conj.
48 *hell f*] (Qq) Theobald. *hell:* Ff.
53 *Than...pleasure*] *Than may the present profit countervail* (Qq) Rann.
57 *courage*] *carriage* Collier, ed. 2 (Mason conj.).

Digitized by Google

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms

72 *for they are*] F_1. *they are* $F_2F_3F_4$. *they are near* Rowe.
81 SCENE IV. Pope.
March.] Ff. Drums. Capell.
Enter.....George.....] Enter...Clarence... Ff.
81—83 *grace,...head;...field?*] Rowe. *grace?...head?...field.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

89 *Since when*] $F_2F_3F_4$. Cla. *Since when* F_1. George. *Since when* (Qq). See note (II).
93 *And reason too*] *And reason too to put his own son in* Vaughan conj.
95 *Are you*] *Art thou* Capell.
101 *What...crown?*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
110 *parley*] *parle* Reed (1803). *for*] om. Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

112 *Clifford*] *Clifford there* Capell, from (Qq).
116 *sunset*] F_1F_2. *sun set* F_3F_4.
121 *wound*] *wounds* S. Walker conj.
123 *executioner, unsheathe*] *execution erunsheath* F_4. *execution, reunsheath* Rowe.
126 *no?*] Pope. *no:* Ff.
133 Rich.] (Qq) Pope. War. Ff.

Digitized by Google

As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

138 *venom*] F_4. *venome* $F_1F_2F_3$. *venomous* Rowe. *venom'd* (Q_3) Capell.
140, 141 *king,—As...sea,—*] *king As... sea,* Vaughan conj.
141 *channel*] *kennel* Roderick conj.
143 *heart ?*] Theobald. *heart.* Ff.
147 *Although...Menelaus;*] (*Although... Menelaus,*) Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we 'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

169 *thy*] *thee* F_4.
heated] *hated* Vaughan conj.
171 *longer*] *further* Capell.
172 *deniest*] (Qq) Warburton. *denied'st* F_1F_2. *deni'dst* F_3F_4.
174 *else a*] *welcome* Collier MS.
176 *we'll*] *I'll* (Qq) Capell.
177 *These*] *Thy* (Qq) Capell.
this day] *to-day* (Qq) Capell.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. Ff.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. A field...] Malone. A field of Battel at Ferri-bridge in Yorkshire. Theobald.
1 *Forspent*] *Fore-spent* Ff. *Sore spent* (Qq) Rann.

Digitized by Google

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,

9 Enter George.] Capell. Enter Clarence. Ff.
Our] *Out* F_2.
11 *whither*] F_2. *whether* $F_1F_3F_4$.
20 *belly*] *bellyes* Collier MS.
their] *his* Rowe.
26 *whiles*] *while* Capell.
27 *look upon*] *looking on* Rann (Capell conj.).
28 *counterfeiting*] F_3F_4. *counterfetting* F_1F_2.
actors?] Pope. *Actors.* Ff.
29 (kneeles) Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.
Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

32 *given*] *give* Johnson.
34 *to thine*] *with thine* Warburton. (kneeles) Collier MS.
40 *Thy*] *the* Dyce, ed. 2 (Long MS. and Collier MS.).
43 *in earth*] F_1F_2. *in the earth* F_3F_4. *on earth* Pope.
44 *Brother..... Warwick,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
48 *Away...farewell.*] One line in (Qq) Pope. Two in Ff.
49 *all together*] Rowe. *altogether* Ff.
53 *wear*] *wore* Collier MS. *ware* Collier (ed. 2).
56 *Forslow*] *Foreslow* F_1F_2. *Fore-slow* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY *alone.*

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

SCENE IV.] Capell. Pope continues the scene. om. Ff.
Another...] Steevens. The same. Another Part of it. Capell.
Excursions. Enter...] Ff.
8 *death*] *deaths* (Qq) Dyce (ed. 2).
11 [They fight.....] Ff. They fight. Enter Warwick, as joining Richard;... Capell.
SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope.
Another...] Steevens. The same. Another Part. Capell.
Alarum. Enter...] Ff.

Digitized by Google

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;

5 *a mighty*] Ff. *the self-same* Rowe (ed. 2).
9 *then*] *than* F_1.
10 *another*] *the other* Daniel conj.
15 *there*] *theirs* Capell conj.
20 *woe?*] F_4. *Woe.* $F_1F_2F_3$.
26 *make*] Hanmer. *makes* Ff.
27 *bring*] *brings* F_1.
30 *times*] *time* Theobald.

Digitized by Google

So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his father, dragging in the body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

36 *weeks*] *dayes* F_3. *days* F_4.
ean] F_3F_4. *Eane* F_1F_2. *yean* Theobald. After this S. Walker conjectures that a line is lost.
37 *years*] *months* Rowe.
fleece:] *fleece: So many years ere I shall eat the flesh:* Vaughan conj.
38 *months*] *weeks, months* Rowe.
44 *rich embroider'd*] *rich-embroider'd* S. Walker conj.
54 *treason waits*] F_1F_2. *treasons waits* F_3F_4. *treasons wait* Rowe (ed. 2). *treason wait* Steevens (1793).
55 SCENE VII. Pope.
Alarum.] Ff. Alarums. Capell.
Enter.....body.] Capell. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore. Ff (had kill'd F_4). Enter... Father. Theobald. Enter a Son, bearing his Father. Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father *that has killed his son, bringing in the body.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;

60 *dead man doth me*] *dead man to me* Hanmer. *dead doth to me* Wordsworth.
[going to rifle him. Capell.
62 *I unwares have*] *unawares I've* Wordsworth.
unwares] *unawares* F_4. *un'wares* Hanmer. *unware* Vaughan conj.
74 *Whiles*] *Whilst* (Qq) Capell.
77 *like*] *make* Vaughan conj.
79 Enter.....body.] Capell. Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne. Ff.
hast] F_3F_4. *hath* F_1F_2.

Digitized by Google

For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!

O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

82 *our*] *a* Collier MS.
83 *mine*] *my* F_4.
87 *kill*] Rowe (ed. 2). *killes* F_1F_2. *kills* F_3F_4.
89 *stratagems,...butcherly,*] Pope. *Stratagems? how fell? how Butcherly?* Ff (*Stragems* F_1F_2).
90 *Erroneous*] *Erreoneous* F_1.
92, 93 *soon...late*] *late...soon* (Qq) Hanmer. See note (III).
93 *hath*] *death* Bulloch conj.
95 *ruthful*] *ruefull* F_3. *rueful* F_4.
99 *his*] *is* F_4.
100 *cheeks*] *cheek* Rowe (ed. 2). *presenteth*] *present* Steevens (1793).
102 *wither*] *perish* (Qq) Lettsom conj.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son? 110

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, 115
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull: 126
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

107 *these*] *the* F_3F_4.
110 *his son*] *a son* Reed (1803).
113 [Exit with the body.] Capell. Exit. Theobald. om. Ff.
119 *Even*] Capell. *Men* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Man*, F_4. *Sad* Rowe. *Mere* Mitford conj. *Son*, Delius (Mitford conj.). *E'en* Collier MS. *'Fore men* or *To men* Keightley conj. *Mang'd* Bulloch conj. *Main* Anon. conj.
122 *murdered*] (Q_1Q_3). *murthered* F_1F_2 F_4. *murther'd* F_3.
[Exit with the body.] Capell. Exit. Ff.
125 SCENE VIII. Pope.
Alarums...Queen Margaret...] Alarums...the Queen... Ff.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after: I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.

128 *Berwick*] *Barwicke* F_1F_2. *Barwick* F_3F_4.
130 *fearful flying*] *fearful-flying* Vaughan conj.
139 *Whither*] *Whether* F_1.
SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE IX. Pope. Another...] Dyce. The same. Capell.
A loud...] Ff.
2 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
3 *O*] *Ah* (Qq) Capell.
thy] *thine* (Qq) Capell.
5 [falling. Rowe.
6 *fall, thy*] Rowe. *fall. Thy* Ff. *thy*] *that* Rann. *the* Keightley (Johnson conj.).
commixture melts] (Qq) Steevens (1778, 1785). *Commixtures melts* F_1. *Commixtures melt* $F_2F_3F_4$.
6, 7 *melts. Impairing... York,*] (Qq). *melt. Impairing..... York,* Capell. *melts, Impairing... Yorke;* Ff (*York;* F_3F_4).
6 After this S. Walker conjectures that a line is lost.

Digitized by Google

Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. [*He faints.*

8 *The...flies;*](Qq)Theobald. Omitted in Ff.
9 *whither*] F_2F_4. *whether* F_1F_3.
10 *shines*] *shine* Dyce (ed. 2).
enemies] Ff. *enemy* (Qq) Capell.
11 *given*] *gave* F_4.
12 *Phaëthon*] *Phaeton* Ff.
steeds] F_1F_4. *steds* F_2F_3.
13 *never had*] *had never* (Qq) Pope.
15 *Or as*] *And as* (Qq) Capell.
17 *They.....flies;*] Omitted in (Qq) Capell.
19 *our*] *their* Long MS.
death] *deaths* (Qq) Capell.
21 *weeds*] *words* Pope (ed. 2).
22 *too much*] om. Dyce conj., from (Qq).
24 *out flight*] *our flight* Warburton. *out fight* Johnson conj.
26 *For...I have*] *And...I have* (Qq) Capell. *Nor...have I* S. Walker conj.
30 *bosoms*] *bosom* Rowe (ed. 2).
[He faints.] Rowe. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Alarum and retreat. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

31 Alarum and retreat.] Ff. Drums. Capell.
Enter...] Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence. Ff.
39 *words*] (Qq) F_1. *word* $F_2F_3F_4$.
41 [Clifford groans, and dies.] Steevens, from (Qq). Clifford grones. Ff.
42—45 Edw. *Whose...leave?* Rich. *A deadly...departing.* Edw. *See who it is; and now...used.*] Arranged as in (Qq) Capell. Rich. *Whose...it is.* Ed. *And now...used.* Ff.
42 *her*] F_3F_4. *hir* F_1F_2.
43 *life and death's*] *life in death* Hanmer. *life and breath's* Capell conj. *life and breath* Lettsom conj.
45 [Cl. dies. Collier MS.
49 *But set his*] *Set his fell* Hanmer. *Yet set his* Lettsom conj.
murdering] *murd'ring* Johnson. *murth'ring* Ff.

Digitized by Google

I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

54 *this*] *his* (Qq) F_4.
59 [Attendants bring the Body forward. Capell.
60 *his*] *is* F_1.
66 *such*] *those* Dyce conj.
67 *Which*] Ff. *As* Pope, from (Qq).
68 *If...words.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
69 [Pull him to and fro. Collier MS.
72 *for*] *of* Rowe (ed. 2).
76 *They...wont.*] One line in (Qq) Pope. Two in Ff.

Digitized by Google

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he 's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

77 *then*] om. F_3F_4.
80 *If...hours'*] *Would this right hand buy but an hour's* Capell, from (Qq). *two*] F_1. *but two* $F_2F_3F_4$.
82 *This hand should*] *I 'd* Capell, from (Qq).
with] om. Vaughan conj.
84 *Rutland*] *Rutland's* Vaughan conj.
85 *off*] *Of* F_1.
86 *stands*] F_1F_4. *stand* F_2F_3.
90 *Bona*] *Boua* F_2.
91 *sinew*] F_4. *sinow* $F_1F_2F_3$.
92 *shalt*] *need'st* Capell conj., from (Qq).
96 *the*] *thy* Capell conj.
100 *in*] F_1. *on* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A forest in the north of England.*

Enter two Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.
Sec. Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

106 [Aside to Warwick. Anon. conj.
ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Ff.
A forest...] Hanmer. A Wood in Lancashire. Theobald.
Enter two Keepers.....] Malone. Enter two Keepers with bow and arrows. (Qq). Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey... Ff. See note (IV).
1 First Keep.] Malone. Sink. Ff (and throughout the scene).
thick-grown] Pope. *thicke growne* Ff.
2 *laund*] Ff. *lawn* Capell.
3 *make*] *take* Capell conj.
5 Sec. Keep.] Malone. Hum. Ff (and throughout the scene).
7 *scare*] F_3F_4. *scarre* F_1F_2.

Digitized by Google

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;

12 (stand backe) Collier MS.

13 Enter...] Malone. Enter the King with a Prayer booke. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'disguised as a Churchman'. Enter King Henrie disguisde. (Qq) Capell.

14 *To greet...sight.*] *and thus disguis'd to greet my native land.* (Qq) Rann.

17 *wast*] F_3F_4. *was* F_1F_2.

19 *press*] F_4. *presse* F_3. *pr[illegible]* F_1F_2.

20 *of thee*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *to thee* F_4.

24 *thee, sour adversity*] Singer, ed. 2 (Dyce conj.). *the sower Adversaries* Ff. *these sour adversities* Pope. *these sour adversaries* Clarke's Concordance. *the sour adversities* Delius.

Digitized by Google

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him;
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg, Warwick, to give;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

29 *great commanding*] *great-commanding* S. Walker conj.
39 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
40 *And Nero will*] *And Nero would* Pope. *A Nero will* Steevens conj.
48 *Whiles*] *While* Pope.
title] *tale* Grey conj.
51 *what else*] *aught else* Collier MS.
53 *O Margaret*] *Margaret* Malone.
54 (forward) Collier MS.
55 *thou that talk'st*] Rowe. *thou that talkes* (Qq). *thou talk'st* Ff. *thou, talkest* Collier.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

60 *and that's enough*] *though not in shew* (Qq) Rann.
63 *Indian*] *India* F_4.
64 *Nor*] *Not* F_4.
72 *oath f*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Oath.* Ff.
73 *nor*] *and* Pope.
74 *King*] F_4. *K.* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?
First Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.
First Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.
First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

80, 81 *No; For we...king.*] As in Steevens (1793). One line in Ff. *No, we...king.* Pope.
81 *king*] *a King* F_4.
82 *a man*] *amain* Vaughan conj.
83 *swear*] *sware* Delius conj.
90 *oaths*] *Oathes* F_1. *Oathe* F_2. *Oath* F_3F_4.
94 *We...Edward.*] One line in Pope. Two, the first ending *the king*, in Ff.
97 *you*] *you now* or *you then* Anon. conj.
and the king's] *and in the king's* Rowe.
100 *that*] *then* Reed (1803).

Digitized by Google

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

SCENE II.] Pope.
London. The palace.] The Palace. Theobald. The King's Palace in London. Hanmer.
Lady Grey.] Capell. Lady Gray. (Qq) Ff. Collier MS. adds 'crowned in state'.
2 *Richard*] (Qq) Ff. *John* Pope (from Hall).
Grey] Ff. *Gray* (Qq) Rowe.
3 *lands*] (Qq) Capell. *land* Ff.
11, 15, 25, 28 [Aside to Clar.] Capell. Aside. Johnson.
14, 24, 27 [Aside to Glou.] Capell. Aside. Johnson.
18 L. Grey.] Wid. Ff (and throughout the scene).

Digitized by Google

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

21, 30, 34, 57 [Aside to Clar.] Edd. Aside. Johnson and Capell.
21 *all*] om. Cartwright conj.
22 *An if*] Theobald. *And if* Ff. *pleasure you*] F_1. *please you* $F_2F_3F_4$. *please you too* Collier MS.
25 *that*] om. F_4.
28 *whip me then*] (Qq) Pope. *then whip me* Ff.
31 *lands*] (Qq) Ff. *land* Capell.
32 *it then*] Ff. *it them* (Qq). *'em then* Hanmer.
35 [Glou. and Clar. retire.] G. and C. retire to the other side. Johnson. om. Ff.
36 *children?*] *children.* F_4. (To her alone) Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

38 *good?*] *good.* F_4.
46 *boon.*] *boon?* Theobald.
50, 82, 107 [Aside to Clar.] Dyce. Aside. Capell.
51, 83, 108 [Aside to Glou.] Dyce. Aside. Capell.
51 *must*] F_1F_2. *will* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.

56 *thanks*] F_2F_4. *thankes* F_1. *thanke* F_3.
57 *curt'sy*] *Cursie* F_1. *Curtsie* $F_2F_3F_4$.
68 *aims*] om. F_4.
70 *I had*] *I'd* Pope.
74 *Therein*] Ff. *Herein* (Qq) Capell.
78 *either*] *or* Pope.

Digitized by Google

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

82 *she*] *shes* F_2.
83 *the*] *thee* F_2.
84—88 [Aside] Johnson.
84, 85 *do*] *doth* F_1.
97 *mean*] *bad* Vaughan conj.
100 *should*] *shall* F_4.
101 *No...mother.*] One line in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *daughters*, in Ff.
my] *thy* Reed (1803).
104 *other some*] F_4. *other-some* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You 'ld think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,

108 *'twas for shift*] F_1F_2. *'twas for a shift* F_3. *it was for a shift* F_4.
110 *very sad*] *vexed* Vaughan conj.
very] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
(coming forward) Collier MS.
112 *whom*] (Qq) $F_2F_3F_4$. *who* F_1.
119 *your prisoner*] Ff. *as prisoner* (Qq) Capell. *a prisoner* Id. conj.
123 *honourably*] (Qq) $F_2F_3F_4$. *honourable* F_1.
[Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manet Richard. Ff.
124 SCENE III. Pope.

Digitized by Google

That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

139 *lade*] *lay* or *ladle* Keightley conj.
141 *keeps*] F_3F_4. *keepes* F_1F_2. *keep* Rowe (ed. 2).
me] om. F_4.
143 *Flattering...impossibilities*] *Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible* Pope.
144 *eye 's*] F_3F_4. *Eyes* F_1F_2.
150 *witch*] Capell. *'witch* Ff.

Digitized by Google

She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—

156 *up like*] *like* F_4. *like to* Rowe. *shrub*] *shrimpe* (Qq).
161 *an*] F_1F_2. om. F_3F_4.
163 *be*] om. F_4.
168 *make*] *mak't* Capell conj.
169, 182 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
169 *to*] om. Vaughan conj.
170 *Until my...head*] F_1F_2. *Untill this ...head* F_3F_4. *Until the.....head* Pope. *Until the head of this mis-shapen trunk* Thirlby conj. *Until my mis-shap'd trunk bear'st, that this head* (sic) Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear* Hanmer. *Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears* Dyce, ed. 2 (Steevens conj.). *Until...that bear, this head* Bulloch conj. *Until this head, my mis-shap'd trunk that bears* Kinnear conj.
171 *Be round*] *Bear it* Vaughan conj.
172 *the crown*] *a crown* Johnson (1771).
175 *rends*] Pope. *rents* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I 'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *France. The* KING'S *palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the French King, his sister* BONA, *his Admiral, called* BOURBON: PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, *and the* EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS *sits, and riseth up again.*

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,

182 *murder*] Johnson. *murther* Ff.
186 *mermaid shall*] *mermaids all* Anon. conj. *mermaids shall* Vaughan conj.
191 *to*] *ev'n to* Pope.
193 *the murderous Machiavel*] *th' aspiring Catiline* (Qq) Warburton. *murderous*] *murd'rous* Johnson. *murtherous* Ff. *Machiavel*] Pope. *Macheuill* F_1F_2 F_3. *Matchevil* F_4.
195 *farther*] *further* Steevens (1778). *I 'll*] *Ile* F_1F_2. *I'le* F_3F_4. *I'd* Collier MS.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE II. Rowe. SCENE IV. Pope.
France.] Pope.
The King's palace.] A Room in some Palace. Capell.
Flourish. Enter...] Ff (French om. F_4). Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, and Lady Bona, attended: King takes his State. Then, Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward her Son, and the Earl of Oxford. Capell.

Digitized by Google

Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

3 *while...doth sit*] *whiles...sits* Rowe. *while...sits* Pope.
5 *a while*] Ff. *awhile* Singer.
7 *former*] om. F_4.
11 *seat*] *state* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
14 *while*] *whose* Vaughan conj. *heart is*] *my heart's* Rowe (ed. 2).
16—18 *And...mischance.*] As in Theobald. Four lines in Ff, ending *side ...yoake...triumph...mischance.* Four in Pope, ending *side...neck...mind... mischance.*
21 *Those...thoughts,*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

Digitized by Google

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter WARWICK.

K. Lew. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

26 *a forlorn*] *all forlorn* Collier MS.
29 *true-anointed*] Theobald. *true a-noynted* Ff.
33 *And if*] *An if* S. Walker conj.
38 *Renowned...storm,*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.
42 *waiteth.....sorrow*] *waiting rues to-morrow* Hanmer (Warburton).
44 SCENE v. Pope.
Enter Warwick.] Ff. Enter Warwick, attended. Capell.
45 *Our*] *The* Collier MS. *Proud* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

46 *Warwick!*] *Warwick!* [coming from his State.] Capell.
brings] *beings* F_2.
[He descends...] Ff. Mar. rises. Capell.
58 [Aside] Marked first by Capell.
59 [To Bona] Speaking to Bona. Ff.
And.....behalf,] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
61 *your*] *you* F_2.
64 *beauty's*] *beauteous* Lettsom conj.
virtue] *virtue's* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

74 *that*] om. Hanmer.
75 *thy*] *thee* Johnson.
76 *a while*] Ff. *awhile* Singer.
78 Prince.] Edw. Ff.
90 *gotten?*] Theobald. *gotten:* Ff.
95 *thy*] *my* F_4.

Digitized by Google

For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
[*They stand aloof.*
Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,

105 *death?*] *Death;* F_4.
109 *Oxford*] *Lord Oxford* Hanmer.
111 *further*] *farther* F_4.
[They stand aloof.] Ff. Retiring with Oxf. and the Prince. Capell (after line 112).
112 (aside) Collier MS.
115 *were not lawful chosen*] *is not lawful heir* (Qq) Rann.
117 *eye*] F_1F_2. *eyes* F_3F_4.
124 *an eternal*] (Qq) Warburton. *an externall* F_1F_2. *an external* F_3F_4. *a perennial* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

130 *denial*] *denyall* F_1. *deny* $F_2F_3F_4$.
131 [To War.] Speaks to War. Ff.
133 *tempted*] *temper'd* Vaughan conj.
134 *Then...Edward's;*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
thus] F_1. *this* $F_2F_3F_4$.
140 Prince.] Pr. Edw. Ff.

Digitized by Google

You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.
Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[*Post blows a horn within.*
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:
[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [*They all read their letters.*
Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.
K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

154 *able*] *liable* Vaughan conj.
155 *'twere*] *it were* Rowe.
156 *Warwick, peace*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Warwick,* F_1.
157 *Proud.....kings!*] om. Cartwright conj.
161 [Post blows...] Post blowing... Ff (after line 160).
163 SCENE VI. Pope.
My...you,] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
[To War.] Speaks to Warwick. Ff.
166 *And...not.*] One line in Theobald. Two in Ff.
169 Prince.] Prince Ed. F_1. Prince Edw. F_2. Prin. Edw. F_3F_4.
169, 170 *Nay...best.*] As verse in Rowe. Prose in Ff.
171 *Warwick...queen?*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

172 *fill*] *fills* F_4.
175 *soothe*] *sooth* Ff. *smooth* Rann (Heath conj.).
199 *Warwick...love;*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

Digitized by Google

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*

213 *thy help to*] *the help of* Capell. 228 *I'll*] (Qq) Capell. *I* Ff.
227 *hope*] *hopes* F$_4$.

Digitized by Google

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*
K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*

233, 234 *But, Warwick, Thou and... men*] *But Warwick, Thyself and... men* Theobald. *But Warwick, thou Thyself and...men* Hanmer. *But, Warwick, thou And...men* Steevens (1793). *But, Warwick, thou And... warlike men* Collier MS. *But, Warwick, Thou and Lord...men* Keightley. *But, Warwick, thou And ...men of mine* Anon. conj. As an Alexandrine. Anon. conj.
235 *Shall*] *Shalt* Vaughan conj.
242 *mine eldest*] (Qq) Ff. *my younger* Theobald (from Holinshed).
249 Prince.] Prin. Ed. $F_1F_3F_4$. Pri. Ed. F_2.
253 *Shalt*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Shall* F_1.
255 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manet Warwicke. Ff.

Digitized by Google

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, *and* MONTAGUE.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
Glou. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

ACT IV. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Ff.
London. The palace.] London. A Room in the Palace. Capell. England. Pope. The Palace in England. Theobald.
Enter Gloucester.....] Enter Richard... Ff.
and Montague.] Mountague, and others. Capell.

Digitized by Google

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended;* LADY GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glou. And shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glou. Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey

9 Flourish. Enter...] Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other. Ff (Pembrooke, F_2. Pembrook, F_3F_4), after line 6.
attended Capell.
as Queen] Rowe.
and others] and divers others Capell.
Now.....choice,] One line in Pope, omitting *of*. Two in Ff.
11 *As.....Warwick,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
13 *our*] *your* Capell conj.
17 *And shall*] *And you shall* Rowe. *Ay, and shall* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *Marry, and shall* S. Walker conj.
king:] *King?* F_4.
19 *Yea*] F_1. *Yes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
20—23 *Not...together.*] Arranged as in Capell. See note (v).
22 *Whom God.....together*] *God hath join'd* Vaughan conj., reading *Not I...pity* as two lines, the first ending *wish.*

Digitized by Google

Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales

26 *queen.*] Hanmer. *Queene?* Ff.
29—31 *Then...Bona.*] Arranged as by Pope. As four lines in Ff, ending *opinion:.....Enemie,...Marriage..... Bona.*
29 *mine*] F_1F_2. *my* F_3F_4.
33 *new*] om. Anon. conj.
41 *But*] F_1. *Yes, but* $F_2F_3F_4$. *But then* S. Walker conj. *Ay, but* Keightley. *But yet* Anon. conj. *But all* Vaughan conj.
safer] *safter* F_2.
42 *using*] *losing* Vaughan conj.
45 *only*] *alone* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgement,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

57 *wife's*] Rowe. *Wiues* Ff.
61 *In.....judgement,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
63 *broker*] F_1F_2. *Brother* F_3F_4.
66 *brother's*] Rowe. *Brothers* Ff. *brothers'* Anon. conj.
73, 74 *dislike...Doth*] Edd. *dislikes... Doth* Ff. *dislikes...Do* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

83 [Aside.] Johnson. om. Ff.
84 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter a Post.] Ff. Enter Messenger. Capell.
84, 85 *Now...France?*] As verse first by Capell. As prose in Ff.
84 *messenger*] *post* Collier conj.
86 *sovereign*] om. Capell, reading *From France...words* as one line.
89—91 *Go to...letters?*] Arranged as by Capell. As four lines in Ff, ending *thee:...words...them...Letters?*
89 *to*] Pope. *too* Ff.
89, 90 *therefore, in brief, Tell me*] *Therefore, in briefe, tell me* F_1. *Therefore, in briefe, tell* $F_2F_3F_4$ (*brief* F_3F_4). *So tell* Pope.
91 *unto*] *to* Pope.
93 *thy*] (Qq) Rowe. *the* Ff.
103 *For I have*] F_1. *For I* F_2. *For so I* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'
K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Post. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

Glou. [*Aside*] Not I:

104 *Tell...done,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
done] *doff'd* Capell conj.
106 *minds*] *means* F_4.
116 *Ay...friendship,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
they are] *they 're* Pope.
117 *That*] *The* Rowe (ed. 2).
Edward] *Edwards* F_2.
Warwick's] *Warwicke* F_2.
118 *Belike...younger.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
elder...younger] (Qq) Ff. *younger ...elder* Theobald.
124 [Aside] Rowe.
124—126 *Not I...crown.*] Arranged as by Capell. In Ff line 125 ends at *matter*. As two lines, the first ending *matter*, in Pope.

Digitized by Google

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me;
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glou. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

125 *I*] om. Vaughan conj., dividing the lines as Pope.
126 *the love*] *love* Pope.
128 *am I*] *I am* F_4.
arm'd] *warn'd* Vaughan conj.
happen;] *happen?* Vaughan conj. (withdrawn).
132 *quickly will*] *will soon* Pope.
137 *me;*] *me?* Pope.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II. *A plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French soldiers.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE III. Pope. om. Ff.
A plain...] Capell. In Warwickshire. Theobald. om. Ff.
Enter...Oxford...] Enter...Oxford in England...Ff. Collier MS. has 'with French and English forces'. Enter ...Oxford, with French and other Forces. Collier (ed. 2).
2 *by numbers swarm*] *swarm by numbers* Pope.
3 *comes*] *come* Rowe.
5 *Fear*] *Oh! fear* Hanmer.
12 *But*] om. Vaughan conj.
sweet Clarence] *friend* Pope. *Clarence* Capell.
13—17 *rests but...pleasure?*] *rests, but in...pleasure?* Pope. *rests? but... pleasure,* Ff.
13 *coverture*] *overture* Warburton. See note (VI).
15 *towns*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *Towne* F_1F_2. *Town* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry*, 'Henry!'
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Edward's camp, near Warwick.*

Enter three Watchmen, *to guard the* KING'S *tent.*

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.
Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?
First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
Second Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

20 *sleight*] *slight* Rowe.
* *Rhesus'*] *Theseus* F_4.
26 *to*] *in* Capell.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. Theobald continues the scene. om. Ff.
Edward's camp...] Capell.
Enter...] Ff.
three] F_1F_2. the F_3F_4.
2 *is*] *has* Rowe (ed. 2).
set him] *setting* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and French soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch. Who goes there?

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry all,* 'Warwick! Warwick!' *and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying,* 'Arm! arm!' *Warwick and the rest following them.*

14 *keeps*] F_3F_4. *keepes* F_1F_2. *keepeth* Theobald. *keeps here* Hanmer. *keeps out* Vaughan conj. *field*] *field here* Keightley.
15 *more dangerous*] F_1F_2. *the more dangerous* F_3F_4. *dangerous* Hanmer.
21 *we his*] *we this* F_3F_4.
23 Enter...] Ff. (Whisper) Collier MS. *stand*] F_1F_2. *stands* F_3F_4.
27 [Warwick...] Ff. 'Arm! arm!'] Arms, Arms, F_4.

Digitized by Google

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in his gown, sitting in a chair.* RICHARD *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is
The duke.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me king.
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:

The drum...sounding] Ff.
re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
his gown,] a Gown, F_3F_4.
fly] F_4. flyes $F_1F_2F_3$.
29, 30 *Richard...duke.*] Arranged as by Pope. As prose in Ff.
29 *here is*] *here's* Capell, reading as one line *Richard...duke.*
30 *The duke.....parted,*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
parted] Ff. *parted last* Capell, from (Qq).
31 *king.*] *king?* Rowe.
32 *embassade*] Ff. *embassage* (Qq) Capell.
34 *now to create*] *to new create* Johnson conj.
41 *Yea, brother...art...too?*] As in Steevens. Two lines in Ff. *Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?* Pope. *Yea, brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?* Capell.
42 *needs must*] *must needs* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
[*They lead him out forcibly.*

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [*Exit, guarded.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

50 *the shadow*] *a shadow* F_3F_4.
55 *what answer*] *you what reply* Pope. *his grace what answer* Capell. *him then what answer* Keightley. *the duke what answer* Anon. conj. *him there what answer* Dyce (ed. 2).
56 *the*] om. Pope.
send] *sent* Rowe (ed. 2).
57 *a while*] F_3F_4. *a-while* F_1F_2.
[They lead...] Ff.
59 [Exit, guarded.] Exeunt. Ff. Exit, led off forcibly; Somerset with him. Capell.
64 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.
Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. om. Ff.
London.] Capell.
The palace.] Theobald.
Enter.....] Malone. Enter Riuers, and Lady Gray. Ff (the Lady F_3F_4). Enter Rivers and the Queen. Theobald.
1 *you in*] *in you* Collier MS.
2 Q. Eliz.] Gray. Ff (and throughout the scene).
3 *is*] *has* Rowe.
4 *What... Warwick?*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
What?] *What* F_1. *What,* F_2. *What?* F_3F_4.
11 *new*] *now* Rowe.
16 *life's*] Rowe. *liues* Ff.
17 *wean*] Rowe. *waine* F_1F_2. *wain* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down,
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, Sir William Stanley, *and others.*

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

19 *is it...passion*] F_1. *is it...my passion* F_2F_3. *is...my passion* F_4. *is it... in my passion* Rowe. *is 't...in my passion* Pope. *is it, makes...passion* Vaughan conj.
20 *misfortune's*] Pope. *misfortunes* F_1 F_2F_3. *misfortune* F_4.
25 *But.....become?*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
26 *inform'd*] *informed* Theobald.
28 *friends*] F_1F_4. *friend* F_2F_3.
34 *while we may fly*] om. F_4.
Scene v.] Capell. Scene vi. Pope. om. Ff.
A park...] Theobald. In Yorkshire. Pope.
Enter Gloucester...] Enter Richard ... Ff.
Stanley, and others.] Capell. Stanley. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD *and a* Huntsman *with him.*

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

4 *stands*] *stand* F_1.
our] *your* F_4.
5 *here*] om. Pope.
8 *Comes*] *Come* F_1.
14 Enter...him.] Ff.
This...game.] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
15 *Nay...stand.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
16 *brother...Hastings*] *brother Glo'ster, Hastings* Pope. *brother of Gloster, Hastings* Collier MS.
19 *Your horse*] *Your horses* or *Our horses* Vaughan conj.
ready] *ready here* Hanmer.
park-corner] *park-corner for you* Capell.
20 *whither*] *whether* F_1.
20, 21 *To...Flanders.*] As in Ff. One line in Steevens (1778).
lord, And...Flanders.] *lord.* K. Edw. *And...Flanders?* Cartwright conj.
21 *ship*] *shipt* F_1. *slip* so quoted by S. Walker. *shipp'd* Vaughan conj. *ship't* Furnivall conj.
Flanders] *Flanders, as I guess* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glou. Come then, away; let 's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *and* Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

22 Glou.] K. Edw. Lettsom conj.
25 *Huntsman...along?*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
27 *ha'*] Rowe. *ha* Ff. *have* Malone.
28 *Bishop.....frown;*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope. om. Ff.
London.] Pope.
The Tower.] Theobald.
Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Henry] Henry the sixt F_1. Henry the Sixth $F_2F_3F_4$.
Richmond] Rowe. Henry Ff.
of the Tower] Rowe. om. Ff.
1 *Master*] Capell. *M.* Ff. *Mr.* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:

11 *my*] om. Pope. and Lettsom conj.
imprisonment] *'prisonment* Anon.

Digitized by Google

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

53 *Clarence, now*] *Clarence now, now* F_4. *it is*] *is it* F_3.
55 *be confiscate*] Malone. *confiscate* F_1. *confiscated* $F_2F_3F_4$.
56 *and that...determined.*] As one line, S. Walker conj.
58 *But, with the first*] Capell. *But with the first*, Ff.
your] *our* F_4.
60 *your*] *our* Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?
Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*
Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy

68, 69 *Come...thoughts,*] As in Pope. As three lines in Ff, ending *Hope...truth ...thoughts.*
70 *This...our*] *Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this* (Qq) Rann.
76 *are*] *art* F_3.
77 Enter...] Ff. Enter a Messenger. Capell.
War.] om. Boswell.
88 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford. Ff (Manent F_2).

Digitized by Google

Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glou. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;

SCENE VII.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope. om. Ff.
Before York.] Capell. Changes to York. Pope.
Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Enter King Edward, Gloucester...] Enter Edward, Richard... Ff. Enter ...forreign Souldiors. Collier MS.
1 *Lord*] om. Pope.
4 *waned*] Steevens (1793). *wained* Ff.
8 *Ravenspurgh*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Rauenspurre* F_1.
haven] om. Pope.
before] *'fore* Steevens conj.
10 *The...this;*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

Digitized by Google

For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York *and his Brethren.*

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glou. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*They descend.*
Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,

17 his Brethren.] Ff. others. Capell. Aldermen. Dyce.
My lords...coming,] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
23 *Why, and*] *Why, then* Wordsworth.
25 [Aside] Rowe (ed. 2). om. Ff.
29 [They descend.] He descends. Ff. Exit, from above. Capell.
30 *A wise*] *I'faith, a wise* Keightley.
captain] *captain he* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *capitain* Delius conj.
captain, faith Cartwright conj.
soon persuaded] *persuaded soon* Pope.

Digitized by Google

So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor *and two* Aldermen, *below.*

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY, *with drum and soldiers.*

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Montg. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*The drum begins to march.*

32 *'long*] *long* Ff.
35 Enter.....below.] Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen. Ff. Re-enter Mayor, below; Attendants with him. Capell.
39 *deign*] F_3F_4. *deine* F_1F_2.
45—47 *Thanks...rest.*] As in Pope. As four lines in Ff, ending *Mountgomerie ...crowne...dukedome...rest.*
46 *Our*] *the* F_3F_4.
50 [The.....to march.] Ff. The.....a March. Rowe.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we 'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Flourish.*
Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.
Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

51 *a while*] *awhile* Variorum (1813). *we 'll*] *well* F_4.
57 *shall*] *should* (Qq) Capell.
59 *When.....claim:*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
61 *wit /*] Capell. *Wit*, Ff.
70 [giving him a Paper. Capell. [Flourish.] Rowe. Flourish. Sound. Ff.
71 Sold.] Sol. [reads. Capell.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *London. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

76 *Thanks...all:*] As in Steevens. Two lines in Ff.
and] om. Lettsom conj.
unto you all] *to all* Pope. *to you all* Steevens (1773).
78 *in*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *at* F_4.
83 *how*] om. Pope.
SCENE VIII.] Capell. SCENE IX. Pope. om. Ff.
London.] Changes again to London. Pope.
The palace.] A Room in the Palace. Capell. The Bishop's palace. Wright conj. (see v. 1. 45).
Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Enter King Henry,] Rowe. Enter the King, Ff.
Exeter, and Oxford.] Capell. Oxford, and Somerset. Ff. See note (VII).
1—6 War. *What...him.* K. Hen. *Let's ...again.*] Ff. King. *What.....him.* War. *Let 's...again.* Johnson conj. War. *What...him.* Oxf. *Let's...again.* Malone.
2 *hasty*] *lusty* S. Walker conj. *hardy* Cartwright conj.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.
Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords: let 's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

12 *Shalt*] *Shall* Collier (ed. 2).
up] om. Pope.
14 *in*] *and* F_3F_4.
15, 18 *shalt*] *shall* Collier (ed. 2).
20 *in*] om. F_3F_4.
29 [kissing Henry's hand. Johnson.
32 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Ff. Exeunt War. Cla. Oxf. and Mou. Capell.
33 *a while*] *awhile* Dyce.

Digitized by Google

Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within*, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

36 *Should*] *Shall* Capell (corrected in Errata).
38 *meed*] *deed* Warburton. *mind* Collier MS. *heed* Bailey conj.
40 *off*] *of* F_3F_4.
43 *water-flowing tears*] *water-flowing eyes* Rann (Capell conj.). *bitter-flowing tears* Collier MS. *wet o'er-flowing tears* Vaughan conj.
45 *Nor much*] *And much* Vaughan conj.
much] *e'er* or *have I* Keightley conj.
50 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'] A York! A York! Dyce, ed. 2 (Johnson conj.
51 *lord*] *sovereign lord* Wordsworth.
52 Enter.....] Enter Edward and his Souldiers. Ff.
Gloucester,] Hanmer.
54 *makes*] *make* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.
Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Coventry.*

Enter WARWICK, *the* Mayor of Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others upon the walls.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

55 *Now.....my*] *Now, stops thy spring, my* Vaughan conj.
57 [Exeunt.....] Steevens (1778). Exit with King Henry. Ff. Henry born off. Capell.
60, 61 *The sun.....hay.*] Transferred to follow Gloucester's speech, Lettsom conj.
61 *hoped-for hay*] *hop'd-for Hay* $F_1F_2F_3$. *hop'd for Hay* F_4. *hope for haie* (Qq). *hope for aye* Malone conj.
ACT V. SCENE I.] Pope.
Coventry.] Before the Town of Coventry. Theobald.

Digitized by Google

Enter Sir John Somervile.

War. Say, Somervile, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Sir John Somervile.] Capell. Somervile. Ff.
10 [Drum heard.] Capell. om. Ff.
12 *here*] *heare* F_2.
13 *your*] *you* F_2.
16 King E., Gloucester,] Edward, Richard, Ff.
and] om. F_3F_4.
20 *repair?*] Rowe. *repayre.* F_1F_2. *repair.* F_3F_4.
22, 23 *knee,...mercy?*] *knee?...mercy,* Steevens. *knee,...mercy,* Capell.
23, 24 *mercy?...outrages.*] Pope. *mercy, ...outrages?* Ff.
26, 27 *down,...penitent?*] *down?...penitent,* Steevens.
27, 28 *penitent?...York.*] Pope. *penitent,...York.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body when the head is off?
Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,

43, 55 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
44 *deck*] *pack* Warburton conj. (withdrawn). See note (VIII).
48 *Come.....down:*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
50 *I had*] *I'd* Pope.
53 *Sail...friend,*] As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *canst*, in Ff.

Digitized by Google

'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

58, 67, 72, 76 with drum and colours.] Ff. with drum and souldiers. (Qq). with forces, drum and colours. Dyce.
58 SCENE II. Pope.
59 [He.....city.] Capell. Exit. (Qq). om. Ff.
64 *but*] om. Pope.
defence] *fence* S. Walker conj.
67, 72 [He.....city.] Malone. He too enters the city. Capell. Exit. (Qq). om. Ff.
68 *buy*] *'by* Grant White, from *abie* (Q_1).

Digitized by Google

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,

78 *whom an*] Rowe. *whom, an* $F_2F_3F_4$. *whom, in* F_1.
79 [Glou. and Clar. whisper. Collier, from (Qq).
81 [Taking...hat.] Capell. A Parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat, and throws it at Warwick. Theobald, from (Qq), after line 80.
85 *trow'st*] Pope. *trowest* Ff.
86 *That Clarence is*] *Clarence* Steevens conj.
so harsh, so blunt] Ff. *so harsh* (Qq). *so harsh, so blind* Collier conj. *so harsh* or *so blunt* Mitford conj.
blunt, unnatural] *blunt-unnatural* S. Walker conj. *brute-unnatural* Anon. conj.
88 *king?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *King.* Ff.
91 *Jephthah's*] *Jepthah's* Rowe (ed. 2). *Iephah* F_1F_2. *Jepthah* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March. Warwick and his company follow.*

SCENE II. *A field of battle near Barnet.*

Alarum and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, *bringing forth* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

104 *our*] *my* Rowe (ed. 1).
107 *What...fight?*] As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *Warwicke*, in Ff.
113 [Exeunt...] Exeunt. March. Warwicke and his companie followes. Ff.
SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE III. Pope.
A field...] Theobald. Barnet. Pope.
King Edward...] Edward... Ff.

Digitized by Google

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

2 *fear'd*] *scar'd* Rowe (ed. 2).
6 *me, who*] Theobald. *me who* Ff.
7 *that? my mangled body shows,*] *that my...shows?* Vaughan conj. *that? my body mangled,* Wordsworth.
11 *yields.....edge*] *to the axe's edge the cedar yields* Steevens conj.
20 *liken'd*] *lik'ned* Ff.
22 *bent*] *ben* F_3.
24 *manors that*] *manors,—that* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.*

35 *a while*] *awhile* Knight and Collier.
41 *latest*] *last* F_4.
for] *on* Capell.
44 *Which...vault*] (*Which...vault*) Capell conj.
clamour] (Qq) Warburton. *cannon* Ff.
45 *mought*] Ff. *could* (Qq) Capell. *might* Pope.
46 *delivered*] Ff. *deliver'd* Pope.
47—49 '*O*.....*heaven.*] Vaughan would end the lines *soul!*... *Warwick*... *heaven.*
48 *Sweet...yourselves;*] As in Capell. As two lines, the first ending *soule:* in Ff. See note (IX).

Digitized by Google

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *in triumph; with* GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope.
Another...] Theobald.
Gloucester,] Richard, Ff.
19 *toward*] Ff. *towards* (Qq) Capell.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. *Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope.
Plains...] Theobald. Tewksbury. Pope.
Queen Margaret,] Capell. the Queene, Ff.
Prince Edward,] Malone. young Edward, Ff.
10 *Whiles*] *While* Pope.
15 *slaughter'd*] F_4. *slaught'red* $F_1F_2F_3$.
16 *here*] F_4. *here*, $F_1F_2F_3$.
18 *The...our*] *Our...our* or *These...our* S. Walker conj. *Our...the* Cartwright conj.
tacklings] *tacklings still* Pope. *tackling still* Johnson.

Digitized by Google

But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.

23 *wreck*] Theobald (ed. 2). *Wrack* Ff.
27 *ragged*] Rowe. *raged* Ff.
29 *a while*] *awhile* Knight.
34 *If case*] *In case* F_4.
35 *hoped-for*] *hop'd-for* Ff. *hope for* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceived; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

67 SCENE VI. Pope.
Flourish and March.] F_1. Martch. F_2. March. F_3F_4.
Enter King Edward, Gloucester...] Enter Edward, Richard... Ff. Enter...soldiers, on the other side of the stage. Johnson. Enter at a distance King Edward and forces, marching. Capell.
72 [he, and his, draw off. Capell.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and soldiers; with* QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,

73 *I should*] *should I* F_3F_4.
75 *mine eyes*] (Qq) Capell. *my eye* Ff.
82 *fight*] *battle* Pope.
SCENE V.] Capell. Pope continues the scene.
Another.....] The same. Another part of them (i.e. the plains). Capell.
Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Enter...prisoners.] Capell. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset. Ff. See note (x).
1 *Now here*] F_1. *Now here's* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Lo, here* Capell, from (Qq).
2 *Hames*] (Qq) Ff. *Hammes* Rowe. *Holmes* Hanmer. *Hammes'* Capell. *Ham's* Delius.
6 [Exeunt...guarded.] Capell. Exeunt. Ff.

Digitized by Google

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, *with* PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glou. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,

12 Enter...] Enter Soldiers, with the Prince. Capell. Enter the Prince. Ff.
[K. Edward sits. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
16 *the trouble*] *trouble* F_2.
17 *ambitious*] *ambitions* F_2.
26 *sort*] Rowe. *sorts* (Qq) Ff.
27 *ye*] *you* (Qq) Capell.
33 *all*] om. Pope.

Digitized by Google

And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

Glou. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glou. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

38, 39 K. Edw. *Take that, thou...here.* Glou. *Sprawl'st thou?.....agony.*] Edw. *Take that, the.....here.* Rich. *Sprawl'st thou.....agony.* Ff. Glo. *Take that, thou...here.* K. Edw. *And take thou that, to end thy agony.* Pope.

38 *thou*] (Q_3) Rowe. *the* (Q_1Q_2) Ff. [Stabs him.] Ff.

39 [Stabs him.] Rich. stabs him. Ff.

40 [Stabs him.] Clar. stabs him. Ff.

44 *fill*] *file* Jackson conj.

45 *swoon*] F_4. *swowne* F_1F_2. *swoun* F_3.

48 *some*] *more* Capell, from (Qq).

50 *The Tower, the Tower.*] Capell. *Tower, the Tower.* Ff. *The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out.* Theobald, from (Qq). *The Tower, man, Tower!* Steevens.

52 *murderers*] F_4. *Murtherers* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

55 *deed*] *dead* Collier (ed. 2), a misprint. *equal*] *sequel* Collier MS. *rival* Cartwright conj.
58 *murderer*] Johnson. *Murtherer* F_1 F_2F_3. *Murther* F_4.
59 *an if*] Hanmer. *and if* Ff.
73 *do it*] *it* F_4.
77, 78 See note (XI).
78, 79 *thou? Thou...here:*] *thou, Thou ...here?* Dyce conj.
79 *here:*] *here?* Vaughan conj. *murder*] Johnson. *Murther* Ff.
80 *Petitioners*] F_1. *Petitioner* $F_2F_3F_4$. *put'st*] F_1. *pul'st* F_2F_3. *pull'st* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*

K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY *and* GLOUCESTER, *with the* Lieutenant, *on the walls.*

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:
'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

82 [Exit.....forcibly.] Capell. Exit Queene. Ff.
85 *Tower.*] *Tower?* F_4.
90 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Ff.
SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope.
London. The Tower.] The Tower of London. Pope. A Room in the Tower. Capell. See note (XII).
Enter...] Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard,... Ff. King Henry is seen sitting at his Book, the Lieutenant attending. Enter Gloster. Capell.
6 *Sirrah*] F_4. *Sirra* F_1. *Sirrha* F_2 F_3.
[Exit...] Rowe. om. Ff.
7 *reckless*] Hanmer. *wreaklesse* F_1F_2. *wreakless* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.
Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?
Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

8 *sheep*] *flock* Rowe. Corrected first by Capell.
10 *Roscius*] Pope. *Rossius* Ff. *Richard* Hanmer (Warburton).
now] om. F_4.
15 *male to*] *mate of* So quoted by Mason. *mate to* Kinnear conj.
17 *limed*] *lim'd* F_1F_4. *limb'd* F_2F_3.
20 *fool*] *fowl* Dyce, ed. 2 (Seymour conj.), from (Qq).
21 *boy*] *son* (Qq) Capell.
32 *murdering*] *murd'ring* Johnson. *murthering* Ff.
33 *executioner.*] *Executioner?* F_4.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

35 *didst*] *did* F_3.
39 *And many*] *In many* Vaughan conj.
41 *Men.....husbands,*] *Wives for their husbands, fathers for their sons,* Anon. conj., from (Qq). *sons,...husbands,*] *sonnes,...husbands,* F_1. *sonnes,.....husbands fate,* F_2. *sons,...husbands fate,* F_3F_4. *sons,... husbands' fate,* Warburton. *sons,... husband's fate,* Johnson (a misprint). *sons',...husbands',* Knight. *sons,... husbands mourning,* Keightley. *sons, and for their husbands wives,* Kinnear conj.
42 *And orphans*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Orphans* F_1.
45 *aboding...time*] *aboding...tune* (Qq). *a boding...tune* Theobald.
46 *and*] *an* Hanmer.
tempest] *tempests* (Qq) Capell.
47 *rook'd her*] *croak'd hoarse* Warburton. *rock'd her* Johnson conj. *croak'd her* Capell. *ruck'd her* Steevens conj. *reek'd her* Anon. conj. *roop'd high* Bubier conj. *roosted* or *crooked* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., 1789).
48 *discords*] *discord* (Qq) Grant White.
51 *To wit, an...lump,*] F_1. *To wit, an indigested deformed lump* F_2F_3. *To wit, an indigested deform'd lump* F_4. *To wit, an undigest deformed lump* Capell, from (Qq). *To wit, an indigest deformed lump* Malone. *To wit, An indigested and deformed lump* Dyce, ed. 1 (in two lines). *To wit,*] om. Dyce, ed. 2 (Capell conj.).

Digitized by Google

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest—

Glou. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

56 *Thou camest—*] *Thou cam'st—* Ff. *Thou cam'st into the world* (Qq). *Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.* Theobald. *Thou cam'st into the world with thy feet foremost* (or *forward*) Vaughan conj.

57 *I'll.....speech:*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

60 *O, God*] *O! God* Hanmer. *O God* Ff. *O God,* Rowe.

79 After this line, Theobald inserts from (Qq) *I had no father, I am like no father.*

Digitized by Google

I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE VII. *London. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *a* Nurse *with the young Prince, and* Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!

84 *keep'st*] F_3F_4. *keepst* F_1F_2.
93 *thy*] *the* Pope.
[Exit, with the body.] Capell. Exit. Ff.
SCENE VII.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope.
London...] The Palace in London. Theobald. The same. A Room of State in the Palace. Capell.
Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
a Nurse with the young Prince,] Edd., from (Qq). Nurse, Ff. King Edward is seen sitting in his Throne; The Queen, with the infant Prince in her Arms, Clarence, and Others, by him: to them, Gloster. Capell.
1 *in*] *on* Rowe.
4 *tops*] *top* Rowe

Digitized by Google

Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glou. [*Aside*] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

5 *renown'd*] Rowe. *renowmd* (Q_1Q_2). *renownd* (Q_3). *Renowne*, F_1F_2. *Renown*, F_3F_4.
6 *undoubted*] *redoubted* Capell conj. *undaunted* Anon. conj.
10 *With them,*] In a separate line, S. Walker conj.
14 [Enter Gloster behind. Collier (Collier MS.).
15 *kiss*] *kiffe* F_2.
17 *winter's*] *Winters* F_1. *Winter* $F_2F_3F_4$.
20 *gain*] *grain* Collier conj.
21—25 [Aside.] Rowe.
25 *and*] See note (XIII).
thou shalt] (Qq) Capell. *that shalt* F_1F_2. *that shall* F_3F_5. *this shall* Johnson conj.
execute.] *execute*... [Aside. Keightley.
[Pointing to his head. Hanmer.
27 *kiss*] F_4. *kis* F_1F_2. *kisse* F_3. See note (XIII).

Digitized by Google

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

28 *unto*] om. F_3F_4.
30 Q. Eliz.] Queen. (Qq) Theobald. Cla. F_1. Clar. F_2. King. F_3F_4. See note (XIV).
Thanks] F_3F_4. *Thanke* F_1. *Thankes* F_2.
33, 34 [Aside] Rowe.
38 *Reignier*] Rowe. *Ranard* (Q_1Q_2). *Reynard* (Q_3) Ff.
42 [rising. Capell.
44 *befits the pleasure of the*] Ff. *befits the pleasures of the* (Qq). *befit the pleasure of the* Pope. *befit the pleasures of a* Capell. *befit the pleasures of the* Steevens (1778).
court?] Rowe. *Court.* Ff.
46 [Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. Ff.

Digitized by Google

NOTES.

Note I.

II. 1. 95. Pope and Hanmer make no new scene here, although they evidently intended to do so, as the next scene is marked as Scene III. In Theobald, as usual, the scenes are not numbered.

Note II.

II. 2. 89. In this passage the lines 89—92 are given to 'Cla.' in the first Folio, and to 'George' in the Quartos; but it is evident that Shakespeare, by altering 'his brother' in line 92 to 'me,' intended the whole to be spoken by Edward. This is another instance of Shakespeare's haste in remodelling the older plays.

Note III.

II. 5. 92, 93. Capell follows Hanmer in adopting the reading of the Quartos. We retain the reading of the Folios, because the alteration merely transfers the difficulty of explanation from one line to another.

Note IV.

III. 1. As Sinklo is certainly the name of an Actor, who is mentioned in the stage directions in the *Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. I. 86), and in *Henry IV.* Pt. II. (Act v. Sc. 4), there is great probability that Humfrey is the name of another Actor, perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humfrey Jeaffes. Neither of these is mentioned in the list of 'Principall Actors' prefixed to the first Folio.

Digitized by Google

NOTE V.

IV. 1. 20—23. The following is the arrangement of these lines in the Folios:

'Not I: no:
God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,
That yoake so well together.'

Pope reads:

'Not I; no: God forbid that I should wish
Them severed whom God hath join'd together.
Pity to sunder them, that yoak so well.'

NOTE VI.

IV. 2. 13. The reading 'overture' first appears in Warburton's edition, being probably a misprint. Johnson adopts it, but suggests the true reading 'coverture,' without giving any indication that this was the reading in all the Folios and in all the editions before Warburton's. We give this as one of the many instances of the carelessness with which Johnson's work was done.

NOTE VII.

IV. 8. In the Folios, Somerset is introduced in the stage direction, though he had gone with young Richmond into Brittany. The mistake arose from the Quartos in which Scene VI. and Scene VIII. form but one.

NOTE VIII.

V. 1. 44. This conjecture of Warburton's, which as he does not mention it in his edition we have marked 'withdrawn,' is found in a series of unpublished letters from Theobald to Warburton recently[1] added to the treasures of the British Museum. The first of these letters is dated Feb. 10, 1729, and the last Sep. 4, 1736. That in which

[1] Written in 1864.

Digitized by Google

allusion is made to the passage in question is dated March 10, 1732. Theobald rejects Warburton's suggestion, for, he says, 'Deck' is 'a county dialect,' meaning the same thing. Among the MSS. recently acquired by the Museum is a series of letters from Hanmer to Warburton beginning Dec. 24, 1735, and ending May 25, 1739. In a letter dated July 27, 1737, Hanmer mentions his conjectural reading 'truss' for 'cost' (I. 1. 268) which he afterwards inserted in the text of his edition. He defends it thus: 'when a hawk raiseth a fowl aloft and soaring upwards with it at length seizeth it in the air, she is said to *truss* the fowl, which I imagine is the word which the poor desponding king was made here to apply to his crown.'

Note IX.

v. 2. 48. The first Folio, which the later Folios copy *verbatim* but not *literatim*, reads as follows:

'Oh farewell *Warwicke*.
Warw. Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and saue your selues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.'

Pope reads:

'O farewel Warwick.
War. Sweetly rest his soul!
Fly lords and save your selves, for Warwick bids
You all farewel, to meet again in heaven.'

Capell:

'O, farewel, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids farewel, to meet in heaven.'

Rann:

'O, farewel, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; Warwick bids you
All farewel—to meet in heaven.'

In his edition of 1778 Steevens followed Pope's arrangement; restoring, however, 'Sweet' for 'Sweetly' and omitting 'again.'

Digitized by Google

Steevens in later editions gives:

'O, farewell, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell to meet again in heaven.'

The arrangement which we have adopted is exactly that of the Quartos. Mr Collier was the first of modern editors to introduce it in his text.

Note X.

v. 5. We have adhered in the stage directions as nearly as possible to the Folios, which throughout the play mark no division of the scenes, except at the end of an Act. Rowe first omitted the *Exeunt.* Theobald, who also continued the scene, gave *Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. Both Parties go out. Re-enter King Edward,* &c.

Capell first made a new scene here and, altering the relative position of the stage directions, gave *Exeunt both the Armies.* Scene v. *Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat. Then, Enter, as from Conquest, King Edward,* &c.

Capell's arrangement has, as usual, been followed by subsequent editors.

Note XI.

v. 5. 77, 78.

'Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?'

The reading we have given in the text is that of Steevens (1778), which appears to be nearest the corresponding passage of the Quartos.

The first Folio has:

'Where is that diuels butcher *Richard?*
Hard fauor'd *Richard? Richard,* where art thou?'

The second Folio:

'Where is that divels butcher *Richard*
Hard favor'd *Richard? Richard,* where art thou?'

The third and fourth put a comma after the first '*Richard,*' the third reading 'devils,' the fourth 'devil's.' Rowe follows the Folios.

Digitized by Google

Pope has:

'where is that Devil's butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?'

Theobald:

'where is that Devil-butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?'

Capell:

'Where is that butcher, Richard?
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?'

Note XII.

v. 6. We have retained the stage direction of the Folios 'on the walls' instead of adopting Capell's alteration 'a Room in the Tower', as it seems likely that the mistake lies in the expression 'another room' (l. 92) which was retained from the older play, the author forgetting that he had changed the scene to the walls.

Note XIII.

v. 7. 25. The copy of the first Folio belonging to Lord Ellesmere has in this place 'add' for 'and.' In line 27, the same copy reads ''tis' for 'kis,' which latter is the word found so far as we know in all other copies.

Note XIV.

v. 7. 30. Steevens says: 'In my copy of the second Folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased *Cla.* and written *King*, in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers may boast a Royal name.'

Digitized by Google

KING RICHARD III.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING EDWARD the Fourth.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., } sons to
RICHARD, Duke of York, } the King.

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III., } brothers to the King.

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER[2], Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, his son.

EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, sons to Elizabeth.

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.

TRESSEL[3] and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.

LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.

A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: *England.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.] First given, imperfectly, by Rowe.

[2] BOURCHIER,] Capell. BOUCHIER, Knight.

[3] TRESSEL] TRUSSEL French conj.

Digitized by Google

THE TRAGEDY

OF

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus.*

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds

THE TRAGEDY...] See note (1).
London. A street.] Capell. The Court. Pope.
1 *our*] Q_1Q_2Ff. om. $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *sour* Strutt conj.
2 *sun*] Rowe. *sonne* Qq. *Son* Ff.
3 *lour'd*] *lowrd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *lowr'd* Q_6Ff. *low'r* Q_7. *lowr* Q_8.
4 *bosom*] *bowels* Q_8.
buried.] *buried*, Vaughan conj.
7 *alarums*] *alarmes* Q_1.
8 *measures*] *pleasures* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
9 *wrinkled*] *wringled* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
10 *instead*] Q_6Q_8. *in steed* Q_1F_2. *in sted* Q_7. *in stead* The rest.

Digitized by Google

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king

11 *souls*] *foule* Warburton conj.
13 *lute*] Ff. *loue* Qq.
14 *shaped for*] *shap'd for* Ff. *shapte for* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *sharpe for* Q_4Q_5. *sharpe of* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *shapte of* quoted in Steevens's reprint.
15 *Nor*] *Not* Q_2.
looking-glass] *looking lass* Vaughan conj.
16 *majesty*] *grace* Hanmer.
18 *of this*] *thus of* Collier MS. *of his* Vaughan conj.
21 *world, scarce*] *world; scarce* Pope.
scarce] om. $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
22 *unfashionable*] *unfashionably* Pope.
23 *by them*] *at them* Q_7Q_8.
24 *Why*] *While* Q_8.
26 *spy*] Qq. *see* Ff.
27 *on*] *one* Q_7.
29 *days*] *dames* Malone conj.
31 *hate*] *bate* Johnson conj.
32 *inductions*] *inductious* Q_1Q_2.
33 *By...dreams,*] Transferred to follow line 35 by Johnson.

Digitized by Google

In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glou. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,

38 *Clarence*] *Gloster* Browne conj. *mew'd*] *mewed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
39, 40 *About...be.*] Omitted by Pope.
39 *a prophecy*] *adrohesie* Q_4Q_5.
40 *murderer*] Steevens (1778). *murtherers* Q_1Q_2. *murtherer* The rest.
41 *Dive...comes.*] One line in Ff. Two in Qq.
42 Enter.....] Rowe (ed. 2). Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded. Ff. Enter Clarence with a guard of men. Qq (gard Q_1Q_2).
day] *dayes* Qq (*daies* Q_6).
43—45 *His...Tower.*] As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *appointed*, in Qq. Two lines, the first ending *safety*, in Ff.
48 *godfathers*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_1$. *good fathers* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *god fathers* Q_7. *Grandfathers* $F_2F_3F_4$. *god-fathers* Q_8. *godfather* quoted in Steevens's reprint.
49 *O, belike*] *Belike* Pope.
50 *shall be*] Qq (*shalbe* Q_1). *should be* Ff.
51 *what 's*] Ff. *whats* Q_1Q_2. *what is* The rest.
52 *I know*] *I doe know* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
for] Qq. *but* Ff.

Digitized by Google

He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there 's no man is secure,
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

59 *It follows*] *If follows* F_2. *It fellowes* Q_5.
60 *like*] om. F_3F_4.
61 *Have*] QqF$_4$. *Hath* $F_1F_2F_3$.
65 *tempers him to this*] Q_1. *tempts him to this* $Q_2Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *temps him to this* Q_3. *tempts him to this harsh* Ff. *tempts him now to this* Anon. MS. apud Halliwell.
67 *Woodville*] F_2F_3. *Woodvile* Qq. *Woodeulle* F_1. *Woodvil* F_4. *Woodeville* Capell.
her] *he her* Hanmer. *her same* Collier MS.
68, 69 *Tower,...deliver'd?*] *Tower,... deliuered?* Qq. *Tower?...deliuered?* F_1. *Tower?...delivered.* $F_2F_3F_4$.
69 *present*] om. Rowe.
71 *heaven*] *heavens* So quoted by Vaughan.
there 's no man is secure] Capell. *there is no man is securde* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *there is no man securde* Q_4. *there is no man scurde* Q_5. *there is no man secur'd* Q_6Q_7. *there is no man secure* Ff. *there is no man securd* Q_8. *there 's no man is secured* Vaughan conj.
73 *trudge betwixt*] *truge betweene* Q_7Q_8.
74 *ye*] *you* FfQ_7Q_8.
75 *was to her for his*] Qq. *was, for her* F_1. *was, for his* F_2F_3. *was for his* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glou. Even so; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man: we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:

76, 77 *Humbly...liberty.*] Continued to Clarence. Johnson conj.
76 *Humbly*] *Humble* Q_6Q_8.
78 *it is*] *it were* Q_7Q_8.
83 *this*] Qq. *our* Ff.
84 *I beseech*] *I beg* Pope. *Beseech* Dyce (ed. 2).
87 *his*] Qq. *your* Ff.
88 *Even so;...worship,*] *Euen so...worship* Qq. *Euen so,... Worship* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Even so,...worship,* F_4. *Ev'n so,... worship?* Johnson. *Ev'n so?...worship,* Capell.
an 't] Pope. *and* or *&* QqFf. *an* Capell.
Brakenbury] Ff. *Brokenbury* Qq (and passim).
89 *partake*] *pertake* Q_1.
91 *his*] *the* Q_7Q_8.
92 *struck*] Steevens (1778). *stroke* Q_1. *strook* F_3F_4. *strooke* The rest. *stricken* Jackson conj.
fair, and not jealous] *fair, and not over-jealous* Hanmer. *yet fair still, and not jealous* Capell. *fair, loving, and not jealous* Seymour conj.
jealous] *iealious* F_1. *jealious* F_2.
94 *A...tongue;*] One line in QqFf; two, the first ending *lip*, in Steevens (1793).
cherry] *chery* Q_7Q_8.
lip,] *lip, fair forehead, dimpled cheeks,* Seymour conj.
a bonny eye,] Omitted by Pope. *a boony eye* Becket conj.
pleasing] om. Vaughan conj.
95 *And that the*] *That the* Rowe. *And the* Steevens (1793).
gentle-folks] *gentle-folk* Theobald.

Digitized by Google

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glou. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

97 *have*] *hath* Q_7Q_8.
nought] $Q_1Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$. *naught* The rest.
98, 99 *Naught...naught*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$ Ff. *Nought...nought* Q_7Q_8. *Nought ...naught* Pope.
98—100 *Naught...alone.*] Arranged as in Qq. The lines end *Shore?...her ...alone*, in Ff. See note (II).
100 *Were best he do*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *were best to do* FfQ_8. *'Twere best he do* Capell.
secretly alone] QqFf. *secretly, alone* Steevens. *secretly:—ay, one* Jackson conj.
101, 102 Brak. *What..... me?*] om. Q_1.
102 *me?*] *me? ha?* Capell.
103, 104 *I...duke.*] Arranged as by Capell. The first line ends *forbeare* in Qq. As three lines in Ff, ending *Grace...forbeare...Duke.*
103 *I beseech*] Qq. *I do beseech* Ff. *Beseech* Dyce (ed. 2).
103, 104 *and withal Forbear*] *And to forbear* Pope.
104 *conference*] *conferencs* Rowe (ed. 1). *conferences* Rowe (ed. 2).
noble] om. Pope.
105 *We know...obey.*] *We 're the King's subjects, and we will obey.* Seymour conj.
will] om. Wordsworth.
106 *abjects*] *objects* Jackson conj.
108 *whatsoever you will*] Qq. *whatsoe're you will* Ff. *whatsoever you 'll* Capell.
111 *in*] QqF$_1$. *of* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*
Glou. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glou. What news abroad?

115 *or else*] Ff. *or* Qq.
(Embrace him) Collier MS.
116 S. Walker would end the line at *perforce*.
perforce] *preforce* Q_5.
Farewell.] om. Hanmer.
[Exeunt...] Capell. Exit Clar., or Exit Cla. QqFf.
117 *ne'er*] *neare* Q_2.
120 *our*] *my* Hanmer.
121 *new-deliver'd*] *new deliuered* QqFf.
Hastings?] *Hastings.* Q_7Q_8.
124 *Well are you*] *Well, are you* Q_7.
Well, you are Q_8.
the] Q_1Q_2. *this* The rest.
132 *eagle*] Qq. *Eagles* Ff.
mew'd] Ff. *mewed* Qq.
133 *While*] Qq. *Whiles* Ff.
kites] *keihts* Q_1. *kights* Q_2.
buzzards] *bussards* Q_1Q_2. *buzars* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *Buzards* F_1.
prey] Qq. *play* Ff.
134 *What*] *The times are bad, my lord; what* Seymour conj.

Digitized by Google

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you. [*Exit Hastings.*
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:

138 *Saint Paul*] Qq. *S. Iohn* Ff. *this*] Qq. *that* Ff.
139 *an evil*] *on ill* Q_7. *an ill* Q_8.
142 *What, is he*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *What is he* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_7$. *Where is he,* Ff. *What! is he* Q_8.
143 *He is*] *He is, my lord* Hanmer.
146 *post-horse*] *post haste* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
148 *With*] *Which* $Q_6F_3F_4$.
154 *kill'd*] *kill* Q_7Q_8.
159 *By marrying her which I...*] *Which I, by marrying her,.....* Hanmer. *Which I must reach unto—by marring her.* Anon. conj. *Which I must reach unto by marrying her* Keightley.
marrying] *marring* Q_7.

Digitized by Google

Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, Gentlemen *with halberds to guard it;* LADY ANNE *being the mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!

161 *breathes.....reigns*] *liues, Edward still raignes* Q_7Q_8 (*Ehward* Q_7).
The same. Another street.] Capell. Changes to a street. Theobald.
Enter the corpse of King Henry...] Enter the Coarse of Henrie... Ff. Enter Lady Anne with the hearse of Harry the 6. Qq (Henry the sixt Q_7Q_8).
Gentlemen] om. QqFf.
1 Anne.] Ff. Lady An. Q_1Q_2. Lady. Q_7. La. Q_8. Lady Anne. The rest.
Set...set] *Sit...sit* Q_2.
load] Ff. *lo:* Q_1 (Bodl.). *lord* The rest.
3 *Whilst*] Q_1Q_8. *Whilest* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *Whil'st* FfQ_7.
4 [Bearers set down the Coffin. Capell.
5 *key-cold*] *clay-cold* Hanmer.
8 *Be it*] *Be 't* Hanmer.
10 *slaughtered*] *slaughtred* $Q_6Q_4Q_5$Ff. *slaughter'd* Pope.
11 *hand*] Ff. *hands* Qq.
wounds] Ff. *holes* Qq.
12 *these*] Ff. *those* Qq.
13 *balm*] *blame* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
14 *Cursed*] *Curst* Qq. *O cursed* Ff.
these fatal] Q_1Q_2. *the fatall* Q_3Q_4 $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *these* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

15 *Cursed be*] *Curst be* Qq. *Cursed* Ff. *do it*] *do 't* S. Walker conj.
16 *Cursed...hence!*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
19 *adders, spiders*] Qq. *Wolues, to Spiders* Ff.
21 *be it*] *be 't* S. Walker conj.
25 *And...unhappiness*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
26 *made*] *mad:* Q_6. *mad*, Q_7.
27, 28 *As...As I*] Qq. *More...Then I* Ff (*Than* F_4).
27 *death*] *life* Blackstone conj. *health* Vaughan conj., reading *More...Than* &c.
28 *poor*] Qq. *young* Ff.
29 *towards*] *toward* Steevens (1778). *Chertsey*] *Chertley* Q_6Q_7. *Chersey* Q_8.
31 *weary*] *awearie* Q_3. *a wearie* Q_4Q_5 Q_6.
the] Qq. *this* Ff.
32 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
corse] *fate* Daniel conj.
[Bearers take up the Corpse, and move forward. Capell.
33 Enter Gloucester.] Enter Glocester (or Gloster). Qq. Enter Richard Duke of Gloster. Ff.
corse] *course* Q_4.
34 &c. Anne.] Ff. La. Qq.

Digitized by Google

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul, I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command: Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot, And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid? Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell! Thou hadst but power over his mortal body, His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not; For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds, Behold this pattern of thy butcheries. O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh. Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity; For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;

35 *deeds?*] *deedes.* Q_1.
36 *Villains*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Villaines* F_1. *Villaine* Qq.
38 *My lord,*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
39 *Unmanner'd...command:*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
Unmanner'd] *Unmannerly* Q_8.
stand] *stand'st* F_1Q_8.
40 *halberd*] Capell. *halbert* QqFf.
42 [Corpse set down. Capell.
46 *dreadful*] *fearefull* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
48 *have*] *hurt* Hanmer.
50 *Foul...not;*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff, the first ending *Diuell.*
and] om. Pope.
59 *where...dwells*] *whence...wells* Warburton conj.

Digitized by Google

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

60, 61 *deed...Provokes*] Qq. *Deeds... Prouiokes* $F_1F_2F_3$. *deeds...Provoke* F_4.
63 *revenge*] *revenges* Q_5.
64 *Either heaven*] *Either, heaven,* Capell. *Either*] *Or* Pope.
65 *earth,*] F_3F_4. *earth* QqF_1F_2.
66 *dost*] *didst* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
67 *his*] *this* F_3F_4.
68 *rules*] *rule* Q_7Q_8.
69 *renders*] *render* Q_7Q_8.
70 *know'st*] *knowest* Q_1Q_2. *no*] Qq. *nor* Ff.
73 *truth*] *troth* Q_1.
75 *Vouchsafe*] *Voutsafe* Q_1.
76 *evils*] Qq. *Crimes* Ff.
78 *Vouchsafe*] *Voechsafe* Q_2. *defused*] Qq. *defus'd* F_1F_2. *diffus'd* F_3F_4. *a man*] *man* F_1.
79, 80 *For...curse*] *Of...accuse* Spedding conj.
79 *For*] Qq. *Of* Ff.
83, 84 *Fouler...thyself.*] As in Qq. As three lines in Ff, ending *thee,..... currant,...thy selfe.*

Digitized by Google

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glou. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glou. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

84 *current, but to*] *that will be currant, Unless thou* Rowe.
86 *shouldst*] Qq. *shalt* Ff.
88 *Which*] Qq. *That* Ff.
didst] *diddest* Q_4Q_5.
89 *not f*] Q_2. *not.* The rest.
Why...dead:] Qq. *Then say they were not slaine:* Ff.
Why, then] *Then* Seymour conj.
91 *Why...alive.*] *Then he lives.* Seymour conj.
92 *hand*] Qq. *hands* Ff.
93 *In thy...saw*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
foul] *soul's* Malone.
94 *murderous*] *murd'rous* Ff. *bloudy* Q_1Q_2. *bloodly* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *bloody* Q_7Q_8.
95 *didst*] *did* Q_2.
96 *thy brothers*] *thy brother* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *my brother* Q_7Q_8.
97 *provoked*] *provok'd* F_4.
98 *Which*] Qq. *That* Ff.
their] *her* Q_7Q_8.
guilt] *guift* Q_6.
100 *Which*] Qq. *That* Ff.
dreamt] Qq. *dream'st* Ff.
aught] Theobald. *ought* QqFf.
101 *king f*] *king.* Q_1.

Digitized by Google

Glou. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glou. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glou. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

grant] *grant it* Perring conj.
ye] Ff. *yea* Q_1Q_2. *yee* The rest. *ye, yea* Ritson conj.
102 *Dost...too*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
Dost grant] *Dost grant 't* Perring conj.
hedgehog?] Pope. *hedghogge* Q_1. *Hedge-hogge*, F_1F_2. *Hedge-hog*, F_3. *Hedg-hog*, F_4. *hedgehog*, The rest.
103 *damned*] *damn'd* F_4.
105 *fitter*] Qq. *better* Ff.
107 *holp*] *help'd* Pope.
110 *you*] *ye* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
111 *Some dungeon.* Glou. *Your*] *Some dungeon, perhaps.* Glou. *Your* Steevens conj. *Some dungeon then.* Glou. *No, lady; your* Seymour conj.
bed-chamber] *bed-chamber, gentle lady* Taylor conj. MS.
114 *I know*] *And I know* Hanmer.
115 *keen*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *keene* F_1F_2. *kinde* Q_2. *kind* The rest.
our] *your* Q_7Q_8.
116 *somewhat*] Qq. *something* Ff.
117 *timeless*] *teem-lesse* Q_4.
119 *executioner?*] *executioner.* Q_1F_1.

Digitized by Google

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.
Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.
Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.
Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

120 *art*] Qq. *was't* $F_1F_2F_3$. *wast* F_4.
cause, and...effect.] *cause, and...th' effect.* Hanmer. *cause of that most curs'd effect.* Edwards conj.
122 *which*] Qq. *that* Ff.
124 *live*] Ff. *rest* Qq. *lie* Lettsom conj.
one] *that* $Q_6Q_8Q_7Q_8$.
126 *These*] *My* quoted in Steevens's reprint.
rend] Qq. *rent* Ff.
my] *their* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
127 *never*] Qq. *not* Ff.
sweet] Qq. *y'* F_1F_2. *that* F_3F_4.
wreck] Theobald (ed. 2). *wrack* QqFf.
128 *it*] Ff. *them* Qq.
129 *cheered*] *cleared* Q_7Q_8.
131 *o'ershade*] *ore-shade* F_1F_2. *o're-shade* F_3F_4. *ouershade* or *ouershad* Qq.
132 *Curse...both.*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
135 *you*] Qq. *thee* Ff.
137 *that*] *tha* Q_6.
slew] Qq. *kill'd* Ff.
138 *thee*] QqF_4. *the* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

Glou. He lives that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glou. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.
Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

141 *He*] Ff. *Go to, he* Q_1Q_2. *Go too, he* The rest.
you] Qq. *thee* Ff.
142 *Why, that*] *Why that* Q_1Q_2Ff. *Why what* The rest.
144 *he?*] *he.* Q_1.
Glou.] Glo. Qq. Rich. $F_1F_3F_4$. om. F_2.
Here...me?] As in Pope. Two lines in QqFf.
[She spitteth at him.] Spits at him. Ff. She spittes at him. Q_8.
thou] om. Q_7Q_8.
me?] *me.* Q_1F_1. *him?* Q_8.
146 *a place*] *place* Rowe (ed. 1).
148 *my*] Qq. *mine* Ff.
152 *they*] *thy* Q_5.
kill] *kils* F_2.
154 *aspect*] Qq. *Aspects* Ff.
drops:] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$Ff. *drops.* Q_4. *drops,* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
155—166 *These...weeping.*] Omitted in Qq.
156 *No,*] *Not* Pope.
159 *thy*] F_1F_2. *my* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,

167 *friend*] *friends* Q_6. *frinds* Q_7Q_8.
168 *smoothing*] FfQ_7Q_8. *soothing* The rest.
words] Qq. *word* Ff.
169 *fee,*] Ff. *fee:* Qq.
170 [She looks...] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
171 *thy*] *my* Q_7Q_8.
lips...they were] Qq. *lip...it was* Ff.
173 [kneels, and gives his sword. Capell.
175 *this true*] *true this* Q_3.
bosom] Qq. *brest* F_1F_2. *breast* F_3F_4.
176 *forth*] *fourth* F_2.
adoreth] *adorneth* Q_7Q_8.
177 *the*] *thy* $Q_6Q_7Q_8F_3$.
178 *knee*] *knees* Q_8.
[He lays...at it...] $F_2F_3F_4$. He layes...at... F_1.
179 *for...Henry*] Ff. *twas I that kild your husband* Qq.
181 *'twas...Edward*] Ff. *twas I that kild king Henry* Qq.
[offers at it again. Capell.

Digitized by Google

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*Here she lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

182 [Here...] Qq. She fals the Sword. Ff.
183 *the sword*] *thy sword* Q_8.
185 *the*] Qq. *thy* Ff.
186 (Take the sword) Collier MS.
187 *Tush, that was*] Qq. *That was* Ff. *Tush 'twas* Anon. conj.
thy rage] *the rage* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
188 *the word*] *thy word* $F_2F_3F_4$.
189 *That*] Qq. *This* Ff.
for thy love] *for my love* Q_8.
191 *shalt thou*] Q_1Ff. *thou shalt* The rest.
be] *by* Q_6.
192 *I knew*] *know* Q_7Q_8.
192—201 *I would... ring.*] Steevens (1793) arranges as six lines of verse, ending *figur'd in...man... sword...know...men...ring.*
195 *never man was*] *neuer was man* Q_1 Q_2. *man Was never* Steevens (1793).
198 *shall you*] Qq. *shalt thou* Ff.
199 *shall I...hope f*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *shall I... hope.* Q_1F_1. *I shall.....hope.* The rest.
(Sheathe it) Collier MS.
201 Glou.] Gol. Q_2. Glo. $Q_1Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$ Q_7Q_8. om. Ff, continuing the speech to Anne.
Vouchsafe] *Voutsafe* Q_1.

Digitized by Google

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*

202 Anne. *To take...give.*] La. *To take ...give.* Qq. Omitted in Ff. [She puts on the ring. Johnson.
203 *this*] Qq. *my* F_1. *thy* $F_2F_3F_4$. *thy*] Q_qF_1. *my* $F_2F_3F_4$. [putting it on. Capell.
204 *my*] *me* Q_5Q_6.
205 *Wear*] *Were* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
206 *devoted suppliant*] Q_1. *deuoted Seruant* Ff. *suppliant* The rest.
208 *his*] *this* F_3F_4.
209 *What*] *Wat* Q_8.
210 *would*] Qq. *may* Ff. *thee*] Qq. *you* Ff.
211 *more*] Qq. *most* Ff.
212 *Place*] Qq. *House* Ff.
221 *Tressel*] Ff. *Tressill* Qq. *Trassel* Rowe (ed. 2). *Berkeley*] *Barkley* Q_1Q_2Ff. *Bartley* Q_3Q_4. *Bartly* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
224 [Exeunt...] Exit two with Anne. Ff (Ex. F_4). Exit. Qq.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

225 Glo. *Sirs...corse*] Omitted in Ff. Glo. *Take up the Coarse* Hanmer. Glo. *Take up the corse, sirs* Capell. *corse*] *course* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *lord?*] *Lord.* Q_1.
226 *No,*] Q_1Q_2. *No:* $Q_6Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1$. *No* Q_7Q_8. *Now* $F_2F_3F_4$. [Exeunt...] Exeunt. manet Gl. Qq. Exit Coarse. Ff.
227 *woo'd?*] *woed,* Q_1.
228 *won?*] *wonne:* Q_1.
230 *What! I, that*] *What I that* $Q_1Q_2Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *What I? that* Q_8. *What? I that* F_1F_2. *What I have* Q_7. *What? I have* $Q_8F_3F_4$. *his father*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *her father* The rest.
231 *hate*] Q_1Ff. *heate* The rest.
233 *her*] Qq. *my* Ff.
234 *Having*] *With* Pope.
235 *nothing*] Qq. *no Friends* Ff. *at all*] Q_1Q_2. *withall* Q_3Q_4 (B. Mus.) Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8. *with all* Q_4 (Bodl.).
236 *looks,*] *lookes,* Qq. *lookes?* Ff.
237 *her, all...to nothing!*] *her all...to nothing.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *her all...to nothing?* Q_6. *her? All...to nothing.* Ff. *her all...is nothing?* Q_7Q_8.
238 *Ha!*] *Hah!* Ff. *Hah* Q_1. *Hah?* The rest (at end of line 237, in Qq).
241 *Tewksbury?*] *Tewxbery,* Q_1.
242 *A...lovelier*] *As sweet and as lovelie* *a* Vaughan conj. *a lovelier*] *lovelier* Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I 'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

244 *valiant, wise*] *wise and valiant* Pope. *valiant, wise, kind* S. Walker conj.
royal] *loyal* Johnson conj.
245 *world*] *word* F_2.
246 *yet*] QqF_1. om. F_2. *thus* F_3F_4. *now* Collier MS.
debase] *debace* Q_7Q_8. *abase* Ff.
247 *the*] *he* Q_8.
248 *bed f*] *bed*, Q_1.
249 *moiety*] *moity* Qq. *moytie* Ff.
250 *halt*] Qq. *halts* Ff.
unshapen] Qq. *mishapen* Ff.
251 *to a*] *to be a* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *to bee a* Q_8.
denier] *taniere* Warburton conj.
255 *charges*] *charge* Q_8.
256 *some score*] Qq. *a score* Ff.
257 *adorn*] *adore* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
259 *some*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *a* The rest.
260 *yon*] *you* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
in] *into* Hanmer.
262 *bought*] *brought* Q_8.

Digitized by Google

SCENE III. *The palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, *and* LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there 's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* DERBY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

The palace.] Theobald.
Enter Queen Elizabeth,...] Enter the Queene Mother... Ff. Enter Queene, Lord Rivers, and Gray. Qq (and om. Q_1Q_2).
1 *there's*] *there is* F_4.
3 *brook*] *boroke* Q_2.
it ill, it] *it, ill it* Q_1.
5 *with*] om. Q_1.
words] Qq. *eyes* Ff.
6 *If...me?*] Repeated in F_1.
of] Qq. *on* Ff.
me?] *me.* Q_1.
7 Riv.] Ry. or Ri. Qq. Gray. Ff.
8 *harm*] *harme* Qq. *harmes* $F_1F_2F_3$. *harms* F_4.
11 *Oh*] Qq. *Ah* Ff.
12 *unto*] *in* Q_7Q_8. *into* Theobald. *under*. Anon. conj.
Richard] FfQ_8. *Rich.* The rest.
14 *Is it*] *It is* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
17 Derby.] Ff. Darby. Qq. Stanley. Theobald (and passim). See note (III).
17 *come the lords*] Q_1Q_2. *comes the Lords* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *comes the Lord* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
Buck. Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;

21 *prayers*] *prayer* Ff.
scarcely] *scarce* Q_7Q_8.
24 *arrogance*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *arrogancy* Q_8. *arrogancie* The rest.
25 *do beseech*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *beseech* The rest.
26 *false accusers*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *accusers* The rest.
27 *in*] Qq. *on* Ff.
30 Riv.] Q_2. Ry. Q_1. Qu. Ff. Ri. The rest.
of] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
32 *Are come*] Ff. *Came* Qq. *Come* Vaughan conj.
33 *What*] *With* Q_1Q_2.
34 *speaks*] *speaketh* Q_3.
35 *him?*] *him.* Q_1.
36 *Madam, we did*] *Madame we did* Qq. *I Madam*, $F_1F_2F_3$. *I, Madam*, F_4. *Ay, madam*, Capell. *We did, madam:* Anon. conj.
he] om. F_4.
desires] *seeks* Pope.
to make] *make* Q_4.
37, 38 *Betwixt...betwixt*] Qq. *Betweene ...betweene* Ff.

Digitized by Google

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?
Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?

39 *to warn*] *lo warne* Q_4.
to his] *ot his* Q_6. *of his* Q_7Q_8.
41 *highest*] Qq. *height* Ff.
Enter...] Enter Richard; Hastings, and Dorset, with him. Capell. Enter Glocester. Qq. Enter Richard. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'stamping angerly.' Enter Gloucester and Hastings. Hanmer.
43 *are they that complain*] Q_8. *are they that complaines* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *is it that complaines* Ff.
43, 44 *king,...not f*] Ff. *King,...not:* Q_1. *King f...not:* the rest.
44 *and*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
45 *holy*] *wholy* Q_6.
46 *dissentious*] *discentions* Q_2.
47 *speak*] *speake* Qq. *looke* Ff.
48 *smooth*] *sooth* Theobald conj.
52 *his simple*] *in simple* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *in simpla* Q_6.
53 *By*] Qq. *With* Ff.
54 Riv.] Ry. or Ri. Qq. Grey. F_1F_2. Gray. F_3F_4.
whom] *home* Q_6Q_7. *who* F_1.
all] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
55 *hast nor*] *hast not* Q_4. *hath no* Q_7Q_8.
57 *faction f*] *faction:* Q_1.

Digitized by Google

A plague upon you all! His royal person—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;
You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!

58 *person*] Qq. *Grace* Ff.
59 *would*] *can* Q_7Q_8.
61 *lewd*] *loud* Taylor conj. MS.
63 *of*] Qq. *on* Ff.
64 *provoked*] *provoke* Q_8.
66 *Which...actions*] Qq. *That...action* Ff.
67 *kindred*] $Q_1Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *kinred* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ Q_5. *children* Ff.
brothers] Ff. *brother* Qq.
68, 69 *Makes...to remove it.*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$ Q_4Q_5. *Makes...grounds...to remoue it.* Q_6. *Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.* Ff (omitting *of...it.*). *Makes...whereby wee ...ground...to remoue it.* Q_7Q_8. *Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.* Pope (so Spedding conj., reading *may remove* with Hanmer). *Hath sent for you, that he may learn the ground Of your ill will, and thereby may remove it.* Hanmer. *Hath sent for you; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill will, and so remove it.* Capell. *Makes...gather...so remove it.* Steevens.
68 *him*] *time* Vaughan conj.
71 *make*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *may* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *way* Q_7Q_8.
75 *my advancement*] Q_1Ff. *mine aduancement* The rest.
friends'] Knight. *friends* QqFf.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord, for—
Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

77 *grants*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *grant* The rest.
we] Qq. *I* Ff.
78 *imprison'd*] Ff. *imprisoned* Qq.
80 *whilst many fair*] Qq. *while great* Ff. *while many fair* Pope.
89 *in...suspects*] *in, such vile suspect* Q_7 Q_8.
vile] *wild* Pope.
90 *deny that you were not*] *deny too that you were* Hanmer.
cause] Qq. *meane* Ff.
92 *lord, for—*] Ff. *Lord.* Qq.
95 *fair*] om. Q_7Q_8.
97 *deserts*] Qq. *desert* Ff.
98 *What may*] *What my* Q_5.
not f] *not*, $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2$.
yea] Qq. *I* Ff. *ay* Rowe.
she,—] *she—* Pope. *she,* F_2. *she.* The rest.
99 *she f*] *she.* Q_1.
101 *a handsome*] Qq. *and a handsome* Ff.

Digitized by Google

I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.
Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.
Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,

102 *a worser*] *worser* Q_6.
106 *With*] Qq. *Of* Ff.
I often] Qq. *that oft I* Ff.
108 *great*] om. Q_7Q_8.
109 *thus...at*] Qq (reading *scorned*). *so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at* Ff (*storm'd* F_4).
110 Enter...behind.] Enter...at a Distance. Capell. Enter Qu. Margaret. Qq. Enter old Queene Margaret. Ff (after line 110).
111 SCENE IV. Pope.
thee] Qq. *him* Ff.
112 *is*] *are* Collier MS.
113 *What! threat*] *What threat* Wright conj.
telling of] *telling, or* Q_2. *telling* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
114 *Tell...said*] Omitted in Ff.
have] om. $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
115 *avouch*] Qq (*auoch* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$). *auouch* Ff.
116 *I dare...Tower.*] Omitted in Qq.
to be] *be* Steevens conj.
117 *'Tis...forgot.*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
my] *when* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
118 *Out...well:*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
Out,] *No,* Warburton.
remember] Qq. *do remember* Ff.
them] *thee* Warburton.
119 *slewest*] Qq. *killd'st* $F_1F_2F_3$. *kild'st* F_4.

Digitized by Google

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.
Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,

121 *Ere...king,*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
yea, or] *yea of* Q_2. *I, or* Ff. *ay, or* Rowe.
125 *spilt*] Qq. *spent* Ff.
126 *Yea...thine.*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
126, 136 *Yea*] Qq. *I* Ff. *Ay* Rowe.
129 *you. Was*] *you, was* Q_1.
131 *minds*] *minde* Q_5. *mind* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
if you] Ff. *if yours* Qq.
132 *ere now*] Qq. *ere this* Ff.
134 *murderous*] *murd'rous* Johnson. *murtherous* Qq. *murth'rous* Ff.
139 *mew'd*] Pope. *mewed* QqFf.
142 *childish-foolish*] Theobald. *childish, foolish* Q_1Q_2. *childish foolish* The rest.
143 *Hie*] Qq. *High* F_1F_2. *Hye* F_3F_4.
the] Qq. *this* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

147 *follow'd*] *follow* Q_7.
lawful] Qq. *Soueraigne* Ff.
148 *we you*] *we now* Q_6Q_7.
if you should] QqF_1F_2. *if you would* F_3F_4.
149 *If I should*] *If should* Q_6.
150 *of it*] Qq. *thereof* Ff.
151 Q. Eliz.] Qu. Q_1Q_2 Ff. Q. M. Q_3Q_4. Qu. Nar. Q_5. Qu. Mar. Q_6Q_7. Q. Mar. Q_8.
152 *king,*] *king;* Vaughan conj., reading *A little* in line 151.
153 *may you*] Qq. *you may* Ff.
155 Q. Mar.] om. Q_7Q_8.
A little] QqFf. *As little* Dyce (Heath conj.). *And little* Grant White. *Ah, little* Anon. conj.
157 [Advancing.] Capell. Coming forward. They all start. Collier (ed. 2). (Comes forth) start all. Collier MS.
159 *In sharing*] Q_1Ff. *In sharing out* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *I shaking out* Q_7Q_8.
you] *yon* F_2.
160 *of*] *off* F_1.
trembles] *tremble* Q_8.
looks] *looke* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
161 *being*] Qq. *am* Ff.
162 *by you*] *byou* Q_3. *by on* Q_4.
deposed] *dispos'd* Q_7Q_8.
rebels?] Theobald (ed. 2). *reabels:* Q_7. *Rebells.* F_1. *Rebils.* F_2. *Rebels.* F_3F_4. *rebels:* The rest.
163 *O gentle*] *Ah gentle* Ff. *O gentile* Q_7. *Ungentle* Warburton. *Ah, gently,* Jackson conj.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

167—169 Glou. *Wert thou...abode.*] Omitted in Qq.
169 *my*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
170 *owest to*] *owest unto* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
172 *The sorrow*] Qq. *This sorrow* Ff.
173 *pleasures*] *pleasure* Q_7.
are] Q_1Q_2Ff. *is* The rest.
174 *my*] *me* Q_6.
on] *one* Q_7Q_8.
176 *scorns*] F_4. *scornes* $F_1F_2F_3$. *scorne* Qq.
drew'st] *drew* Q_6.
from] *frow* Q_6.
178 *faultless*] Q_1Q_2Ff. The rest omit.
179 *curses, then*] Rowe (ed. 2). *curses then* Qq. *Curses then,* Ff.
180 *all*] $Q_1Q_2F_1$. The rest omit. *now* Rowe.
181 *hath*] *have* F_3F_4. *has* Pope.
plagued] *plaugde* Q_4. *plagude* $Q_5Q_6Q_8Q_7$.
182 Q. Eliz.] Malone (Warburton conj.). Qu. QqFf. Q. Mar. Rowe.
184 *e'er*] *ere* F_1F_2. *e're* F_3F_4. *euer* Qq.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son

190 *all...now*] Q_1Ff. *now...all* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ Q_5Q_6. *now...now* Q_7Q_8.
on] *one* Q_7.
193 *loss*] *lost* Q_7Q_8.
194 *Could*] Qq. *Should* Ff.
but] *not* Mason conj.
197 *If*] Qq. *Though* Ff.
198 *ours*] *our* $Q_3Q_5Q_6$. *out* Q_4.
murder] Qq. *Murther* Ff.
199 *thy*] *my* Q_7Q_8.
which] Qq. *that* Ff.
200 *my*] Qq. *our* Ff.
which] Qq. *that* Ff.
was] *was a* Q_7. *was the* Q_8.
201 *Die*] *Died* Q_8.
violence] *violences* Q_6Q_7.
204 *loss*] Qq. *death* Ff.
205 *thee*] *thee thee* F_2.
206 *rights*] Q_1Ff. *glorie* The rest. *rites* Anon. conj.
208 *lengthen'd*] *length'ned* Ff. *lengthened* Qq.
211 *wast*] Q_1Q_2FfQ$_8$. *was* The rest.
son] *soone* Q_7.

Digitized by Google

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!

213 *your*] Qq. *his* Ff.
214 *But...off*] *By some unlook'd for accident all cut off* Hanmer.
unlook'd] *un-look'd-for* F_3F_4.
cut] *be cut* Taylor conj. MS.
215 *withered*] *withred* Q_1. *wither'd* Ff.
216 *thee? stay*] *the stay* Q_1Q_2.
217 *heaven*] *heavens* Rowe.
221 *the troubler*] *thou troubler* Rowe.
224 *for thy*] *forth*, Q_4.
225 *that deadly eye*] *the deadly eyes* Q_7Q_8.
226 *whilst*] $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *whilest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *while* Ff.
227 *Affrights*] *Affright* F_4.
ugly] *ougly* F_1F_2.
228 *elvish-mark'd*] *elvish-markt* Pope. *elvish markt* Qq. *elvish mark'd* F_1F_2. *elvish, mark'd* F_3. *elvish, markt* F_4.
230 *slave*] *shame* Anon. apud Theobald conj. *staine* Collier MS.
son] F_3F_4. *sonne* The rest. *scorne* Collier MS.
231 *mother's heavy*] Qq. *hearts Mothers* Ff. *mother's* Johnson.

Digitized by Google

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—
Glou. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glou. Ha!
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!
Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.
Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

233 *rag*] *wrack* Warburton.
detested—] $F_1F_3F_4$. *detested, &c.* Qq. *detested.* F_2.
234 *Ha!*] F_4. *Ha.* The rest.
thee] *the* Q_6Q_7.
235 *I cry...then*] Ff. *Then I crie thee mercie* Qq (*I* om. Q_8).
had thought] Qq. *did thinke*, Ff.
236 *That thou hadst*] Q_1Ff. *Thou hadst* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *Thou hast* Q_7Q_8.
237 *look'd*] *looke* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
239 *in*] *by* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
240 *Thus...yourself.*] Continued to Gloucester in Q_7Q_8.
242 *bottled spider*] *bloated spider* Grey conj. *Bottel spider* Collier MS.
245 *time...that*] Q_1. *day...that* Ff. *time...when* The rest.
246 *that*] Qq. *this* Ff.
poisonous] Q_1Ff. *poisoned* The rest.
247 *False-boding*] *False boading* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *False boding* F_1F_2. *False bosting* Q_7. *False boasting* Q_8.
249 *all*] *oll* Q_5.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!
Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glou. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.
Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.
Glou. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:

251 *all*] om. Q_7Q_8.
252 *you*] *yon* Q_2.
253 *O, serve*] *Observe* Q_7Q_8.
257 *O, that...could*] *Of that...can* Long MS.
could] QqF$_1$. *can* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
258 *lose*] Ff. *loose* Qq.
259 *many*] *mighty* Q_8.
blasts] *blast* Q_1.
260 *themselves*] *them* Q_7Q_8.
262 *toucheth*] Qq. *touches* Ff.
263 *Yea,*] Qq. *I,* Ff. *Ay,* Rowe.
high,] Qq. *high:* Ff.
267 *son*] *sunne* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
270 *aery buildeth.....nest*] *airey building in our airey nest* Becket conj.
272 *was*] Qq. *is* Ff.
lost be it so!] *so be it lost.* Pope.
273 Buck.] Rivers. Lettsom conj.
Have...charity.] S. Walker doubts whether this speech be Buckingham's.
Have done] Qq. *Peace, peace* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

276 *by you my hopes*] Qq. *my hopes (by you)* Ff.
butcher'd] *butchered* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
278 *that shame*] Ff. *my shame* Qq.
still] *shall* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
279 *Have done, have done.*] Ff. *Haue done.* Qq.
280 Q. Mar.] Q. Mary. Q_6.
I'll] *Ile* F_1F_2. *I'le* F_3F_4. *I will* Qq. *I* Capell.
282 *noble*] Ff. *princely* Qq.
285 *no one*] *none* Q_7Q_8.
286 *of those*] *of them* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
287 *I'll not believe*] Qq. *I will not thinke* Ff.
288 *gentle-sleeping*] Theobald. *gentle sleeping* QqFf.
peace] *wrath* Seymour conj.
289 *take heed*] Ff. *beware* Qq.
291 *venom*] Ff. *venome* Qq. *venom'd* Capell conj.
rankle] *rackle* Q_1.
to the death] Ff. *thee to death* Qq.
292 *Have not*] *Have nought* Anon. conj.
293 *marks on him*] *marks upon him* Pope.
297 *What...counsel?*] One line in Qq. Two lines, the first ending *me*, in Ff.
297, 298 *counsel?...from?*] Q_2. *counsell, ...from:* Q_1. *counsell?...from.* Ff. *counsell,...from?* The rest.

Digitized by Google

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she 's at liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glou. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised:
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

298 *soothe*] *soothd* Q_6. *smooth* Anon. conj.
301 *say poor Margaret was*] Qq. *say (poore Margaret) was* Ff.
302 *subjects to*] Ff. *subiects of* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *subiect of* Q_7Q_8. *subject to* Pope.
303 *yours*] Ff. *your* Q_1Q_2. *you* The rest.
God's] *God* Q_8.
304 Hast.] Qq. Buc. Ff.
on end] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *an end* Ff Q_7Q_8.
305 *muse why*] Ff. *wonder* Qq.
308 *to her*] Ff. om. Qq.
309 Q. Eliz.] Malone. Qu. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. Hast. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. Mar. F_1F_2. Der. F_3F_4. Dors. Rowe.
310 *But*] Qq. *Yet* Ff.
her wrong] Ff. *this wrong* Qq.
311 *too*] *to* Q_2.
hot] *hoat* Q_1. *hotte* Q_8.
312 *of it*] *one it* Q_7. *on it* Q_8.
313 *as*] om. Pope.
315 *of it*] Qq. *thereof* Ff.
316 *and a*] *and* Q_7Q_8.
318, 319 *So...myself.*] Marked as 'Aside' by Rowe.
318 [Aside] Edd. (S. Walker conj.). om. QqFf.
319 *For...*] Qq. Speakes to himselfe. *For...* Ff.
cursed now, I] *curst now, I* Q_4Ff. *curst, now I* The rest.

Digitized by Google

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.
Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?
Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,

320 Enter Catesby.] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
321 *And...noble lords.*] Capell. *And... noble Lo:* Q_1Q_2. *And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.* Ff (*yours*, F_4). *And for your noble grace and you my Lord.* Q_7 Q_8 (*grace*, Q_8). *And for your grace, and you, my noble lord.* Pope.
322 *we come...us?*] *we come...us.* Qq. *I come...mee.* F_1F_2. *I come...me?* F_3F_4. See note (IV).
323 *Madam, we will attend*] Qq. *We wait vpon* Ff. *Madam, we will attend upon* Steevens (1793).
[Exeunt...] Ff. Exeunt man. Ri. Q_1Q_2. Exeunt. ma. Glo. The rest (substantially).
324 *the wrong*] *thee wrong* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$ F_3F_4.
begin] Ff. *began* Qq.
to brawl] *the brawl* Anon. conj.
325 *mischiefs*] *mischiefe* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
326 *grievous*] *greevious* Q_7. *greuious* Q_8.
327 *whom*] *who* F_1.
laid] Qq (*layd* Q_8). *cast* Ff.
329 *Hastings, Derby*] Qq. *Derby, Hastings* Ff. *Stanley, Hastings* Theobald.
330 *say it is*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *say it was* Q_8. *tell them 'tis* Ff.
331 *stir*] *strires* Q_8.
332 *it*] Ff. *me* Qq.
whet] *wet* Q_7. *wish* Q_8. *they whet* Keightley.
333 *on*] *one* Q_7.
Vaughan] Qq. *Dorset* Ff.
334 *I sigh*] *sigh* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

Digitized by Google

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush!
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured

335 *do*] *to do* Q_8. *to doe* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
337 *old odd*] Qq. *odde old* Ff. *out*] Qq. *forth* Ff.
338 *saint*] *S.* Q_7.
339 Enter...] Enter two murtherers. Ff. Enter Executioners. Qq. Enter two villains. Rowe. *come*] Q_1Ff. *comes* The rest.
340 *hardy*] *handy* Pope (ed. 2). *stout resolved*] *stout-resolved* Singer, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
341 *you now*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *ye now* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *ye not* Q_6. *yea not* Q_7Q_8. *deed?*] Qq (*deede.* Q_1). *thing?* Ff.
342, 350 First Murd.] 1. M. Capell. Execu. Exec. or Exe. Qq. Vil. Ff.
344 *Well*] Ff. *It was well* Qq. [Gives the warrant.] Capell. om. QqFf.
350, 351 *Tush!...prate;*] Edd. One line in Qq. *Tush! Fear not,*] *Tush, feare not,* Qq (*Tush feare not* Q_1). *Tut, tut,* Ff. *Fear not,* Pope.
352 *doers: be assured*] *doers; be assur'd,* F_4. *doers, be assured:* $Q_2F_1F_2F_3$ (*dooers,* F_1F_2). *doers be assured:* The rest.

Digitized by Google

We come to use our hands and not our tongues.
Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads: about your business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.
First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.
Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;

353 *come*] Qq. *go* Ff.
354 *drop tears*] Qq. *fall Teares* Ff.
355, 356 *business straight. Go,...lord.*] Ff. *busines.* Qq (omitting *straight ...lord.*). *business; go.* Pope. *business* [*straight. Go,...lord.*] Staunton.
356 First Murd.] 1. M. Capell. Vil. Ff. SCENE IV.] SCENE V. Pope.
London. The Tower.] The Tower. Pope.
Enter...] Enter Clarence, Brokenbury. Qq. Enter Clarence and Keeper. Ff.
1 Brak.] Brok. or Bro. Qq. Keep. Ff (as far as line 75).
your] *you* Q_6.
to-day] om. F_3F_4.
3 *of ugly...dreams*] Qq. *of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights* Ff.
4 *Christian faithful*] *Christian, faithful* Hutchesson conj. MS.
6 *buy*] *by* Q_7Q_8.
8 *dream? I long...it.*] Qq (*dreame*, Q_1). *dream my Lord, I pray you tel me.* Ff (*me* F_1).
9, 10 *Methoughts...Burgundy*] Ff. *Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy* Qq (*Me thought* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$).
9 *Methoughts*] *Methought* Pope.

Digitized by Google

And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

13 *thence*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *there* $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
we look'd] *he lookes* Q_7Q_8.
toward] *towards* Q_6Q_8.
14 *fearful*] Qq. *heavy* Ff.
15—17 *Lancaster That.....us. As..... hatches,*] *Lancaster: That...vs, as... hatches:* Q_1.
16 *us*] *us us* F_2.
we] QqF_1. *he* $F_2F_3F_4$.
paced] *pac'd* Ff. *pact* Q_1. *past* The rest.
18 *falling*] Ff. *stumbling* Qq.
19 *Struck*] *Stroke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Strook* F_3F_4. *Strooke* The rest.
thought] *sought* Pope.
21 *Lord, Lord*] Qq. *O Lord* Ff.
22 *waters*] *water* $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
22, 23 *mine*] *my* Q_1.
23 *ugly sights of*] *sights of vgly* Ff. *a sight of* Q_7Q_8.
24 *Methought*] *Me thought* Qq. *Me thoughts* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Methoughts* F_4.
wrecks] Theobald (ed. 2). *wrackes* $Q_6Q_7Q_8F_1F_2$. *wracks* The rest.
25 *Ten*] Qq. *A* Ff.
26 *anchors*] *ingots* Kinnear conj.
28 *All...sea:*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
scattered] *scattred* F_1. *scatterred* F_2. *scatter'd* Rowe.
29 *those*] Qq. *the* Ff.
31 *'twere*] *if it twere* Q_7. *if it t'were* Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by

32 *Which*] Qq. *That* Ff.
woo'd] *wade* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *strew'd* Heath conj.
33 *scattered*] *scattred* $F_1F_2Q_8F_3$. *scatter'd* Rowe.
35 *the secrets*] QqF_4. *these secrets* $F_1F_2F_3$.
36, 37 *and often...ghost:*] Ff. om. Qq.
37 *but*] Ff. *for* Qq.
38 *Kept*] Qq. *Stop'd* Ff.
39 *seek*] *seeke* Q_1Q_2. *keepe* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *find* Ff.
empty...air] *empty vast; and wander in air* Vaughan conj.
empty, vast and] *emptie vast and* $Q_1Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *emptie, vast, and* Q_2Q_6. *empty, vast, and* FfQ_7Q_8. *empty vast, and* Malone conj.
40 *smothered*] Qq. *smother'd* Ff.
41 *Which*] Qq. *Who* Ff.
42 *with*] Qq. *in* Ff.
agony?] *agony.* Q_1.
43 *O no*] Qq. *No, no* Ff.
lengthened] *lengthned* Qq. *lengthen'd* Ff.
44 *to my*] *of my* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
44, 45 *soul, Who*] Qq. *Soule. I* F_1. *soule, I* $F_2F_3F_4$.
46 *grim*] Qq. *sowre* Ff.
48 *stranger soul*] *Stranger-soule* Ff (*soul* F_3F_4). *strangers soule* Q_8.
49 *renowned*] *renowmed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
50 *cried*] Qq. *spake* Ff.
aloud, 'What] *alowd what* Q_1.
51 *Clarence?*] *Clarence,* Q_1.

Digitized by Google

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;

53 *with*] Ff. *in* Qq.
54 *Dabbled*] *Dadled* Q_6Q_7.
squeak'd] *squakt* Q_1. *sqaueakt* Q_4. *shriek'd* Ff. *squeakt* The rest.
56 *by*] *at* Q_7Q_8.
57 *to your torments*] Qq. *vnto Torment* Ff.
58 *methoughts*] *me thoughts* Q_1. *me-thought* F_4. *me thought* The rest.
59 *Environ'd*] *Enuirond* Q_1Q_2. *Inuiron'd* Ff. *Enuironed* The rest.
about] Qq. om. Ff.
63 *impression*] *impressions* Rowe (ed. 1).
the] Qq. *my* Ff.
64 *my*] Qq. om. Ff.
though] *that* Pope.
65 *I promise...afraid*] Qq. *I am affraid* (*me thinkes*) Ff.
66 *O Brakenbury*] *O Brokenbury* Qq. *Ah Keeper, Keeper* Ff. *Ah Brakenbury* Pope.
those] Qq. *these* Ff.
67 *Which*] Qq. *That* Ff.
bear] *beares* Q_8. *giue* Ff.
68 *requites*] *requits* F_1.
69—72 *O God!.. children!*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
71 *in me*] *on me* Rowe.
73 *I pray thee...me*] Qq. *Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while* Ff.
gentle] *gentile* Q_7.
gentle keeper] *Brakenbury* Pope.
[retiring to a Chair. Capell.

Digitized by Google

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest! [*Clarence sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who 's here?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief?

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.

75 See note (v).
[Clarence sleeps.] Johnson.
76 *breaks*] *breake* Q_1.
78 *titles*] *title* Q_7.
glories] *troubles* Johnson conj. *labours* or *guerdons* Bailey conj.
80 *imagination*] *Imaginations* FfQ_7Q_8.
82 *betwixt*] Qq. *betweene* Ff.
their] *your* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
names] Qq. *Name* Ff.
84 Enter...] Enter two Murtherers. Ff. The murtherers enter. Qq.
First Murd.] 1. Mur. Ff. om. Qq.
Ho! who's here?] Ff. om. Qq.
here] *there* Warburton.
85 *In...hither?*] Qq. *What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither?* Ff (*cam'st* F_3F_4). *In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st thou hither?* Pope.
86 First Murd.] Execu. Q_1. Exec. Q_2. 2. Mur. Ff. Exe. The rest.
88 *Yea, are you*] $Q_1Q_2Q_8$. *Yea, are ye* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *What* $F_1F_2F_3$. *What,* F_4.
89 Sec. Murd.] 2 Exe. Qq. 1. Ff.
O sir...tedious] $Q_1Q_2Q_7Q_8$. *O sir, it is better be briefe then tedious* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious* Ff (*than* F_4).
Giuing it Brak. Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

Show him our commission; talk no more.

[*Brakenbury reads it.*

Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:
I 'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

90 *Show him*] Qq. *Let him see* Ff.
our] *your* Q_7Q_8.
talk] *and talke* Ff.
[Brakenbury reads it.] He readeth it. Qq (reades Q_8). Reads. Ff.
93 *hereby*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *thereby* The rest.
94 *of*] Qq. *from* $F_1F_3F_4$. *ftom* F_2.
95 *Here.....asleep*] Qq. *There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes* Ff.
96 *I 'll...him*] Ff. *Ile to his Maiesty, and certifie his Grace* Qq.
97 *my charge to you*] Q_1Q_2. *my place to you* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *to you my charge* Ff.
98 First Murd.] Exe. Qq. 1. Ff.
Do so, it is] Qq. *You may Sir, 'tis* Ff.
98, 99 *fare you well*] Ff (*Far* F_1) in a separate line. Omitted in Qq.
99 [Exit...] Exit. Ff (after line 97). Collier MS. adds '(wth Keeper)'. om. Qq.
100 Sec. Murd.] 2. QqFf (and throughout).
we] *I* Q_1Q_2.
sleeps ?] *sleepes.* F_1F_2.
101 *then he will*] Qq. *hee 'l* F_1F_2. *he 'll* F_3F_4.
103 *When...fool*] Qq. *Why* Ff.
104 *till the*] Qq. *vntill the great* Ff.
105 *he will*] Qq. *hee 'l* F_1. *he 'l* F_2. *he 'll* F_3F_4.
109 *thou*] om. Q_7Q_8.
afraid?] *afraid.* Q_1.

Digitized by Google

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. Let it go; there 's few or none will entertain it.

110 See note (VI).
for it] Qq. om. Ff.
111 *which*] Qq. *the which* Ff.
112 *us*] Qq. *me* Ff.
113, 114 *I thought...live.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
115 *Back...tell*] Qq. *Ile backe...and tell* Ff.
117 *I pray thee...while*] Qq. *Nay, I prythee...little* F_1F_2. *Nay, prethee ...little* F_3. *Nay, prithee...little* F_4.
117, 118 *my holy humour*] Qq. *this passionate humor of mine* Ff. *this compassionate humour of mine* Capell. *this holy humour of mine* Malone.
118 *'twas*] Qq. *It was* Ff.
119 *would tell twenty*] *would tel xx.* Q_1 $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *could tell xx.* Q_7Q_8. *tels twenty* Ff.
121 *Faith, some*] Qq. *Some* Ff.
123 *our*] *the* F_3F_4.
deed is] Qq. *deed's* Ff.
125 *'Zounds*] Qq. *Come* Ff.
126 *Where is*] Qq. *Where's* Ff.
now?] *now.* F_1F_2.
127 *In*] Qq. *O, in* Ff.
128 *So when*] Qq. *When* Ff.
130 *Let*] Qq. *'Tis no matter, let* Ff.
it go] *vs go* $Q_2F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

First Murd. How if it come to thee again?

Sec Murd. I 'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke. 144

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear? 150

132 *How*] Qq. *What* Ff.
133—142 *I 'll...without it.*] As prose in Ff. Eleven lines in Qq.
133, 134 *it is...thing:*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
135 *he...he*] Qq. *A man...A man* Ff.
swear] Q_1Q_2Ff. *steale* The rest.
137 *it is*] Qq. *'Tis* Ff.
shamefast] $Q_1Q_3Q_6$. *shamfast* Q_2Q_4 Q_5. *shamefac'd* Ff. *shamfull* Q_7. *shamefull* Q_8.
138 *one*] Qq. *a man* Ff.
139 *purse*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *piece* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *peece* The rest.
that I found] Qq. *that (by chance) I found* Ff.
140 *all*] Qq. om. Ff.
141, 142 *well endeavours*] *well, and endeavours* Q_7Q_8.
142 *trust to*] *trust to To* Q_1.
to live] *liue* FfQ_7Q_8.
143 *'Zounds, it is*] Qq. *'Tis* Ff.
145 *Take the devil in*] *Shake off this devil in* Heath conj. *Shake the devil out of* Capell.
145, 146 *him...he*] *it...it* Warburton.
146 *but to make*] Ff. *to make* Qq.
147 *Tut,*] Qq. om. Ff.
strong-framed] *strong-fram'd* Ff. *strong in fraud* Qq. *strong in frame* Anon. conj.
148 *I warrant thee*] Qq. om. Ff.
149 *Spoke*] *Soode* Q_4. *Stood* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
fellow] Qq. *man* Ff.
his] Qq. *thy* Ff.
150 *we to this gear?*] Qq (*geere.* Q_1). *we fall to worke?* Ff. *we fall to work?* Rowe (ed. 1).

Digitized by Google

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let 's reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak! Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

151 *over*] Qq. *on* Ff.
hilts] *hilt* Q_7Q_8.
152 *thy*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *my* The rest.
we will chop him in] Qq. *throw him into* Ff.
152,153 *malmsey-butt*] *Malmsey, but* Q_7Q_8.
154 *make*] Qq. *and make* Ff.
sop] Q_1Q_2Ff. *scoope* Q_3. *soppe* The rest.
[Cla. stirs. Capell.
155, 156 *Hark!.....him.*] Qq. 1. *Soft, he wakes.* 2. *Strike.* 1. *No, wee'l reason with him.* Ff. 1 Vil. *Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?* 2 Vil. *No, we 'll reason with him.* Pope.
155 *strike?*] *strike.* Q_1.
157 *keeper?*] Ff. *keeper,* Qq.
158 Sec. Murd.] 2 Ff. 1 Qq.
159 *thou?*] *thou.* Q_1.
160, 164 Sec. Murd.] 2 Qq. 1 Ff.
162 Sec. Murd.] 2 $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. 1 Q_5Q_6 FfQ_7Q_8.
166 *Your...pale?*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
167 *Who...come?*] Ff. *Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?* Qq (*came* Q_7Q_8).
168 Both. *To, to, to—*] Am. (=Ambo) *To, to, to.* Qq. 2 *To, to, to—* Ff. 2 M. *To, to, to, to,—* Capell conj. (Errata).
169 *murder*] Johnson. *murther* QqFf. *me?*] *me.* Q_1Q_2.
170 Both. *Ay, ay.*] Both. *I, I.* Ff. Am. *I.* Qq.

Digitized by Google

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.
Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.
Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded

171 *scarcely*] *scarce* Q_7Q_8.
hearts] *heart* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
172 *hearts*] *heart* Q_7Q_8.
177 *call'd...from out*] Qq. *drawne... among* Ff. *cull'd...from out* Johnson conj.
178 *What is*] *What's* F_3F_4.
offence?] *offence.* Q_1.
179 *are...that do*] Q_1Q_2. *are...to* Q_3Q_4 $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *is...that doth* Ff.
180 *have*] *hath* Q_7Q_8.
182 *Clarence'*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Clarence* $QqF_1F_2F_3$. *Clarence's* F_4.
182, 183 *death?...law,*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *death, ...law?* QqF_1.
184 *threaten*] *thteaten* Q_8. *thereaten* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
185, 186 *to have...sins,*] Qq. *for any goodnesse* Ff (omitting line 186). *to have redemption* Pope (omitting line 186).
187 *hands on*] *hand one* Q_7.
190 *is*] *us is* Q_7Q_8.
the] Qq. *our* Ff.
191 *vassal*] *vassaile* Qq. *Vassals* Ff.
192 *the tables*] Q_1Q_2. *his Tables* Q_3Q_4 Q_5Q_6. *the Table* Ff. *his table* Q_7Q_8.
his law] *this law* Rowe (ed. 1).

Digitized by Google

That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.
First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,
He sends ye not to murder me for this;
For in this sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revenged for this deed,

193 *shalt*] *shall* F_3.
murder] Q_1Q_2. *murther* The rest.
and wilt thou] Qq. *Will you* Ff. *wilt thou* Capell.
194 *edict*] *Edicts* F_4.
195 *hands*] Qq. *hand* Ff.
197 *hurl*] Ff. *throw* Qq.
198 *murder*] $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *muder* Q_3. *murther* The rest.
199, 200 *Thou...fight*] As in Qq. One line in Ff.
200 *in*] *the* Q_7Q_8.
203 *Unrip'dst*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Vnripst* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *Vnrip'st* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Vnript* Q_7Q_8. *Unripp'st* F_4.
204 *wert*] Qq. *was't* Ff.
206 *broke*] *brooke* Q_7.
so dear] Qq. *such deere* F_1F_3. *such high* F_3F_4.
209—211 *Why...as I.*] As two lines, the first ending *me*, Vaughan conj.
209, 210 *Why, sirs,...this;*] Edd. One line in Qq.
209 *Why, sirs,*] Qq. om. Ff.
210 *ye*] *you* Ff Q_7Q_8.
murder] Qq. *murther* Ff.
211 *this*] Qq. *that* Ff.
212 *revenged...this*]Qq. *auenged...the*Ff.

Digitized by Google

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.
First Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both. Ay, so we will.

213 *O...publicly:*] Ff. Omitted in Qq. *you yet,*] *you, that* Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.).
215 *nor lawless*] Q_1. *or lawlesse* Ff. *nor lawfull* The rest.
218 *gallant-springing*] Pope. *gallant springing* Q_1Ff. *gallant spring,* The rest. *gallant springall* Capell conj. *gallant-spirited* Anon. conj.
219 *That*] *The* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
struck] F_3F_4. *strucke* F_1F_2. *stroke* Q_1. *strooke* The rest.
221 *our duty, and thy fault*] Pope. *our Duty, and thy Faults* Ff. *the diuell and thy fault* Qq.
222 *Provoke*] Ff. *Haue brought* Qq.
slaughter] Ff. *murder* Q_1Q_2. *murther* The rest.
223 *Oh, if you love my brother*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *Oh, if you loue brother* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *If you do loue my Brother* Ff.
225 *be*] Qq. *are* Ff.
hired for meed, go] *hired, for meed go* Becket conj.
meed] Q_1Ff. *neede* $Q_2Q_7Q_8$. *need* The rest.
227 *shall*] Ff. *will* Qq.
229 *You are...you.*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
231 Both. *Ay,*] Am. *I,* Qq. 1 *I* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.
First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,

234 *And...other,*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
236 *think of this*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *thinke on this* $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
237 First Murd. *Ay,*] 1 *I* Ff. Am. *I,* Qq.
lesson'd] *lessond* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *lessoned* The rest.
239 *Right,*] om. Pope.
239, 240 *Right...thyself:*] Edd. One line in Qq. Two, the first ending *haruest:*, in Ff.
Right, As snow] *Right snow* Vaughan conj., reading *Right...thyself* as one line.
240 *Thou deceivest thyself*] Qq. *Come, you deceive yourself* Ff. *You deceive yourself* Pope.
241 *sent...thee*] Q_1. *sent...murder thee* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_7Q_8$. *sends us to destroy you heere* Ff.
hither] om. Anon. conj.
242, 243 *for...He*] Qq. *for he bewept my Fortune, And* Ff.
243, 244 *He...delivery.*] *He swore he'd labour my delivery.* Daniel conj.
243 *hugg'd*] *hudg* Q_5.
245, 247 Sec. Murd. *Why,*.....First Murd. *Make*] 2 *Why*...1 *Make* Qq. 1 *Why*...2 *Make* Ff.
245 *now...thee*] Qq. *when...you* Ff.
246 *world's*] Qq. *earths* Ff.
247 *Make*] *Makes* Q_1.
248—251 *Hast thou ... thy soul ... art thou...thy own soul...thou wilt*] Qq. *Have you...your soules...are you... your own soules...you will* Ff. *Have you...your soul...are you...your own souls...you will* Pope.

Digitized by Google

To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.
Sec. Murd. What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
First Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*

251 *by*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *for* The rest.
murdering] *murdring* $Q_1Q_7Q_8$. *murd'ring* Ff. *murthering* Q_6.
252 *Ah*] Qq. *O* Ff.
he] Qq. *they* Ff.
253 *the deed*] Ff. *this deed* Qq.
255 *Relent! 'tis*] *Relent, tis* Qq. *Relent? no: 'Tis* Ff. *Relent! no, no, 'tis* Keightley.
256 *savage,*] Q_1Ff. *savage, and* The rest.
257—265 *Which of you...pities not?*] See note (VII).
260 *life?*] *life as I do now* Vaughan conj., placing lines 261—264 *My... distress* after line 256.
261 *friend*] *friends* Q_7Q_8.
thy] *your* Q_6Q_8. *yous* Q_7.
262 *thine*] Ff. *thy* Qq.
eye] *eyes* Q_8.
265 *beggar*] *hearer* Bailey conj.
266 Sec. Murd. *Look...my lord.*] Omitted in Qq. 1 *Look...my lord.* Collier MS.
267 First Murd.] 1 $QqF_1F_3F_4$. om. F_2. *Take...do*] Ff. *I thus, and thus: if this wil not serue* Qq. *Ay, thus, and thus;* [stabbing him.] *and, if this will not serve* Capell.
[Stabs him.] Ff. He stabs him. Qq.

Digitized by Google

I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

First Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay. [*Exit.*

268 *drown you...within.*] Ff. *chop thee... in the next roome.* Qq.
[Exit...] Malone. Exit. Ff. om. Qq, and Capell.
269 *dispatch'd*] Ff. *performd* Qq.
270 *like Pilate, would I*] *would I like Pilate* Q_7Q_8.
hands] FfQ_8. *hand* The rest.
271 *grievous guilty*] *grievous-guilty* Vaughan conj.
guilty murder done] Qq. *murther* Ff.
272 Re-enter.....] Re-enter first Villain. Pope. Enter 1. Murtherer. Ff. om. Qq, and Capell.
272, 273 *How...art!*] As verse in Qq. As prose in Ff.
272 *How now! what...not?*] Ff. *Why doest thou not helpe me?* Qq (*me* Q_1). *Why dost not thou help me?* Staunton.
273 *heavens*] *heauen* Q_6FfQ_7Q_8.
thou art] Qq. *you haue beene* Ff. *you've been* Rowe (ed. 2).
278 *Now must I hide his*] Qq. *Well, Ile go hide the* Ff.
279 *Until the duke take*] Qq. *Till that the Duke giue* Ff.
280 *must away*] Qq. *will away* Ff.
281 *here*] Qq. *then* Ff.
[Exit.] Ff. Exeunt. Qq. Exit, with the Body. Capell.

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *sick*, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;

London. The palace.] The same. A Room in the Palace. Capell. The court. Pope.
Flourish.] Ff. om. Qq and Theobald.
Enter King Edward...] Substantially as Capell. Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse Dorset, Riuers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, Wooduill. Ff. Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Ryuers, Dorcet, &c. Q_1Q_2. Enter...Riuers, &c. The rest.
1 *Why, so: now have I*] *Why so: now haue I* Ff. *So, now I haue* Qq.
2 *this*] *the* Q_7Q_8.
4 *redeem*] *recall* Pope. *release* Kinnear conj.
5 *now in peace*] Qq. *more to peace* Ff. *more at peace* Capell. *more in peace* Steevens (1793).
part to] *part from* Q_1 (Dev. and Huth) Q_2. *part for* quoted in Steevens's reprint, and adopted by Grant White.
6 *set*] Qq. *made* Ff.
friends] *friend* Q_6.
7 *Rivers and Hastings*] Qq (*Hasting* Q_7). *Dorset and Riuers* Ff. *Hastings and Rivers* Rowe.
9 *soul*] Ff. *heart* Qq.
10 *heart's love*] *Hearts-love* F_4.
11 *truly*] Q_1Q_2Ff. om. The rest.

Digitized by Google

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.
Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

18 *are*] *is* FfQ$_7$Q$_8$.
in] Qq. *from* Ff.
19 *your*] Qq. *you* Ff.
23 *Here*] Qq. *There* Ff.
25 K. Edw. *Dorset.....marquess.*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two in Ff. Omitted in Qq.
26 *This*] Q$_1$Ff. *Thus* The rest.
27 *unviolable*] Qq. *inuiolable* Ff.
28 *swear I*] *I sweare* Q$_7$. *I swere* Q$_8$.
my lord] Qq. om. Ff.
[They embrace.] Capell. om. QqFf.
29 *thou*] *up* Q$_7$Q$_8$.
30 *embracements*] *embracement* Q$_6$Q$_7$Q$_8$.
wife's] Rowe. *wiues* QqFf.
31 *your*] *his* Q$_7$. *this* Q$_8$.
32 [To the Queen] Rowe. om. QqFf.
33 *On you or yours, but with all*] Qq. *Vpon your Grace, but with all* Ff. *Upon your grace, and not with* Pope.

Digitized by Google

With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [*They embrace.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,

39 *unto*] *to* Pope.
God] Qq. *heauen* Ff.
40 *zeal*] Qq. *loue* Ff.
[They embrace.] Embrace. Ff. om. Qq.
44 *perfect*] Qq. *blessed* Ff.
45 *And...duke.*] Qq. *And in good time, Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.* Ff.
46 Enter Gloucester.] Qq. Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster. Ff.
49 *Brother*] Qq. *Gloster* Ff.
51 *wrong-incensed*] Rowe (ed. 2). *wrong insenced* Q_1Q_2. *wrong incensed* Q_7 Q_8. *wrong incensed* The rest.
52 *my*] Q_1Q_2Ff. om. The rest.
liege] Qq. *Lord* Ff.
53 *Amongst*] Qq. *Among* Ff.
55—57 *Hold...borne*] Two lines, the first ending *or in*, in Keightley.
55, 56 *Hold...rage,*] As in Malone (Capell conj.). One line in QqFf.
56 *unwittingly*] Qq. *unwillingly* Ff.
or in my rage,] Omitted by Pope.

Digitized by Google

Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

57 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *thought* Q_7Q_8. *ought* The rest.
58 *By*] Qq. *To* Ff.
59 *his*] *this* Q_2.
62 *First*] *Fird* F_2.
true] Q_1Q_2Ff. om. The rest.
63 *will*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
66 *Of you, Lord.....of you*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Of you my Lord...of you* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Of you and you, Lord Riuers and of Dorset* Ff. *Of you, Lord Rivers and, Dorset, of you* Grant White conj. *Of you* [to Grey], *and you, Lord Rivers &c.* Spedding conj., reading with Ff.
67, 68 *That...me; Dukes...all.*] *Dukes ...all That...me.* Wright conj.
67 Here the Folios, after *frown'd on me*, insert *Of you Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scales of you.*
72 [Aside. Collier MS.
73 *holy day*] *holy-day* Rowe.
74 *strifes*] *strife* Q_7Q_8.
75 *liege*] Qq. *Lord* Ff.
your] *you* Q_8.
majesty] Qq. *Highnesse* Ff.
77 *offer'd*] F_4. *offered* Q_7Q_8. *off'red* F_3. *offred* The rest.
78 *so flouted*] Ff. *thus scorned* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *thus scornde* Q_5Q_6. *thus scornd* Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Who knows not that the noble duke is dead? [*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.
Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter DERBY.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

79 *noble*] Qq. *gentle* Ff.
dead?] *dead,* Q_1Q_2.
[They all start.] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
80 *corse*] Q_1Q_2. *course* Q_3. *coarse* The rest.
81 Riv.] Qq. King. Ff.
Who...he is?] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
84 *no one*] *no man* Ff. *noone* Q_7. *none* Q_8.
this presence] Qq. *the presence* Ff.
86 *dead?*] *dead,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
87 *soul*] Qq. *man* Ff.
your] *our* Q_7Q_8.
88 *winged*] *wingled* Q_1.
89 *bore*] Qq. *bare* Ff. *had* Pope.
90 *came*] QqF_1. *come* $F_2F_3F_4$.
92 *but*] Qq. *and* Ff.
93 *not*] QqF_1F_2. *no* F_3F_4.
95 Enter Derby.] Enter Darby (or Darbie). Qq. Enter Earle of Derby. Ff. Enter Stanley. Theobald. See note (III).
[Kneels. Furnivall conj.
96 *pray thee*] Qq. *prethee* $F_1F_2F_3$. *prithee* F_4.
97 *grant.*] Q_1. *graunt.* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *graunt,* Q_6Q_7. *grant,* Q_8. *heare me.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.
Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

98 *speak*] Qq. *say* Ff.
is it] *it is* Q_6.
demand'st.]*requests.* F_1F_2. *request'st.* F_3F_4. *demaundst.* Q_1Q_2. *demaundst?* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *demaundest?* Q_6. *demandest?* Q_7Q_8.
99 Der.] om. Q_3.
101 *attendant on*] *attending one* Q_7. *attending on* Q_8.
103 *that tongue*] Ff. *the same* Qq.
104 *slew*] Qq. *kill'd* Ff.
thought] *nought* Q_8.
105 *cruel*] Qq. *bitter* Ff.
106 *rage*] Qq. *wrath* Ff.
107 *at*] *and* F_1.
bade] Q_2. *bid* Ff. *bad* The rest.
108 *Who spake*] Qq. *Who spoke* Ff. *Who spake to me* Anon. conj., reading the rest of the line as Qq.
who spake of love] *who spoke of loue* F_1. *who of loue* Qq. *who spoke in love* $F_2F_3F_4$.
110 *me?*] *me:* $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$.
111 *by*] *at* FfQ_7Q_8.
114 *in*] *ie* Q_2.
115 *did lap*] Ff. *lappe* Q_7. *lapt* Q_8. *did lappe* The rest.
116 *his own garments*] *his owne armes* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *his Garments* Ff.
gave] Qq. *did giue* Ff.
117 *and naked*] *and and naked* Q_2.
numb cold] *numbcold* Q_1Q_2.

Digitized by Google

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor Clarence!
[*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,

119 *pluck'd*] *puckt* Q_1.
123 *dear*] *dearest* Q_6.
125 [Derby rises. Furnivall conj.
126 *man*] *mast* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
127 *speak unto*] *spake unto* Rowe.
128 *of*] *one* Q_7Q_8.
129 *beholding*] *beholden* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
130 *plead*] Qq. *begge* Ff.
132 *yours*] *your* Q_6.
133 *Come...Clarence!*] One line in Qq. Two, the first ending *closet*, in Ff. Pope ends the first line at *Ah*.
Come, Hastings, help] *Come,* [to Hast.] *help* Capell.
help] *prithee help* Collier MS.
Oh] Qq. *Ah* Ff.
[Exeunt...] Ff. Exit. Qq.
134 *This is the fruit*] Qq. *This is the fruits* Ff. *These are the fruits* Pope.
rashness] *rawnes* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *rawnesse* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
Mark'd] *marke* Q_7Q_8. *Markt* F_4. *markt* The rest.
135 *guilty*] QqF_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
136 *Clarence'*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Clarence* $QqF_1F_2F_3$. *Clarence's* F_4.
death?] $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *death.* The rest.
138 *But come, let us in,*] *But come lets in* Qq. *Come Lords will you go,* Ff.

Digitized by Google

To comfort Edward with our company.
Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with the two children of* CLARENCE.

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?
Duch. No, boy.
Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son'?
Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much.
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him; not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.
Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:

139 *company.*] QqF$_1$. *company!* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
140 Buck. *We...grace.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
The palace.] The same. Capell.
Enter...] Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke... Ff. Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children. Qq.
1 Boy.] Qq. Edw. Ff. Son. Rowe.
Tell me, good grandam] *Tell me good Granam* Qq. *Good grandam, tell vs* Ff.
3 Boy.] Qq. Daugh. Ff.
you] om. F$_1$.
wring your hands, and] Qq. *weepe so oft? And* Ff. *weep so? and oft* Collier MS.
5 Girl.] Gerl. Q$_1$Q$_2$. Boy. Ff. Girle. The rest. Son. Rowe.
6 *wretches, orphans*] *Orphans, Wretches* Ff. *wretched, orphanes* Q$_7$Q$_8$.
7 *be*] Qq. *were* Ff.
8 *much*] Qq. *both* Ff.
10 *lose*] Ff. *loose* Qq.
not your father's death] *now your fathers dead* Q$_6$Q$_7$Q$_8$.
11 *sorrow to wail*] Ff. *labour to weepe for* Qq (*labour, to* Q$_1$Q$_2$).
12 *grandam, you conclude that*] *Granam you conclude that* Qq. *you conclude, (my Grandam)* Ff.
13 *my*] Qq. *mine* Ff.
to blame] *too blame* QqF$_1$.
this] Qq. *it* Ff.

Digitized by Google

God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.
Girl. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.
Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

15 *daily*] Qq. *earnest* Ff. *daily earnest* Pope.
all to that effect] Omitted by Pope.
16 Girl. *And...I.*] Daugh. *And...I.* Ff. Omitted in Qq.
20, 31 *Grandam*] Ff. *Granam* Qq.
21 *provoked*] Qq. *prouok'd to it* Ff. *provok'd to't* Pope.
23 *my uncle*] Ff. *he* Qq.
24 *And...arm,*] *And hugd me in his arme,* Qq (*armes,* Q_7Q_8). *And pittied me* Ff.
kindly] om. Edd. conj.
cheek] *cheekes* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
25 *Bade*] *Bad* Ff. *And bad* Qq.
on my] *in my* Qq.
26 *his*] Qq. *a* Ff.
27 *Oh*] Qq. *Ah!* Ff.
shapes] Qq. *shape* Ff.
28 *vizard*] *Vizor* Ff. *visard* Q_1Q_2.
foul guile] Qq. *deepe vice* Ff.
29 *yea*] *I* Ff. om. Q_4. *ay* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with her hair about her ears;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *after her.*

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.

34 Enter Queen Elizabeth.....] Enter Queene... Ff. Enter the Queene. Qq (Quee. Q_1; Queen. Q_2).
Oh] $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *Ah* Ff. *Wh* Q_3. om. The rest. *Who* Staunton.
34, 35 *weep,...myself?*] *weepe?...my selfe?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *weepe?...my Selfe.* Ff.
36 *soul*] *selfe* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
37 *enemy.*] *enemy—* Rowe.
38 *impatience?*] *impatience.* Q_1.
40 *your*] Qq. *thy* Ff.
41 *now...wither'd?*] Qq (*witherd?* Q_1 Q_2; *withred?* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$; *witherd.* Q_7 Q_8). *when the Roote is gone?* Ff.
42 *the sap being gone*] *that want their sap* Ff.
46 *perpetual rest*] Qq. *nere-changing night* Ff. *nere-changing light* Collier MS. *perpetual light* Keightley conj.
47 *Ah*] QqFf. *Ay* Pope.
I] om. F_1.
48 *in*] QqF_1F_2. *to* F_3F_4.
thy] *my* Q_7Q_8.
50 *by*] Qq. *with* Ff.
images] *image* Q_8.
54 *Which*] Qq. *That* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death,
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

56 *thee*] Qq. om. Ff.
57 *husband*] Ff. *children* Qq.
58 *limbs*] *limmes* Qq. *hands* Ff.
59 *Edward and Clarence*] Qq. *Clarence, and Edward* Ff.
59, 60 *have I, Thine*] *have I then, Thine* Vaughan conj.
60 *Thine*] Ff. *Then*, Qq. *Thou* Anon. MS. (in Capell's copy of Q_3).
a moiety] *a moity* Ff. *moity* Q_1Q_2 Q_8. *moitie* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *motitie* Q_6. *motity* Q_7.
grief] *selfe* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *moane* Ff.
61 *plaints*] Qq (*plants* Q_2). *woes* Ff.
thy cries] *the cries* Q_5Q_6. *my cries* F_2.
62 *Good*] Qq. *Ah* Ff.
wept] *weept* Q_6Q_7.
our] *my* Q_7Q_8. *your* F_2F_3.
63 *kindred*] Ff. *kindreds* Qq.
tears f] *teares.* Q_1.
64 Girl.] Q_8. Daugh. Ff. Gerl. The rest.
65 *widow-dolour*] Ff. *widowes dolours* Qq (*widdowes* Q_1). *widow dolours* Pope.
67 *complaints*] Ff. *laments* Qq.
68—70 *All...world f*] Put in the margin by Pope.
69 *moon*] F_3F_4. *Moone* $F_1F_2Q_7Q_8$. *moane* The rest.
71 *Oh*] Qq. *Ah* Ff.
for my husband] *my husband* Q_7Q_8.
dear] F_3F_4. *deere* F_1F_2. *eire* Q_1. *eyre* Q_2. *heire* The rest.
72, 75, 78 Chil.] Ff. Ambo. or Am. Qq.
72 *Oh*] Qq. *Ah* Ff.
73 *Clarence*] *my Clarence* Long MS.

Digitized by Google

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he 's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he 's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas, you three, on me threefold distress'd
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

74 *Edward?*] Rowe. *Edward,* QqFf.
gone.] Rowe. *gone?* QqFf.
74, 75 *he 's*] Ff. *is he* Q_6Q_7. *he is* The rest.
75 *Clarence?*] Ff. *Clarence,* Qq.
75, 76 *gone.*] Ff. *gone?* Qq.
76 *stays*] *stay* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
they?] Ff. *they,* Qq.
77 *Was never*] *Was euer* $Q_4Q_7Q_8$.
78 *Were never*] Ff. *Was neuer* Q_1. *Was euer* The rest.
so dear a] FfQ_7Q_8. *a dearer* The rest.
loss.] *losse.* Q_1Ff. *losse?* The rest.
79 *never*] Q_1Ff. *euer* The rest.
so dear a] Ff. *a dearer* Qq.
loss.] *losse:* Q_1. *losse.* Ff. *losse?* The rest.
80 *moans*] Qq. *Greefes* F_1F_3. *Griefs* F_3F_4.
81 *are*] Qq. *is* Ff.
82 *an*] Ff. om. Qq.
83 *weep*] *weepes* F_1.
84, 85 *and so...weep,*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
85 *I...they:*] omitted by Pope.
weep] om. Q_4.
so do not] Q_1Ff. *and so do* The rest.
87 *Pour*] *Proue* Q_2.
all your] *all yours* F_2.
88 *lamentations*] Qq. *Lamentation* Ff.
89—100 Dor. *Comfort.....throne.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
90 *you take with unthankfulness*] *with unthankfulness you take* Pope.
92 *repay*] *pay* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, *and* RATCLIFF.

Glou. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,

101 SCENE III. Pope.
Enter Gloucester...] Enter Richard... Ff. Enter Glocest. (or Glosster, or Glocester) with others. Qq.
Madam] Qq. *Sister* Ff.
103 *cure their*] Qq. *helpe our* Ff.
105 *your grace*] *you* Pope.
on] *on on* Q_6.
knee] *knees* Q_8.
107 *mind*] Qq. *breast* Ff.
109 *and make me die*] *make me die* Q_6. *make me to die* Q_7Q_8.
[Aside.] Hanmer.
110 *That is*] Ff. *Thats* Qq.
of a] Q_1Ff. *of my* The rest.
111 *why*] Qq. *that* Ff.
out.] Q_1Ff. *out?* The rest.
112 *cloudy princes*] Hyphened in Ff (*Princess* F_4).
heart-sorrowing peers] Hyphened in Ff.
heart-sorrowing] Hyphened in Q_1Q_2.
113 *mutual heavy*] Qq. *heauie mutuall* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:

114 *other*] *others* Q_7.
115 *of*] Q_1Ff. *for* The rest.
116 *son*] *soons* Q_6.
117 *rancour*] *concord* Bailey conj.
hearts] Qq. *hates* Ff.
118 *lately*] *lastly* Q_7Q_8.
splinter'd] F_1. *splinterd* Q_1. *splintred* F_2F_3. *splintr'd* F_4. *splinted* The rest.
119 *gently*] Q_1Ff. *greatly* The rest.
121 *fetch'd*] *fetcht* Qq. *fet* Ff.
123—140 Riv. *Why...say I.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
123 *Why...Buckingham?*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
127 *estate is*] *state's* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
green and] om. Pope.
127—129 *ungovern'd:.....himself,*] *ungovern'd,...himself.* Vaughan conj.
129 *please*] *it please* Keightley.
132 Glou.] Rich. Ff. Riv. Long MS.
134 Riv.] Ff. Stan. Hanmer. Rich. Long MS.
134—140 Riv. *And.....prince.* Hast. *And...I.*] Hast. *And...prince.* Sta. *And...I.* Capell.

Digitized by Google

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?
Q. Eliz. } With all our hearts.
Duch. }

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay behind;
For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.
Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

139 *so few*] *but few* Hanmer.
142 *Ludlow*] Qq. *London* Ff.
143 *mother*] Qq. *Sister* Ff.
144 *censures*] *sensures* Q_7Q_8.
weighty] Qq. om. Ff.
business?] Rowe. *busines*, Q_1. *businesse*. The rest.
145 Q. Eliz. Duch. *With...hearts.*] Ans. *With.....hearts.* Qq. Omitted in Ff.
[Exeunt.....] Exeunt. man. Glo. Buck. Qq (substantially). Exeunt. Manent Buckingham, and Richard. Ff (Manet F_1).
147 *stay behind*] Q_1. *stay at home* Ff. *be behinde* The rest.
149 *late*] $Q_1F_1F_2F_3$. *lately* The rest.
150 *king*] Qq. *Prince* Ff.
152 *prophet!—My*] Theobald (Warburton). *Prophet, my* QqFf.
153 *like*] Qq. *as* Ff.
154 *Towards*] Qq. *Toward* Ff.
Ludlow] Qq. *London* Ff.
we'll] Ff. *we will* Qq.

Digitized by Google

SCENE III. *London. A street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

First Cit. Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?
Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.
Sec. Cit. Bad news, by 'r lady, seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?
Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
Third Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!

SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope. In Collier MS. the whole scene is erased.
London. A street.] A street near the court. Theobald.
Enter...] Capell. Enter two Citizens. Qq. Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other. Ff.
1 *Neighbour, well met*] Qq. *Good morrow, Neighbour* Ff.
whither] *whether* F_1Q_8.
2 *scarcely*] QqF_1. *hardly* $F_2F_3F_4$.
3 *Hear*] Ff. 1 *Heare* Qq.
First Cit.] 1 Ff. 2 Qq.
Ay] *I* Qq. *Yes* Ff.
that] QqF_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
4 Sec. Cit.] 2 Ff. 1 Qq.
Bad] Qq. *Ill* Ff.
the better] *better* Q_7Q_8. *a better* Pope.
5 *troublous*] Q_1. *giddy* Ff. *troublesome* The rest.
6 *Neighbours, God speed!*] Ff. *Good morrow neighbours.* Qq.
First Cit. *Give...sir.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
7 *this*] Qq. *the* Ff.
8 Sec. Cit. *Ay, sir...while!*] 2. *I sir,... while.* Ff. 1 *It doth.* Qq.
9 *troublous*] *troublesome* Q_8.
10 *good*] Q_1Ff. The rest omit.

Digitized by Google

Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.
Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:

12 *a hope*] *hope* Q_7Q_8.
government] See note (VIII).
13 *That*] Qq. *Which* Ff. *With* Collier MS. *Whilst* Hutchesson conj. (Gent. Mag. 1790). *Set* or *First* Taylor conj. MS.
council under him] *counsel under them* (i.e. the regency) Seymour conj.
14 *full and*] *full* Q_7Q_8.
ripen'd] Pope. *ripened* QqFf.
14, 15 *himself, No doubt,*] *himself No doubt,* Vaughan conj.
16 *state*] *case* Q_7Q_8.
Henry] Ff. *Henrie* Q_8. *Harry* The rest.
the Sixth] *nam'd the Sixth* Seymour conj.
17 *in Paris*] Ff. *at Paris* Qq.
nine] *ix.* Q_1. *xi.* Q_2.
18 *No,...wot*] Ff. *no good my friend not so* Qq.
19 *this*] *our* Q_8.
20 *With*] *Which* F_4.
22, 31 First Cit.] 1 Ff. 2 Qq.
22 *Why, so*] Ff. *So* Qq.
22, 23, 24 *the father*] Qq. *his Father* Ff.
25 *emulation now, who shall*] Qq. *emulation, who shall now* Ff.
nearest] *earnest* Q_7Q_8.
26 *Will*] Q_1Ff. *Which* The rest.
28 *sons...haught*] Ff. *kindred hauty* Qq. *kindred hautie are* Capell conj.
haught and proud] *haughty, proud* Pope.

Digitized by Google

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.
Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear.
Third Cit. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
Third Cit. And so was I: I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

29 *to rule*] *rule* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
30 *land*] Qq. *Land*, Ff.
31 First Cit.] 1. Ff. 2 Qq.
shall] Qq. *will* Ff.
32 *appear*] Qq. *are seen* Ff.
33 *the*] Qq. *then* Ff.
35 *make*] *makes* F_1Q_8.
men] *them* Q_7Q_8.
dearth] *darth* Q_1.
36 *may*] *men* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
38 Sec. Cit.] 2. Ff. 1 Qq.
soule] Qq. *hearts* Ff.
dread] *bread* Q_1Q_2. *feare* Ff.
39 *Ye*] *Yea* Q_7Q_8. *You* Ff.
reason almost] Ff. *almost reason* Qq (*almast* Q_6).
40 *heavily*] *heauy* Q_7Q_8.
fear] Qq. *dread* Ff.
41 *times*] *dayes* Ff. *time* Q_7Q_8.
is it] *it is* Q_8.
41, 42 *so:...instinct*] Qq. *so,...instinct*, $F_1F_2F_3$. *so By...instinct*, F_4.
43 *Ensuing dangers*] Qq. *Pursuing danger* Ff. *Ensuing danger* Pope. In $F_1F_2F_3$ the catchword is *Ensuing*.
44 *waters*] Qq. *Water* Ff.
boisterous] *boystous* Q_6.
45 *Whither*] *Whether* Q_7Q_8.
46 *Marry*] Ff. om. Qq.
were] Ff. *are* Qq.
justices] Ff. *Iustice* Qq. *justice's* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

SCENE IV.] SCENE V. Pope.
London. The palace.] The same. A Room in the Palace. Capell. The Court. Theobald.
Enter...] Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. (or Qu.) young (or yong) Yorke. Qq. Enter Archbishop, yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutchesse. Ff.
1 *hear*] $Q_1Q_2Q_7Q_8$. *heard* The rest.
Northampton] Qq. *Stony Stratford* Ff. See note (IX).
3 *they will*] *will they* Q_7Q_8.
5 *last I*] *I last* Q_8.
6 *no*] *not* Pope.
7 *Hath*] Qq. *Ha's* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Has* F_4.
almost] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
his] om. Q_7Q_8.
9 *young*] Q_8. *good* Ff. *yong* The rest.
cousin,] *cousin ?* Capell.
10 *Grandam*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *Granam* The rest.
12 *uncle*] *Nnckle* Q_1.
Gloucester] *Glocester* Q_1Q_4. *Clo.* Q_3 Q_5. *Glo.* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Glouster* F_1F_2. *Gloster* F_3F_4.
13 *herbs*] *earbs* Q_7.
do] Ff. om. Qq.

Digitized by Google

In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.
Duch. I hope so too; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

20 *if this rule were true*] Edd. *if this were a true rule* Q_1Q_2. *if this were a rule* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *if his rule were true* Ff.
21 Arch.] Arc. Capell. Car. Qq. Yor. Ff.
Why, madam,...is.] Qq. *And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.* Ff. S. Walker suspects a corruption in *gracious*.
22 *so too*] Qq. *he is* Ff.
25 *To touch...mine.*] *That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did mine.* Qq. *That should have near touch'd his growth than he mine.* Vaughan conj.
26 *How...it.*] As one line in Qq. As two in Ff.
pretty] Qq. *yong* Ff.
York?] *Yorke,* Ff.
pray thee] Qq. *prythee* Ff.
27 *they*] *thy* Q_4.
my] Q_1Ff. *that my* The rest.
fast] *faw* Q_8.
28 *old*] *hold* Q_3Q_6.
30, 32 *Grandam*] Ff. *Granam* Qq.
30 *biting*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *byting* F_1F_2. *pretie* Q_2. *prettie* $Q_3Q_4Q_6$. *prittie* Q_5. *pritty* Q_7Q_8.
31 *pray thee*] Qq. *prythee* F_1F_2. *prethee* F_3. *prithee* F_4.
this?] Ff. *so.* Q_1. *so?* The rest.
33 *His nurse*] Q_1Ff. om. The rest.
wert] Qq. *wast* Ff.
35 *parlous*] Ff. *perilous* Qq (*perillous* Q_6).
go to] Q_1Q_2. *go too* The rest.
you are] *thou art* Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news then? 41
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence? 45
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed

36 Arch.] Arc. Capell. Car. Qq. Dut. Ff.
the] *a* F_3F_4. *the poor* Taylor conj. MS., reading 32—41 as eight lines of verse, ending *dead...cannot...Go to...angry...comes...lord...prince... news?*
37—41 *Pitchers...then?*] Steevens (1793) arranges as four lines, ending *messenger...lord,...prince?...news?*
37 *have*] *hath* Q_7Q_8.
38 Enter a Messenger.] Ff. Enter Dorset. Qq.
Arch. *Here comes...news?*] Ff. *Here comes your sonne, Lo: M. Dorset. What newes Lo: Marques?* Qq (*Lo: Marques...Lo: Marques?* Q_2; *Lord Marques...Lord Marques?* The rest). See note (x).
What news?] *What news with you?* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
39 Mess.] Mes. Ff. Dor. Qq (and throughout the scene).
unfold] Qq. *report* Ff.
40 *fares*] Qq. *doth* Ff.
41 *thy news then?*] Q_1. *thy Newes?* Ff. *the newes then?* The rest.
42, 43 *Lord Rivers...With them...prisoners.*] Qq. *Lord Riuers...and with them,.....Prisoners.* Ff, ending the lines *Grey,...them,...Prisoners. Pomfret...Vaughan, prisoners*] *Pomfret prisoners; and with them..... Vaughan* Capell.
43 *Vaughan*] *Vaugham* Q_6.
44, 45 *The mighty...Buckingham.*] As in Pope. One line in QqFf.
45 *Gloucester*] *Clocester* Q_3.
Q. Eliz.] Queen. Johnson. Car. Qq. Arch. Ff.
47 *for what*] *what* Q_2.
these] Qq. *the* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

48 *lady*] Qq. *Lord* Ff.
49 *Ay*] *Ah* Rowe.
downfall] Qq. *ruine* Ff.
our] Qq. *my* Ff.
50 *The...hind;*] Printed in italic in F_4.
seized] *seaze* Q_7.
51 *jet*] *iet* Qq. *Iutt* F_1F_2. *Jut* F_3. *jut* F_4.
52 *aweless*] Ff. *lawlesse* Qq.
53 *death*] Qq. *Blood* Ff.
58 *And often*] *Too often* Collier MS.
59 *their*] *were* Q_8.
60, 61 *seated, and...broils Clean over-blown, themselves,*] *seated and..... broiles, Cleane ouerblowne themselues,* Q_1.
61 *conquerors,*] *conquerours* Q_1.
62, 63 *blood against blood, Self*] Qq. *Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfe* Ff (ending line 62 at *to Brother*).
63 *Self against self*] *Self 'gainst self* Steevens (1793), reading with Ff.
O,] om. Taylor conj. MS. (reading with Ff).
preposterous] *prepostorous* F_1. *most preposterous* Pope. *prepost'rous* Rowe.
64 *outrage*] *courage* Reed (1803).
thy] *the* Q_8.
65 *death*] Qq. *earth* Ff.
67 *Madam, farewell.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.

Digitized by Google

Duch. I'll go along with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, *the Dukes of* GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, CATESBY, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

I'll go along] Qq. *Stay, I will go* Ff.
68 [To the Queen. Malone.
69 *thither*] *thether* F_1.
bear] *bare* Q_6.
71 *betide*] *betid* Q_6.
to me] QqF_1. *it me* $F_2F_3F_4$.
73 *Come*] Qq. *Go* Ff.
London.] Pope.
A street.] Capell.
Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.] Capell, substantially. Cardinall, &c. Qq. Lord Cardinall, with others. Ff.
1 *Welcome...chamber.*] One line Qq. Two, the first ending *London*, in Ff.
5 *Have*] *Hath* Q_6.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York

8 *Hath*] *Have* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
9 *Nor*] *No* FfQ_8.
16 Prince.] Prince [Aside. Edd. conj.
God...none.] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
from false] *frō such false* Q_4.
17 *mayor*] F_4. *Maior* QqF_1. *Major* F_2F_3.
18 Enter the Lord Mayor...] Capell. Enter Lord Maior. QqF_1 (Maire Q_7). Enter Lord Major. F_2F_3. Enter Lord Mayor. F_4.
19 [they kiss his Hand, and retire. Capell.

Digitized by Google

Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted

28 *Have*] *Hath* Q_8.
29 *have come*] $Q_1Q_2Q_4$Ff. *come* The rest.
31 *an*] *an an* F_2.
peevish] *peenish* Q_3.
33 *to send*] *the send* Q_3. *they send* Q_6. *she send* Anon. conj.
35 *go*] *you goe* F_2. *you go* F_3F_4.
him] *them* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
38 *the*] *to* Q_3.
39 *Anon*] om. Steevens conj.
39, 40 *be obdurate To mild entreaties*] *be Obdurate to entreaties* Pope.
40 *in heaven*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.
42 *blessed*] om. Pope.
43 *deep*] Q_1Q_2. *great* The rest.
44—46 *too... Weigh it but*] *to sense, less obstinate, my lord: Too...traditional Weight, is but* Jackson conj.
44 *senseless-obstinate*] Theobald. *sencelesse obstinate* QqFf. *strict and abstinent* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *needless-obstinate* Staunton conj.
46 *grossness of this*] *greatnesse of this* Q_6. *greatnesse of his* Q_7Q_8. *greenness of his* Hanmer (Warburton). *goodness of his* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *grossness of his* Hunter conj. *cunning* (or *knowledge*) *of this* Lettsom conj. *progress of this* so quoted by Cartwright. *looseness of this* Cartwright conj.

Digitized by Google

To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported

51 *neither*] *never* F_4.
52 *And therefore*] QqF_1. *Therefore* F_2 F_3F_4.
53 *taking*] *take* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
thence] *hence* Dyce (ed. 1).
there] *worthy* Bailey conj.
56 *ne'er*] *ne're* Ff. *neuer* Qq.
57 *o'er-rule*] Ff. *ouerrule* Qq.
60 *Good*] *My* Capell (corrected in Errata).
[Exeunt...] om. Q_1Q_2. Exit... The rest (after line 59).
63 *seems*] Q_1Q_2. *thinkst* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *think'st* Ff. *thinks* S. Walker conj. and Collier MS.
64 *may*] *my* Q_8.
66 *and*] *as* Q_7Q_8.
70 Buck.] Glo. Steevens.
gracious] om. Steevens conj., reading *He...since* as one line.
71 *re-edified*] *rebuilt* Hanmer.
72 *record,*] *record?* Ff. *record* Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

74 *Upon*] *It is upon* Capell.
77 *retail'd*] *intail'd* Warburton.
78 *all-ending*] Q_1. *ending* The rest.
79 [Aside] Johnson.
never] *ne'er* Pope.
81 *say...fame*] *say that Julius Cæsar's fame* Taylor conj. MS.
lives] *ne'er lives* Mason conj.
82 [Aside] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. The rest.
Thus] *That* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
formal vice, Iniquity] *formal wise antiquary* Hanmer (ed. 1). *formal-wise antiquity* Warburton. *formal vice, hypocrisy* Long MS. *form, all vice, iniquity* Jackson conj.
83 *moralize two*] *moralize: two* Warburton. *moralize,—two* Capell.
86 *valour*] *valure* Q_1Q_2.
87 *makes*] *made* Hanmer.
this] Q_1. *his* The rest.
88 *now*] *yet* Capell.
89 *my*] om. F_4.
Buckingham,—] *Buckingham.* Qq Ff.
90 *What*] *What is't* Wordsworth.
gracious] *good* Capell.
91 *An if*] Theobald. *And if* QqFf.

Digitized by Google

Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring. 94

Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100
Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glou. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle? 105
Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.
Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. 110
Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

94 [Aside] Johnson.
Short...spring.] In italics in F_3F_4.
Short summers lightly] *Lightly:—short summers* Jackson conj.
summers...have] QqFf. *summers... has* Pope (ed. 1). *summer.....has* Pope (ed. 2). *summer...hath* Capell conj.
lightly] *likely* Q_6. *rightly* Jackson conj.
96 *Richard*] $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$. *Rich.* The rest.
loving] Q_1Q_2. *noble* The rest.
97 *dread*] Q_1Q_2. *deare* or *dear* The rest.
99 *Too late*] *Too soon* Hanmer. *So late* Vaughan conj.
that] *this* Q_7Q_8.
104 *outgrown*] *overgrown* Q_8.
105 *idle?*] *idle.* F_3F_4.
107 *he is*] QqFf. *is he* Theobald (ed. 2).
beholding] *beholden* Pope.
109 *in me as in*] *o'er me as* Collier MS.
110 *uncle*] *uncle then*, Hanmer. *gentle uncle* Keightley.
give me] *give to me* Keightley conj.
this] *this your* Warburton.

Digitized by Google

Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.
Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.
Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glou. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

113 York. *Of...*] York. *Ay, a beggar, brother, Of...* Anon. conj.
113, 114 *give; And being*] *give't, Being* Lettsom conj.
114 *And*] om. Mitford conj.
being] om. Anon. conj.
but] QqF$_1$. om. F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
which is] QqF$_1$. *it is* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$. om. Steevens conj.
grief] *gift* Q$_6$Q$_7$Q$_8$.
to give] *to lack* Anon. conj. *to* Vaughan conj. (doubtfully).
116 *to*] *too* Q$_6$Q$_8$Q$_7$.
118 *then*] *thā* Q$_2$. *than* Q$_3$Q$_4$Q$_6$.
you will] *you'll* Pope.
gifts] *gift* Rowe.
120 *heavy*] Q$_1$. *waightie* Q$_2$Q$_4$. *weightie* Q$_3$Q$_5$Q$_6$F$_1$F$_2$. *weighty* Q$_7$Q$_8$F$_3$F$_4$.
your] *you* Q$_8$.
121 *I weigh*] *I'd weigh* Hanmer. *I'd wear* Lettsom conj.
123 *thank*] *thinke* Q$_8$.
as] *as as* Q$_8$. *as, as,* F$_1$. *as—as—* S. Walker conj.
126 *still*] *ever* F$_3$F$_4$.
132 Buck.] Card. or Hast. Anon. conj.
sharp-provided] Theobald. *sharp prouided* QqFf. *sharply pointed* Collier MS.
133 *gives*] *give* Q$_6$Q$_8$Q$_6$Q$_7$.

Digitized by Google

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.
Glou. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glou. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:

136 *lord*] *gracious lord* Hanmer.
will 't] Pope. *wilt* QqFf. *will it* Keightley.
you] *your highness* Capell. *your grace to* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *you to* Keightley.
141 *needs will*] Q_1. *will* The rest. *here will* Hanmer. *will e'en* Collier MS.
143 *Why*] *Why, sir* Hanmer.
144 *Clarence'*] Pope. *Clarence* QqFf.
145 *grandam*] Ff. *Granam* Qq.
murder'd] *murdred* Qq. *murther'd* Ff.
148 *An if*] Theobald. *And if* QqFf.
149 *and with*] Ff. *with* Qq.
150 A Sennet.] A Senet. F_1. om. The rest.
Exeunt...] Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dors. manet, Rich. Buck. Qq (Bich. Q_6; Bish. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$). Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset. Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby. Ff (Manent F_3F_4). Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, and Archbishop. Hanmer.
151 SCENE II. Pope.
154 *parlous*] F_4. *perlous* Q_7Q_8. *perillous* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2F_3$. *perilous* The rest.

Digitized by Google

He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:

156 *the top*] *top* F_3F_4.
157 *hither*] om. Pope, reading *Well... sworn* as one line. *hither, gentle* Capell, ending the lines *rest... sworn*.
158 *Thou art sworn*] As a separate line, Edd. conj.
deeply] *deep* Lettsom conj.
160 *know'st*] Ff. *knowest* Qq.
161, 167 *think'st*] Ff. *thinkest* Qq.
162 *William Lord*] *lord William* Pope.
166 *aught*] Theobald. *ought* QqFf.
167 *what will he?*] Qq. *Will not hee?* Ff.
169, 170 *Well...Hastings,*] As in Pope. As three lines in Ff, ending *this: ...off,...Hastings*. See note (XI).
169 *but*] *than* Rowe (ed. 2).
170 *sound thou*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *sound* The rest.
171 *our*] *your* Q_4.
172, 173 *And summon.....coronation.*] Omitted in Qq.
175 *show*] *shew* Qq. *tell* Ff.
176 *leaden*] *laden* F_3F_4.
icy-cold] Edd. (Ingleby conj.). *icie, cold* QqFf.
177 *your*] Qq. *the* Ff.

Digitized by Google

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.
Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit Catesby.*
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glou. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
Buck. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

180 *shalt*] *shall* Q_8.
184 *friend*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *friends* Q_6Q_7 Q_8. *Lord* Ff.
185 *Mistress*] *gentle Mistresse* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *gentle Mistris* Q_6. *gentile M^rs* Q_7. *gentle Mis* Q_8.
one gentle] *one gentile* Q_7.
186 *go*] Ff. om. Qq.
187 *with all*] *withall* Q_2.
may] Qq. *can* Ff.
188 *Shall*] *Sall* Q_4.
190 *Crosby Place*] Qq. *Crosby House* Ff.
shall you] *you shall* Rowe.
[Exit Catesby.] Ff. om. Q_1Q_2. The rest place it after line 189.
191 *Now...perceive*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
Now] om. Pope.
192 *Lord*] Ff. *William Lo:* (or *Lord*) Qq.
complots] *complot* Q_4.
193 *Chop...do:*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
off] *of* Q_1.
head, man...do] Qq. *Head: Something wee will determine* Ff. *head, man,'s somewhat we will do* Vaughan conj.
194 *claim thou*] *thou claim* Vaughan conj.
195 *Hereford*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *Herford* Q_3Q_4 $Q_5Q_7Q_8$. *Hertford* Q_6.
and the] Qq. *and all the* Ff.
196 *stood*] Qq. *was* Ff.
197 *grace's*] om. Q_7Q_8.
hands] Qq. *hand* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.* 200

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings' house.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho! my lord!
Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. What is 't o' clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four. 5
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then?
Mess. And then he sends you word 10

198 *all willingness*] Q_1. *all kindnesse* Ff. *willingnesse* The rest.
200 SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope. Before...house.] Theobald. Enter...] Enter a messenger to Lo: Hastings. Qq. Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings. Ff.
1 *What, ho!*] Qq. *My Lord,* Ff. [knocking. Capell.
2 [Within] Theobald.
at the door] Qq. om. Ff.
3 *A messenger from the*] Qq. *One from the* Ff. *One from* Pope.
4 Enter...] Qq. In Ff after line 5.
What is 't] Ff. *Whats* Qq.
6 *thy master*] Qq. *my Lord Stanley* Ff.
these] Q_1Ff. *the* The rest.
tedious] *teditous* Q_3Q_5.
nights] *night* Q_8.
7 *should seem*] Qq. *appeares* Ff.
that] *what* Rowe (ed. 2).
8 *lordship*] Qq. *selfe* Ff.
9—11 *And then?...helm:*] Two lines in Steevens (1793), the first ending *dreamt,* reading *rased off* with F_1F_2.
9 *And then?*] *And then.* Qq. *What then?* Ff. *And then,*— Theobald. *And then, what then?* Anon. conj., reading 9, 10 as one line.
10, 11 *And...to-night*] Qq. *Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night He dreamt* Ff.
10 *word*] *word, my lord* Capell.

Digitized by Google

He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,

11 *boar*] F_4. *Boare* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Bore* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Beare* The rest.
razed] *raste* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *caste* Q_5. *cast* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *rased off* F_1F_2. *raised off* F_3F_4. *rashed* so quoted in Nares.
12 *held*] Qq. *kept* Ff.
13 *may be*] *many be* Q_7Q_8.
14 *at*] om. Taylor conj. MS.
16 *presently you will*] Qq. *you will presently* Ff.
17 *speed*] *speedy* Q_7.
with him toward] Ff. *into* Qq. *with him towards* Rowe (ed. 2). *hence into* Capell.
19 *Go, fellow*] *Good fellow* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
20 *councils*] *councels* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *counsels* $Q_1Q_7Q_8$. *Councell* F_1F_2. *counsell* F_3. *Councill* F_4.
22 *servant*] Qq. *good friend* Ff.
25 *wanting instance*] Q_1. *wanting instancie* $Q_2Q_3Q_5Q_6$. *wanting instancy* $Q_4Q_7Q_8$. *without instance* Ff.
26 *he is so fond*] *he is fond* Q_4. *hee's so simple* Ff. *he's so fond* Pope.
28 *pursues*] Ff. *pursues vs* Q_1Q_2. *pursue vs* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *persues vs* Q_7Q_8.
30 *no chase*] *to chase* Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. My gracious lord, I 'll tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cate. It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;
And I believe 'twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies:

34 *My gracious lord, I 'll*] Qq. *Ile goe, my Lord, and* Ff. [Exit.] om. Q_1Q_2.
35 Enter Catesby.] Q_2Ff. Enter Cates. Q_1. Enter Catesby to L. Hastings. The rest (Lord Q_7Q_8).
39 *'twill*] *twill* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *it will* Q_1Q_2. *will* Ff.
41 *How...crown ?*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff, the first ending *Garland?* *How ?*] *How?* Q_2Q_8. *Howe?* Q_1. *How* Ff. *Who?* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *wear the garland ?*] om. Taylor conj. MS.
44 *Ere I will*] Qq. *Before Ile* Ff.
46 *Ay, on my life*] *I, on my life* Ff. *Upon my life, my L.* Qq (*Lo:* Q_1Q_2).
51 *that*] *this* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
52 *mine enemies*] Qq. *my aduersaries* Ff.

Digitized by Google

But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,—
Cate. What, my lord?
Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on it.
Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Cate. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

58 *who*] Qq. *which* Ff.
60—62 *I tell...my lord?* Hast. *Ere*] Qq. *Well, Catesby, ere* Ff.
60 *thee*] *the* $Q_3Q_5Q_6$.
62 *elder*] Qq. *older* Ff.
63 *think*] *thinkes* Q_8.
on it] *on 't* Ff. *one it* Q_7Q_8.
66 *falls it*] *it fals* Q_8.
68 *who*] Qq. *that* Ff.
69 *know'st*] *knowest* Q_1Q_2.
70 *and to*] QqF_1. *and* $F_2F_3F_4$.
72 [Aside] F_4.
73 *it*] *i* Q_3Q_5.
74 *Come on, come on*] Ff. *What my Lo:* Q_1. *What my L:* The rest. *What my good Lord!* Anon. conj.
75 *go*] *goe you* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

Digitized by Google

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund and supposed their state was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

76—79 *My lord...lord,*] Three lines ending *may...do...lord*, Taylor conj. MS.
76 *morrow; good*] *morrow, and good* Pope.
79, 80 *My lord...yours;*] As in Johnson. One line in QqFf.
80 *you do*] Qq. om. Ff. *yours*] om. Vaughan conj., reading *My lord...do* as one line.
81 *life*] Qq. *dayes* Ff.
82 *more...than 'tis*] Capell. *more...then it is* Qq. *so...as 'tis* Ff.
83 *our state*] *the state* F_3F_4. *our states* Vaughan conj.
85 *at Pomfret*] *of Pomfret* Q_6Q_7.
86 *state was*] Edd. *states was* Qq. *states were* Ff. *states as* Vaughan conj.
87 *they*] Q_1Q_2Ff. om. The rest.
88 *o'ercast*] *ouercast* Q_1Q_2.
89 *stab*] Ff. *scab* Qq. *scape* Vaughan conj.
90 *I say*] om. Q_4.
91—93 *What...beheaded.*] Ff. See note (XII).
91 *day*] *date* Bailey conj.
92 *Come.....lord?*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
Wot you] *Wot ye* Rowe (ed. 1). *Wot he* Rowe (ed. 2). *Wot yet* Warburton.
93 *talk*] *talkt* Q_1Q_2.

Digitized by Google

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*

95 *hats*] $Q_1Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$. *hat* The rest.
96—98 *But.....sirrah!*] As two lines, ending *before...sirrha?* in Capell.
96 *But.....away*] *But come, my lord, away* Pope. *Come, let us away* Capell.
let us] Qq. *let's* Ff.
away] *away to the Tower* Taylor conj. MS.
97 Enter a Pursuivant.] Ff. Enter Hastings a Pursiuant. Qq (Hastin. Q_1; Hast. Q_2. Purssuant. Q_1). This stage direction follows line 97 in all Quartos but Q_1 and Q_2.
Go on...fellow] Ff. *Go you before, Ile follow presently* Qq.
[Exeunt...] Exit L. Standley, & Cat. $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. om. Q_1Q_2. Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby. Ff. Exit L. Stanley, and Cat. Q_7Q_8.
98 *How now, sirrah!*] Ff. *Well met Hastings,* Qq. *Sirrah, how now?* Pope.
99 *that your lordship please*] Ff. *that it please your Lo:* Q_1Q_2. *that it please your good Lordship* The rest.
100 *man*] Ff. *fellow* Qq.
101 *I met thee*] Qq. *thou met'st me* Ff.
106 *e'er*] *ere* $F_1F_2F_3$. *e're* F_4. *euer* Qq.
108 *fellow*] Ff. *Hastings* Qq.
there...me] Ff. *hold spend thou that* Qq.
[Throws...] Ff. He giues... Qq.

Digitized by Google

Purs. God save your lordship. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

109 *God save your lordship*] Qq. *I thanke your Honor* Ff.
[Exit.] Exit Pursuiuant. Ff. om. Q_1Q_2. Exit. Pur. The rest.
110, 111 Priest. *Well.....heart.*] Ff. Hast. *What sir Iohn, you are wel met*, Qq.
110, 112 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
112 *I...exercise*] Ff. *I am beholding to you for your last daies exercise* Qq (*execise* $Q_3Q_4Q_6$).
113 *Sabbath*] $Q_5F_3F_4$. *sabaoth* Q_1Q_2. *Sabboth* The rest.
[He whispers...] Qq (whis- Q_2). Omitted in Ff.
Here follows 'Priest. *Ile wait vpon your Lordship.*' in Ff. Omitted in Qq.
114 *What.....chamberlain?*] Ff. *How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a priest*, Qq.
116 *shriving*] *striving* Q_7Q_8.
118 *Those*] Qq. *The* Ff.
119—124 *What...go?*] As five lines, ending *lord;...return...enough,... too,...go?* Anon. conj.
119 *toward*] Ff. *to* Qq.
Tower?] Ff. *tower my Lord?* Qq. *Tower, my good Lord?* Taylor conj. MS.
120 *my lord*] Ff. om. Qq.
shall not stay] Qq. *cannot stay there* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Pomfret Castle.*

Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, *with halberds, carrying* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to death.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;

122 *'Tis*] Qq. *Nay* Ff.
123 [Aside] Rowe.
know'st] *knowest* $Q_1Q_2Q_7Q_8$. *known* Q_6.
124 *Come...*Hast. *I'll...lordship.*] Ff. *Come shall we go along?* Qq.
[Exeunt.] om. $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.
Pomfret Castle.] Theobald. Pomfret. Before the Castle. Capell.
Enter...] Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lo: Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners. Qq. Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret. Ff.
1 Rat. *Come...prisoners.*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
5 *keep*] Qq. *blesse* Ff.
7, 8 Vaug. *You...*Rat. *Dispatch... out.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
7 *live*] *laugh* Vaughan conj.
10 *ominous*] *dominious* Q_2Q_3. *ominious* Q_4Q_5.
10, 11 *peers!.....walls*] *peers.....walls!* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.
Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

13 *seat*] Ff. *soule* Qq. *soile* Capell conj. *jail* Vaughan conj.
14 *give thee up...blood*] Q_7Q_8. *giue thee up...blouds* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *giue to thee...blood* Ff.
15 *Margaret's...is*] *Margarts...if* Q_6. Here follows: *When shee exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,* in Ff. Omitted in Qq. *I* is changed to *me*, Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
17 *Then...Buckingham,*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
then cursed she] *curs'd she* Pope. *then she curs'd* or *then curs'd* or *and then curs'd she* Taylor conj. MS.
17, 18 *Hastings...Richard*] Qq. *Richard...Hastings* Ff.
18 *cursed*] *cus'd* F_2.
19 *prayers*] Qq. *prayer* Ff.
20 *And*] *As* F_4.
sons] F_3F_4. *sonnes* F_1F_2. *sonne* Qq.
21 *blood*] Ff. *blouds* Qq.
22 *know'st*] Ff. *knowest* Qq.
23 *Make.....expiate.*] F_1. *Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.* Qq (*linea* Q_1 (Bodl.); *lines* Q_1 (Dev.) Q_2). *Make...now expir'd.* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Make.....expirate.* Singer, ed. 2 (Steevens conj.). *Make haste, the hour of death is:—expiate.* Jackson conj. *Make.....expedite.* Collier conj.
24 *all*] Qq. *here* Ff.
25 *And take our leave, until we meet*] Qq (*leaues* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$). *Farewell, vntill we meet againe* Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *The Tower of London.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *with others, and take their seats at a table.*

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?
Der. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. Who, I, my lord! We know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

SCENE IV.] SCENE V. Pope.
The Tower of London.] The Tower. Pope.
Enter...others, and take their seats at a table.] Enter...others, at a Table. Ff. Enter the Lords to Councell. Qq (counsell $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$). Ratcliff,] Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Ff.

1 *My lords, at once*] Qq. *Now Noble Peeres* F_1. *Now Noble Peeere* F_2. *Now Noble Peers* F_3F_4.
once: the] Edd. *once the* Q_1Q_2. *once, the* The rest.

3 *speak*] Ff. *say* Qq.
the] Ff. *this* Qq.

4 *Are...fitting*] Qq. *Is...ready* Ff. *Are...ready* Rowe. *Is all thing ready* Collier MS.
that] Qq. *the* Ff.

5 *It is, and wants but*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *It is, and let but* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *It is, and lack but* Q_4. *It is, and yet in* Q_8. *They are, and want but* Rowe. *They are, and wants but* Capell. See note (XIII).

6 Ely.] Ryu. Q_1. Riu. Q_2. Bish. The rest.
judge...day] Ff. *guesse...time* Qq.

8 *duke?*] *Duke.* Q_1.

9 *Your...think*] Ff. *Why you my Lo: me thinks you* Qq (*thinkes* Q_2).

10 *Who...lord?*] Qq. Omitted in Ff. See note (XIV).

Digitized by Google

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My Lord of Ely!

Ely. My lord?

17 *deliver'd*] Ff. *deliuerd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *deliuered* The rest.
18 *gracious*] Ff. *Graces* Qq.
19 *my noble lords*] Singer (ed. 2). *my noble Lo:* Q_1Q_2. *my L.* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *my Lord* Q_8. *my Honorable Lords* F_1. *my Honorable Lord* F_2F_3. *my Honourable Lord* F_4. *my noble Lord* Pope.
21 *he 'll...gentle*] Ff. *he will...gentle* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *he will...good* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
22 Enter G.] Ff. Ent. Glo. Qq (after line 22).
Now in good] Qq. *In happie* Ff.
23 *lords*] Ff. *Lord* Q_8. *L.* The rest.
24 *a sleeper*] *a sleepe* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
I hope] Q_1. *I trust* Ff. *now I hope* The rest.
25 *designs*] Qq. *designe* Ff.
27 *not you*] Qq. *you not* Ff.
your cue] *your kew* Qq. *your Q* Ff.
28 *had*] Ff. *had now* Qq.
your] *you* Q_6.
28, 29 *part,—...voice,—*] Capell. *part: ...voice* Qq. *part;...Voice,* Ff.
29 *for*] *from* Q_7Q_8.
30 *Than*] Q_1F_4. *Then* The rest.
32, 33 Hast. *I*...Glou. *My*...Ely. *My lord?* Glou. *When*] Qq. *My Lord of Ely, when* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit.*

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.
[*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

34 *your*] *you* Q_8.
35 *do*] *now* Q_4.
36 *Marry...heart.*] Ff. *I go my Lord.* Qq.
[Exit.] Exit Bishop. Ff. om. Qq.
37 *of*] Ff. om. Qq.
[Drawing him aside.] Capell.
39 *testy*] *resty* Q_4.
40 *As*] Qq. *That* Ff.
ere] *eare* Q_1. *are* Q_5.
40, 42 *lose*] Ff. *loose* Qq.
41 *son*] Qq. *Child* Ff.
worshipful] Qq. *worshipfully* Ff.
43 *you...you.*] Qq. *your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.* Ff.
[Exit...] Exe. Glo. and Buck. Pope. Ex. Gl. Qq. Exeunt. Ff.
45 *mine opinion*] Qq. *my iudgement* Ff.
sudden] Ff. *sodaine* Q_1. *soone* The rest.
48 Re-enter...] Pope. Enter... QqFf.
48, 49 *Where...strawberries.*] As prose, Edd. One line in Qq. Two, the first ending *Gloster?* in Ff.
48 *protector*] Qq. *the Duke of Gloster* Ff (*Glocester* F_4).
sent] *sent straitway* Hanmer.
48, 49 *I have...strawberries*] *I 've sent for them* Taylor conj. MS.
49 *these*] *these same* Capell, ending line 48 at *protector? I have sent.*

Digitized by Google

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there 's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

50 *to-day*] *to day* Qq. *this morning* Ff.
52 *he doth bid...such a*] Qq. *that he bids...such* Ff. *he doth bid...such* Capell.
53 *there 's never*] Ff. *there is neuer* Qq. *there 's ne'er* Pope.
54 *That can less*] *That can lesse* Q_8. *Can lesser* Ff. *That can lesser* The rest.
57 *likelihood*] Qq. *liuelyhood* Ff.
show'd] *shew'd* Ff. *shewed* Qq. *shows* Dyce conj.
58 *he is*] *he 's* Pope.
59 *were he, he had*] Ff. *if he were, he would haue* Qq.
shown] *shewde* Q_7Q_8.
looks] Q_1Ff. *face* The rest.
60 Der. *I pray...say.*] Dar. *I pray... say.* Qq. Omitted in Ff. Stan. *Ay, pray...say.* Staunton.
61 Re-enter Gloucester...] Pope. Enter Glocester (or Glo.) Qq. Enter Richard... Ff.
tell me what they] Ff. *what doe they* Qq.
[advancing sternly toward his Seat. Capell.
66 *noble*] Qq. *Princely* Ff.
67 *offenders,...be:*] *offenders. Whosoe'er they be,* Johnson.
whatsoever] Qq. *whosoe're* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—
Glou. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.
[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovel.*
Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,

69 *this ill*] Qq. *their euill* Ff.
70 *See*] Qq. *Looke* Ff.
[stripping and laying it bare. Capell.
71 *withered*] Qq. *wither'd* Ff.
72 *And this is*] Ff. *This is that* Qq.
73 *harlot strumpet*] Qq. *Harlot, Strumpet* Ff.
74 *witchcraft*] Q_1FfQ_7Q_8. *witchcrafts* The rest.
75 *thing*] Qq. *deed* Ff.
gracious] Qq. *Noble* Ff.
lord,—] *lord—* Rowe. *Lo:* Q_1Q_2. *Lord.* The rest.
77 *Tellest thou me*] *Telst thou me* Qq. *Talk'st thou to me* Ff.
'ifs'] *Ifts* F_2.
78—80 See note (xv).
81 *rise*] Ff. *come* Qq.
[Exeunt...] Exeunt. Ff (after line 80, F_1F_2). Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings. Ff (Manent F_3F_4). Exeunt. manet Cat. with Ha. Qq. Exeunt. Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the lord Hastings. Theobald.
84 *raze his helm*] *race his helme* Qq. *rowse our Helmes* F_1F_2. *rowze our Helmes* F_3F_4. *rase our helms* Rowe.
85 *But I disdain'd.....did scorn*] Qq. *And I did scorne...disdaine* Ff.
87 *startled*] *started* FfQ_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!
Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

89 *want*] *need* Ff. *warrant* Q_7Q_8.
91 *'twere...at*] Qq. *too...how* Ff.
92 *How they*] Qq. *To day* Ff.
95 *lighted*] *lightened* Q_6Q_7. *lightned* Q_8.
96 Rat.] Ra. Ff. Cat. Qq.
Dispatch, my lord] Qq. *Come, come, dispatch* Ff.
98 *grace of mortal*] Ff. *state of worldly* Qq.
99 *than the*] F_4. *then the* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2F_3$. *then for the* The rest.
God] Ff. *heauen* Qq.
100 *hopes*] Qq. *hope* Ff.
air] F_4. *aire* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5Q_6F_3$. *aier* Q_4. *ayre* F_1F_2. *the aire* Q_7. *the ayre* Q_8.
fair] Qq. *good* Ff.
looks] *looke* Q_4.
104—107 Lov. *Come.....upon.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
109 *that*] Qq. *who* Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE V. *The Tower-walls.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

SCENE V.] SCENE VI. Pope.
The Tower-walls.] Theobald.
Enter Gloucester...] Enter Richard ... Ff. Collier MS. adds 'all in haste in the tower'. Enter Duke of Glocester and Buckingham in armour. Qq.
rotten armour,] rusty armour, Rowe.
1 *Come...colour,*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
2 *Murder*] Johnson. *Murther* QqFf. *Smother* quoted in Steevens's reprint.
3 *begin again*] Qq. *againe begin* Ff.
4 *wert*] Qq. *were* Ff.
distraught] *destraught* Q_6Q_7. *destract* Q_8.
5 *Tut, I can*] Ff. *Tut feare not me. I can* Qq. *Tut, fear not me, my lord of Gloucester, I Can* Anon. conj.
7 *Tremble...straw,*] Ff. Omitted in Qq. Misplaced, Capell conj.
8, 9 *suspicion: ghastly looks Are*] *suspition, gastly lookes Are* QqF_1F_4. *suspition, gastly lookes: Are* F_2F_3.
10—21 *And both...Lovel.*] Ff. See note (XVI).
14 Enter the Mayor...] F_3F_4. Enter the Maior... F_1. Enter the Major... F_2. Enter Maior. Qq. Enter the Lord Mayor, attended. Theobald.
mayor,—] *Mayor*— Rowe. *Maior.* F_1. *Major.* F_2. *Mayor.* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—
Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!
Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glou. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

16 *Hark!*] *Hark, hark!* Capell.
17 *Catesby,*] *Some one* Hanmer.
18 *Lord mayor...sent—*] Rowe. *Lord maior.....sent.* Ff. *The reason we haue sent for you.* Qq. *Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—* Capell.
19 *thee*] $Qq F_1$. *three* F_2. *there* F_3F_4.
20 *innocency*] *innocence* Q_1.
and guard] Ff. om. Qq.
21 *Be...Lovel*] *Be patient, Buckingham, they are friends; 'tis Lovel* Taylor conj. MS.
22 Enter...] Ff (after line 20). Enter Catesby with... Qq.
and Ratcliff,] and another, Taylor conj. MS.
head.] head on a spear. Collier MS.
Lov.] Lovell. Ff. Cat. Qq.
25 *harmless*] *harmless't* Steevens (1793).
creature] Ff. *man* Qq.
26 *this*] *the* Q_4Ff.
Christian] Here follows *Looke ye my Lo: Maior* as a separate line in Qq.
27 *Made*] *I made* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
30 *apparent open*] *apparent-open* S. Walker conj.
32 *lived*] *liv'd* Ff. *laid* Qq (*layd* Q_8).
suspect] Qq. *suspects* Ff.
33, 34 *traitor That ever lived.*] *traitor—* Pope. *traitor..liv'd.—Look you, my*

Digitized by Google

That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?
May. What, had he so?
Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,

lord mayor, Capell. *traitor...liv'd. Look you, my good lord mayor* Taylor conj. MS.

35 *imagine*] Ff. *haue imagined* Qq, reading *That ever...imagined* as one line.

36 *Were't*] *wer't* F_3F_4. *were* The rest. *that*] Ff. om. Qq, reading as one line *or...preservation.*

37 *it you, the*] *it you? The* Qq. *it, that the* Ff.

38 *This day had*] Ff. *Had this day* Qq.

39 *murder*] Qq. *murther* Ff.

40 *What, had he so?*] Qq. *Had he done so?* Ff. *Ay, had he so?* Capell conj.

41 *What*] *Why* Wordsworth. *you*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *ye* The rest.

42 *would*] *should* Q_7Q_8. *form*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *course* The rest.

43 *to*] Qq. *in* Ff.

44 *extreme*] *very extreame* Q_4.

46 *this*] *that* Q_4. *execution?*] *execution.* Q_1Ff.

48 *you, my good lords*] *you my good Lords* $Q_1Q_4Q_6$. *you my good Lo:* Q_2. *you my good L.* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *your good Graces* Ff.

50, 51 *I never...Shore.*] As in Qq. Given to 'Buck.' in Ff.

52 Glou.] Glo. $Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_8$. Dut. Q_1Q_2. Clo. Q_3Q_5. Continued to 'Buck.' in Ff. *not we*] Qq. *we not* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell. [*Exit Mayor.*

53 *death*] Qq. *end* Ff.
54 *loving*] Ff. *longing* Qq.
55 *Somewhat.....meaning*] Qq. *Something...meanings* Ff. *Something... meaning* Pope.
have] *hath* Pope. *has* Collier MS.
56 *we*] Qq. *I* Ff.
have had you heard] *have had you hear* Collier MS. and Keightley conj. *that you had heard* Lettsom conj.
57 *timorously*] *timeously* Hutchesson conj. MS.
58 *treason*] Qq. *Treasons* Ff.
60 *haply*] Ff. *happily* Qq.
61 *Misconstrue*] Q_6F_4. *Misconsture* Q_7Q_8. *Misconster* The rest.
62 *But,*] Q_1Q_2Ff. The rest omit. *Tut!* Hanmer.
grace's] *gracious* Q_7Q_8.
word] Qq. *words* Ff.
63 *as I*] *as if I* Q_8.
and heard] Ff. *or heard* Qq.
64 *doubt you not*] Qq. *doe not doubt* Ff.
65 *our*] Ff. *your* Qq.
66 *cause*] *ease* Q_6. *case* FfQ_7Q_8.
67 *wish'd*] *wish* Q_6Q_7.
68 *carping censures of the*] Qq (*sensures* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$). *Censures of the carping* Ff.
world] *word* Q_3.
69 *But*] Qq. *Which* Ff.
come] Q_1Q_2Ff. *came* The rest.
too late of] *too late for* Capell.
intents] Qq. *intent* Ff.
70, 71 *Yet...farewell.*] Ff. *Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.* Qq.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

72 *Go, after*] Capell. *Goe after* Ff. *After* Qq.
73 *in all*] om. Wordsworth.
74 *meet'st advantage*] *meetst advantage* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *meetest advantage* Q_6 Q_7Q_8. *meetest vantage* Ff. *meerest vantage* Rowe (ed. 2).
81 *bestial*] *beastly* Q_8.
82 *stretched to*] Qq. *stretcht vnto* Ff.
daughters] *daughter* F_2.
83 *lustful*] Qq. *raging* Ff. *ranging* Pope.
84 *listed*] Qq. *lusted* Ff.
his prey] Qq. *a prey* Ff.
87 *unsatiate*] Qq. *insatiate* Ff.
88 *wars*] *wares* Q_6.
89 *just*] Qq. *true* Ff.
91 *appeared*] *appear'd* F_4.
93 *But*] Qq. *Yet* Ff.
'twere] Ff. *it were* Qq.
far] *a farre* Q_4.
94 *you know, my lord*] Qq. *my Lord, you know* Ff.
my mother] *my brother* $Q_5Q_7Q_8$. *me brother* Q_6.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I 'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o' clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*
Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A street.*

Enter a Scrivener, *with a paper in his hand.*

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;

95 *Fear*] Qq. *Doubt* Ff.
97 *and...adieu*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
101, 102 *I go...affords.*] Ff. *About three or foure a clocke looke to heare What newes Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.* Qq.
102 [Exit.] Exit (or Ex.) Buc. Qq. Exit Buckingham. Ff. Exe. Buck. and Catesby severally. Pope.
103—105 Glou. *Go...Castle.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
104 [To Cate.] Capell.
Penker] Capell. *Peuker* F_1. *Reuker* F_2. *Beuker* F_3F_4.
105 [Exeunt...] Exit. Ff. Exeunt Lov. and Cates. severally. Theobald.
106 *in*] Qq. *goe* Ff.
108 *notice*] Qq. *order* Ff.
manner of person] *manner person* Q_3Q_4Ff. *sort of person* Pope. *man or person* Steevens conj.
109 *At any time have*] Qq. *Haue any time* Ff. *Any time have* Vaughan conj.
[Exit.] QqF_3F_4. Exeunt. F_1F_2.
SCENE VI.] Capell. The Folios, Pope &c. continue the scene. The same. A street.] Capell. with...hand] Qq. om. Ff.
1 *This*] Qq. *Here* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while! Why, who 's so gross,
That seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who 's so blind, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *at several doors.*

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,

3 *this day*] Qq. *to day* Ff.
o'er] *ouer* Qq.
5 *I spent*] Qq. *I haue spent* Ff. *I've spent* Pope.
6 *brought*] Qq. *sent* Ff.
7 *precedent*] Ff. *president* Qq.
8 *lived Lord Hastings*] Qq. *Hastings liu'd* Ff.
9 *free, at*] *free at* Q_4.
10 *Why, who 's*] Qq (*whoes* Q_1Q_2). *who is* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Who is* F_1, ending lines 10, 11 at *while...device?*
11 *seeth not*] Edd. *sees not* Qq. *cannot see* Ff.
palpable] *palpaple* Q_3. *palpapale* Q_4.
12 *who's*] Q_3. *whoes* Q_1. *whose* Q_2. *who* The rest.
blind] Qq. *bold* Ff.
but] *that* Q_3.
says] *say* F_4.
13 *nought*] *naught* Q_1Q_2.
14 *bad*] Qq. *ill* Ff.
dealing] *dealings* Q_4.
in] *or* Collier MS.
SCENE VII.] Pope. The Folios continue the scene.
Baynard's Castle.] Theobald.
Enter...] Ff. Enter Glocester at one doore, Buckingham at another. Qq.
1 *my lord*] Qq. *how now* Ff.
say] *sayes* Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.
Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'
Glou. Ah! and did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

3 *and speak*] Qq. *say* Ff.
a word] *word* Vaughan conj.
5, 6 *his...France;*] Ff. Omitted in Qq, reading as one line *I did...desires.*
7 *The*] *Th'* Ff. *with the* Qq.
insatiate] Qq. *unsatiate* Ff.
desires] Qq. *desire* Ff.
8 *And...wives;*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
11 *And...duke:*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
his resemblance] *dis-resemblance* Collier MS. *in his semblance* Bailey conj.
14 *your*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *one* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. om. Q_7Q_8.
15 *open*] *vpon* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
victories] *victorie* Q_4.
18 *the purpose*] Qq. *your purpose* Ff.
20 *mine*] Q_1Q_2. *my* The rest.
grew] Qq. *drew* Ff.
to an end] $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *toward end* Ff. *to end* The rest.
21 *bid*] *bad* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
did love] Q_1Q_2Ff. *loues* The rest.
23 *Ah! and*] *A, and* Qq (*A and* Q_1). *And* Ff.
24 *they...word*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.

Digitized by Google

But, like dumb statuës or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;'
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends!' quoth I,
'This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard;'
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

25 *statuës*] Keightley. *statues* QqFf. *statuas* Steevens, 1793 (Reed).
or breathing] Q_1Q_2Ff. *or breathlesse* The rest. *or unbreathing* Rowe. *unbreathing* Lettsom conj.
26 *Gazed*] *Gazde* Qq. *Star'd* Ff.
each on] *on each* Steevens.
28 *meant*] *meanes* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
silence:] Capell. *silence?* QqFf.
29 *wont*] Qq. *vsed* Ff.
29, 30 *wont...recorder.*] As one line, Vaughan conj.
30 *spoke to*] *spoken unto* Keightley.
but] *except* Pope. *but only* Keightley conj.
the] *their own* Capell.
33 *spake*] *speake* Q_8. *spoke* Ff.
35 *the lower end of the*] Qq. *lower end of the* Ff. *lower end o' th'* Pope. *lower end the* Capell.
hurl'd] F_4. *hurld* $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2F_3$. *hurled* The rest.
37 *And...few,*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
38 *gentle*] Ff. *louing* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *noble* Q_7Q_8.
39 *loving*] Qq. *chearefull* Ff.
40 *wisdoms*] *wisedomes* Q_1Q_2. *wisedome* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *wisdome* $F_1F_2F_3F_3$. *wisdom* F_4.
love] *loues* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
41 *even here*] Ff. *so* Qq.
42 *What...speak?*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
they! would they...speak?] *they, they would ... speak?* Hanmer. *they, would they not speak!* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.
Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our request;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit Gloucester.*

Enter the Mayor *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

43, 44 Buck. *No...lord.* Glou.] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
45 *at hand*] om. $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
intend] Ff. *and intend* Qq. *pretend* Pope.
some] *somes* Q_6.
46 *Be...suit*] Ff. *Be not spoken withall, but with mighty suite* Qq.
47 *look you get*] *look you, get* so quoted by Delius (Shakes. Jahrbuch).
48 *betwixt*] Qq. *betweene* Ff.
49 *build*] Qq. *make* Ff.
50 *And be not easily*] Ff. *Be not easily* Q_1. *Be not easie* The rest.
request] Qq. *requests* Ff.
51 *still...take it*] Ff. *say no, but take it* Qq. *say no, and no, but take it* Anon. conj.
52 *I go; and if you plead*] Ff. *Feare not me, if thou canst pleade* Qq.
53 *can...thee*] *must say nay to them* Johnson conj.
myself,] *my selfe?* Q_1.
54 *we 'll*] *weele* Qq. *we* Ff.
(knocke) Collier MS.
55 *Go, go...knocks.*] Ff. *You shal see what I can do, get you up to the leads.* Qq (*get up* Q_8).
go up] *go, up* Capell.
[Exit Gloucester.] Exit. or Ex. Qq. om. Ff.
56 Enter...] F_1F_2. Enter Lord Mayor... F_3F_4. om. Qq.
Welcome, my lord] Ff. *Now my Lord Maior* Qq (*L.* Q_1).
I dance] *you dance* Q_7Q_8.
57 *spoke*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *spoken* The rest.

Digitized by Google

Enter CATESBY.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,
What says he?
Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
Cate. I 'll tell him what you say, my lord. [*Exit.*
Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,

58 Enter...] Enter, from the Castle,... Malone.
58, 59 *Here...says he?*] Qq (in one line). *Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my request?* Ff. *Catesby, what... request?* Pope. *Here comes his servant: Catesby, what says he?* Spedding conj.
59 *he?*] *he.* Q_1.
My Lord, he...grace] Qq. *He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord* Ff.
61 *with two right*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *with two* $Q_3Q_4Q_6$. *with twoo* Q_5. *and two* Q_7Q_8. *and two right* quoted in Steevens's reprint. *but with two* Hanmer.
63 *suit*] *sute* Qq. *suites* Ff.
65 *thy lord again*] Qq. *the gracious Duke* Ff.
66 *citizens*] Qq. *Aldermen* Ff.
67 *designs and matters*] Qq. *designes, in matter* Ff.
68 *than*] *them then* $Q_5Q_7Q_8$.
70 *I 'll...lord*] Qq. *Ile signifie so much vnto him straight* Ff.
tell] om. Q_5.
72 *lolling*] Pope. *lulling* QqFf.
day-bed] *day bed* Qq. *Loue-Bed* Ff.

Digitized by Google

But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.
May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter CATESBY.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?
Cate. My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

78 *gracious*] Qq. *vertuous* Ff.
79 *himself*] Qq. *his Grace* Ff.
thereof] Ff. *thereon* Qq.
80 *sure,*] *sore* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
ne'er] Capell. *neuer* Qq. *not* Ff.
81 *forbid*] Qq. *defend* Ff. *shield* Pope.
82 *I fear he will*] Qq. *I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe* Ff.
82, 83 *I fear...Catesby*] One line in Qq.
83 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... QqFf.
How now...your lord?] Qq. *Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?* Ff. *Catesby, what...grace?* Pope. *Now, Catesby, what says his grace to our request?* Taylor conj. MS.
My lord] Qq. om. Ff.
85 *speak with*] Qq. *come to* Ff.
85, 86 *him,...before:*] Ff. *him,...before,* Qq. *him:...before,* Collier.
87 *My lord, he fears*] Qq. *He feares, my Lord* Ff.
90 *I come...to him*] Qq. *we come to him in perfit loue* Ff (*perfect* F_3F_4).
perfect] *perfest* Q_5.
91 [Exit Catesby.] Exit. Ff. om. Q_7 Q_8.
93 *their*] *there* Q_4.
hard] Qq. *much* Ff.
thence] *hence* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

Digitized by Google

Enter GLOUCESTER *aloft, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.
Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is yóur grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

95 SCENE VIII. Pope.
Enter Gloucester...Bishops.] Enter Richard...Bishops. Ff. Enter Rich. with two Bishops aloft. Qq (and two... $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. a loste Q_1). Enter G. above...Clergymen. Hanmer.
Catesby returns.] Theobald. om. QqFf. Catesby again, below. Capell.
he stands between] Qq. *his Grace stands, tweene* Ff.
98 *prayer*] *prayers* Anon. conj.
98, 99 *And see...man.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
99 *ornaments*] Ff. *ornament* Dyce.
101 *ears*] *eares* Qq. *eare* F_1F_2. *ear* F_3F_4.
our] Q_1Ff. *my* The rest.
request] Qq. *requests* Ff.
103 *right Christian*] Hyphened in Theobald.
105 *I...pardon*] Qq. *I doe beseech your Grace to pardon* Ff.
106 *my God*] QqF$_1$. *God* F$_2$. *th' high God* F_3F_4.
107 *Neglect*] Qq. *Deferr'd* Ff.
112 *seems*] *seeme* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
eyes] Qq. *eye* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!
Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge

114 *You...grace,*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
might] Ff. om. Qq.
115 *At*] Qq. *On* Ff.
that] Qq. *your* Ff.
116 *breathe*] Ff. *breath* Qq.
land?] Qq. *Land.* Ff.
117 *Then know*] Qq. *Know then* Ff.
119 *scepter'd*] *scepter* Q_7Q_8.
120 *Your...birth,*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
due] F_3F_4. *deaw* F_1F_2.
123 *Whilst*] Q_1. *Whiles* Ff. *Whilest* The rest. *While* Pope.
your] *you* Q_2.
124 *our*] *your* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
125 *This*] Qq. *The* Ff.
her] Q_1Q_2. *his* The rest.
126 *Her*] Qq. *His* Ff.
scars] $Q_1Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *stars* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *skarres* F_1F_2. *skarrs* F_3. *skars* F_4.
127 *Her royal.....plants,*] Pope. *His royal.....Plants,* Ff. Omitted in Qq.
128 *shoulder'd*] *shouldred* QqFf. *smoulder'd* Johnson conj. *smother'd* Mason conj. *shoaled* Becket conj. *founder'd* Anon. conj.
in the] *into th'* Hanmer.
the] Q_1Q_2Ff. *this* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
129 *blind...dark*] Qq. *darks...deepe* Ff.
130 *recure*] *recouer* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
131 *you*] *yon* Q_2.
131, 132 *the charge.....land*] Ff. *the soueraingtie thereof* Qq, reading *Your...thereof* as one line.

Digitized by Google

And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away

134 *Or*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *Nor* The rest. *gain ;*] *gaine ?* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
136 *empery*] Q_8. *Empyrie* F_1. *Empyry* F_2. *Empiry* F_3F_4. *Emperie* The rest.
138 *very worshipful and loving*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *worshipfull and very louing* The rest.
140 *suit*] *sute* Qq. *Cause* Ff.
141 *know not whether*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *know not whither* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *cannot tell, if* Ff.
143 *fitteth*] *fittest* Q_7. *fits* Q_8.
144—153 *If not.....answer you.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
144 *If not*] F_1. *For not* $F_2F_3F_4$. *If, not* Malone.
152 *not to*] Ff. *not* Pope.
155 *shuns*] *shames* S. Walker conj.

Digitized by Google

And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thanked, there 's no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd

158 *my ripe*] Q_1. *the ripe* Ff. *my right* The rest.
by birth] Qq. *of birth* Ff.
161 *As I had*] Qq. *That I would* Ff.
164 *smother'd*] Ff. *smotherd* Q_1Q_2. *smothered* The rest.
165 *thanked, there 's*] Qq. *thank'd, there is* Ff.
of me] Q_1Q_2Ff. *for me* The rest.
166 *if need were*] Qq. *were there need* Ff.
168 *mellow'd*] Ff. *mellowed* Qq.
170 *no doubt, us*] QqF_1. *us (no doubt)* $F_2F_3F_4$. *us doubtless* Pope.
171 *what*] Qq. *that* Ff.
would lay] *would* Q_7Q_8.
179 *he was*] Qq. *was he* Ff.
contract] *contracted* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
180 *that*] Qq. *his* Ff.
181 *afterward*] *afterwards* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
betroth'd] Ff. *betrothed* Qq.

Digitized by Google

To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy;
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

183 *put by*] Qq. *put off* Ff.
184 *of...children*] Q_1. *to a many Sonnes* Ff. *of many children* The rest.
185 *beauty-waning*] Steevens (1778). *Beautie-waining* F_1. *beauty-waining* The rest.
186 *days*] *day* F_4.
187 *prize*] Q_4Ff. *price* Q_7Q_8. *prise* The rest.
lustful] Qq. *wanton* Ff.
188 *Seduced*] *Seduce* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
all his thoughts] Qq. *his degree* Ff.
189 *and loathed*] Q_6. *and loath'd* Ff. *loathed* Q_7Q_8. *and loathd* The rest.
190 *his*] *this* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
191 *term*] Qq. *call* Ff.
192 *I*] om. Q_6Q_7.
193 *to some*] *of some* F_3F_4.
195 *your*] *you* F_3.
196 *proffer'd*] Ff. *proffered* Qq.
198 *forth...ancestry*] Ff. *out your royall stocke* Qq.
199 *abusing times*] Ff. *abusing time* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *a busing time* Q_6. *a busie time* Q_7. *a busy time* Q_8.
200 *true-derived*] Theobald. *true deriued* QqFf. *true, derived* Pope.
202 Buck. *Refuse...love.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.

Digitized by Google

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens: 'zounds! I'll entreat no more.
Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.
[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*
Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit:
Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.
Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care?

204 *would*] *should* Q_7Q_8.
these cares] Q_1. *this Care* Ff. *those cares* The rest.
205 *majesty*] Ff. *dignitie* Qq.
212 *kin*] Qq. *Kindred* Ff.
213 *egally*] $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1$. *egallie* Q_1Q_2. *equally* The rest.
214 *whether*] Qq. *know, where* Ff. *know, whe'r* Theobald.
accept] *except* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
217 *downfall*] *downfull* Q_2.
218 *we*] *I* Q_7Q_8.
219 *Come.....I'll*] Qq. *Come, citizens, we will* Ff. *'Zounds, citizens, we will* Collier MS.
[Exit Buckingham. Collier (ed. 2).
220 Glou. *O, do not...Buckingham.*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
[Exit...Citizens.] Capell. Exeunt. Ff. om. Qq.
221 *Call...accept*] Qq. *Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept* Ff. *Call them again, sweet Prince, accept* Pope.
222 Another.] Ano. Qq. Continued to Catesby in Ff.
Do...it.] Qq. *If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.* Ff.
rue it] *rue 't* S. Walker conj.
223 *Would...care?*] *Would...care:* Q_1Q_2. *Will...Cares.* F_1. *Will...Cares?* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live Richard, England's royal king!

May. and Cit. Amen.

224 *Well,*] Qq. om. Ff.
them] *him* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[Exit Catesby. Theobald.
stones] QqFf. *stone* Pope.
225 *entreats*] *intreates* Q_1Q_2. *intreats* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *interats* Q_4. *entreaties* Ff. *intents* Q_8.
227 Re-enter...] Pope. Enter... Ff. om. Qq.
you] Qq. om. Ff.
grave] om. F_3F_4.
228 *you*] *your* Q_3.
229 *her*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *the* The rest.
burthen] *burden* Johnson.
whether] *where* F_1. *whe'r* Steevens (1778).
231 *foul-faced*] *foule-fac't* Q_1. *soule-fac't* Q_2. *so foule fac't* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$ Q_8. *foule-fac'd* F_1F_2. *four-fac'd* F_3. *foul-fac'd* F_4.
234 *blots*] *plots* Q_8.
235 *he knows*] Qq. *doth know* Ff.
236 *thereof*] Qq. *of this* Ff.
239 *this*] *the* Q_4.
kingly] Qq. *Royall* Ff.
240, 241 *Long.....Amen.*] As one line, Vaughan conj.
240 *Richard*] Qq. *King Richard* Ff. *great Richard* Anon. conj.
royal] *worthie* Ff.
241 May. and Cit.] Mayor or Mai. or May. Qq. All. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* MARQUESS OF DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, *leading* LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she 's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your graces both

242 *will*] Qq. *may* Ff.
243 *since*] Qq. *for* Ff.
245 *And so...leave.*] Omitted in Qq.
246 *task*] Qq. *Worke* Ff.
[To the Clergymen. Johnson.
247 *good cousin*] Qq. *my Cousins* Ff. *my cousin* Pope.
[Exeunt.] om. Q_2.
ACT IV. SCENE I.] ACT III. SCENE VIII. Rann (Johnson conj.).
Before the Tower.] Theobald. The Tower. Pope.
Enter...] Malone (after Theobald). Enter Quee. mother, Duchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset, at one doore, Duchesse of Glocest. at another doore. Qq. Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset. Ff (of Dorset F_3F_4).
1 *Who...Plantagenet*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
2—6 *Led.....day /*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
4 *princes*] Theobald. *Prince* Ff.
5, 6 *God...day /*] As in Pope. Line 5 ends at *happie* in Ff.

Digitized by Google

A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?
Anne. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we 'll enter all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! why, who 's that?
Brak. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

7 *As.....away?*] Ff. *Sister well met, whether awaie so fast?* Qq (*whither* ... $Q_5Q_6Q_7$).
8 Anne.] Ff. Duch. Q_1. Du. Q_2. Dut. Glo. The rest.
farther] *further* Johnson.
10 *gentle*] Ff. *tender* Qq.
11 *enter*] *never enter* F_4.
12 Enter Brakenbury.] Capell. Enter Lieutenant. Q_1Q_2. Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower. $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. Enter the Lieutenant. Ff.
14 *How...York?*] Ff. *How fares the Prince?* Qq.
15 *Right...patience*] Ff. *Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leaue* Qq.
16 *them*] Ff. *him* Qq
17 *straitly*] Qq. *strictly* Ff.
the] *to the* Q_7Q_8.
18 *why, who's that?*] $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *whie, whose that?* Q_1Q_2. *why who is that?* Q_8. *who's that?* Ff.
19 *I...mercy:*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
21 *he*] *be* F_2.
bounds] *bonds* Q_7Q_8.
betwixt] Qq. *betweene* Ff.
their] *there* Q_7Q_8.
22 *should keep*] Qq. *shall barre* Ff.
23 Duch. *I am...*] Du. yor. *I am...* Q_1. Duch. Yorke. *I am...* Ff. Continued to the Queen in the rest.
their father's mother; I] Ff. *their Fathers, Mother, I* Q_1. *their father,*

Digitized by Google

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!

Mother, and Q_2. *their father, mother, and* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *theirs father mother, and* Q_4.

25 *Then bring...sights*] Ff. *Then feare not thou* Qq.

27, 28 *No,...me.*] Ff. *I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me: I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.* Qq.

28 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
[Exit.] Exit Lieutenant. Ff. om. Qq.

29 Enter Lord Stanley.] Qq. Enter Stanley. Ff.
you, ladies] *your ladies* Q_6Q_7.
one] Ff. *an* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *at an* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

30 *mother,*] Ff. *Mother:* Qq.

31 *reverend*] FfQ_8. *reuerente* Q_1. *reuerent* The rest.
on] *one* Q_7Q_8.

32 [To Anne] Capell.
straight] Ff. *go with me* Qq.

34—36 *O, cut...news!*] Arranged as in Qq. The lines end *asunder...beat... newes*, in Ff.

34 *O*] Qq. *Ah* Ff.
in sunder] Qq. *asunder* Ff.

35 *I swoon*] Ff. *sound* Q_2Q_4. *I sound* The rest.

36 *dead-killing*] Ff. *dead killing* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *dead liking* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *dead-striking* Capell conj.

37 Anne. *Despiteful...news!*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.

38 *Be of good cheer: mother,*] Ff. *Madam, haue comfort,* Qq.

39 *hence*] Qq. *gone* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow

40 *dog*] *dogges* F_1F_2. *dogs* $Q_5F_3F_4$.
the heels] Qq. *thy heeles* Ff.
41 *ominous*] *ominious* Q_5.
children] *her children* Collier MS.
42 *outstrip*] *ouerstrip* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
43 *reach*] *race* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
47 *Nor*] *Not* Q_8.
49 *of the hours*] Ff. *of the time* Qq (*af* Q_7).
50 *my*] *me* Q_6.
51 *To meet...you.*] Qq. *In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:* Ff.
52 *ta'en*] *tane* Q_1. *ta'ne* Ff. *taken* The rest.
delay] *delays* Capell conj.
53 *ill-dispersing*] Theobald. *ill dispersing* QqFf. *all-dispersing* Vaughan conj.
55 *hast*] *hath* Q_7.
hatch'd] *hatch* Q_1.
56 *murderous*] Johnson. *murtherous* Qq Ff.
57 *Come...sent.*] *Come, madam; I...sent for you.* Capell conj.
Come, madam, come] Ff. *Come Madam* Qq.
sent] Q_1Q_2Ff. *sent for* The rest.
58 Anne.] Ff. Duch. Qq.
in] Qq. *with* Ff.
59 *I would*] Qq. *O would* Ff.
inclusive] *idclusive* Q_5.

Digitized by Google

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—.
As miserable by the death of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,

61 *brain*] Qq. *Braines* Ff.
62 *venom*] Ff. *poyson* Qq.
63 *can*] om. F_3F_4.
64 *Go, go*] Ff. *Alas* Qq.
thy] *the* Q_2.
66 *why?*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
67 *as*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
67, 70 *follow'd*] Ff. *followed* Qq.
67 *corse*] Ff. *course* Qq.
68 *scarce...well*] *the blood was scarse* Q_7. *the blood was scarce* Q_8.
70 *dead*] Qq. *deare* Ff.
which] *whom* Capell conj.
75 *so mad—*] *so—made* Ferrers conj.
mad] Ff. *madde* Q_1Q_2. *badde* Q_3 $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *bad* Q_8.
76, 77 *As...death...As*] Qq. *More...life... Then* Ff (*Than* F_4). *As...life...As* Staunton.
78 *ere*] Ff. *eare* Q_1. *euen* The rest.
79 *Even...space*] Qq. *Within so small a time* Ff.
80 *Grossly*] Ff. *Grosselie* Q_1. *Crosselie* Q_2. *Crosly* The rest.
81 *subject*] FfQ$_8$. *subiecte* Q_1. *subiectes* Q_2. *subsects* Q_3. *subiects* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ Q_7.
my] *mine* FfQ_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

82 *ever since*] Qq. *hitherto* Ff.
kept] Qq. *held* Ff.
my] *mine* Ff$Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
rest] Ff. *sleepe* Qq (*steepe* Q_5).

84 *Have I enjoy'd*] *Haue I enioyed* Qq (*inioyed* Q_8). *Did I enioy* Ff.
dew] $Q_1Q_2Q_6Q_7Q_8F_3F_4$. *deaw* Q_3Q_4 $Q_5F_1F_2$.

85 *But.....dreams*] Qq. *But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd* Ff.
waked] *waken'd* Vaughan conj.

87 *no doubt*] Q_1Ff. Omitted by the rest.

88 *Poor heart,.....complaining*] Ff. *Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints* Qq.

89 *from*] Qq. *with* Ff.

90 Dor.] Q_1. Dors. Ff. Qu. The rest.

91 *that*] Ff. *thou* Qq.

92, 93, 94 *Go thou*] *Go* F_2F_3. See note (XVII).

93 *guard*] Qq. *tend* Ff.

94 *and*] Ff. om. Qq.

96 *odd*] *olde* Q_5. *old* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

97 *wreck'd*] Theobald (ed. 2). *wrackt* $QqF_1F_2F_3$. *wrack'd* F_4. *wreak'd* or *rack'd* Anon. conj.
teen] *anguish* Pope.

98—104 Q. Eliz. *Stay...farewell.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.

98 *Stay, yet*] Ff. *Stay yet;* Capell.

99 *Pity.....those*] *Pity your ancient stones those* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

Sennet. Enter RICHARD, *in pomp, crowned;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!
Buck. My gracious sovereign?
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth the throne.*]
Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever may they last!

102, 103 [To the Lieutenant. Johnson conj.

104 *sorrow bids*] Rowe. *Sorrowes bids* F_1F_2. *sorrows bids* F_3. *sorrows bid* F_4.

London. The palace.] The Court. Pope. The same. A Room of State in the Palace. Capell.

Sennet.] Sound a Sennet. F_1. Sound a Sonnet. $F_2F_3F_4$. The Trumpets sound, Qq.

Enter R.....crowned;] Enter R. crowned, Qq (crownd Q_1). Enter R. in pompe, Ff. Richard upon his Throne, Capell.

a Page, and others.] Capell. with other Nobles. Qq. Ratcliffe, Louel. Ff.

2 Buck. *My gracious sovereign?*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.

3, 4 *Give.....seated:*] As in Qq. As three lines ending *hand...assistance, ...seated:* in Ff.

3 [Here...throne.] Qq (ascends Q_7Q_8. throne. Q_3; his throne. $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$). Sound. Ff. om. Rowe.

4 *And*] *Add* Q_7.

5 *honours*] Qq. *Glories* Ff.

6 *them?*] *them.* Q_1.

7 *for*] *for for* Q_2.
may they] Qq. *let them* Ff.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live true noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

8 *O*] Qq. *Ah* Ff.
do I] Q_1Q_2Ff. *I do* The rest.
play] *ply* Warburton. *apply* Heath conj.
10 *say*] Qq. *speake* Ff.
11 *loving lord*] Ff. *gracious soueraigne* Qq. *loving lord, what thou wouldst say* Vaughan conj.
13 *renowned*] *renowmed* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
liege] Qq. *Lord* Ff.
14 *king*] *a King* Pope.
16 *live...prince!*] *live true...prince.* Qq Ff. *live—true...Prince.* Theobald. *live, True...Prince.* Rowe (ed. 1). *live. True, noble Prince?* Hanmer.
17 *wert*] Qq. *wast* Ff.
20 *sayest thou?*] *saiest thou?* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *saist thou?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *say'st thou now?* Ff.
22 *freezeth*] Qq. *freezes* Ff.
24 *some...lord*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord* Ff. *some breath my lord.* Q_7Q_8. *some breath, some little pause, dear lord* Pope.
25 *herein*] Qq. *in this* Ff.
26 *your grace immediately*] Qq. *you herein presently* Ff.
[Exit.] Q_1. Exit Buck. Ff. The rest omit.

Digitized by Google

Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither. [*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

27 [Aside to a stander by] Capell. Aside. Hanmer.
bites the] *gnawes his* Ff. *bites his* Q_7Q_8.
28 [Descends from his throne. Malone.
iron-witted] *iron wittie* Q_7. *iron witty* Q_8.
31, 32 *High-reaching...Boy*] Ff. *Boy, high reaching...* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. Boy. *High reaching...* Q_8.
33 Page.] Ff. Boy. Qq.
My lord?] *My Lord.* Q_1Q_2Ff. *Lord.* The rest.
34 *Know'st*] *Knowest* Q_2.
35 *Would*] Qq. *Will* Ff.
death?] Ff. *death.* Qq.
36 *My lord,*] Qq. om. Ff.
37 *mind*] Qq. *spirit* Ff.
40 *Tyrrel*] Capell. *Tirrell* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$Ff. *Terrill* Q_6Q_7. *Terrel* Q_8.
41 *I partly.....hither.* [Exit Page.] *I partly...hither.* Exit Boy. Pope. *I partly...hither, Boy.* Exit. Ff. *Go call him hither presently.* Qq (*presentlie*, Q_1).
42 *deep-revolving*] Pope. *deepe resoluing* Q_7Q_8. *deepe revoluing* The rest. *Buckingham*] *Buckingham.* Q_1.
43 *counsel*] *counsell* Qq. *counsailes* Ff.
45 *breath?*] Qq. *breath? Well, be it so.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Enter STANLEY.

How now! what news with you?
Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K: Rich. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit Catesby.*
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:

46 Enter Stanley.] Ff. Enter Darby. Qq.
How...with you?] Qq. *How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?* Ff. *How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news with you?* Collier MS.
47—52 *My lord,.....abroad*] See note (XVIII).
49 [Stands apart.] Edd.
52 *it*] *is* Q_7. *this* Q_8.
55 *mean-born*] *meane borne* Qq. *meane poore* Ff.
56 *Clarence'*] Pope. *Clarence* QqFf.
58 *dream'st*] *dreamest* Q_8.
59 *wife*] Qq. *Queene* Ff.
61 [Exit Catesby.] Capell. om. QqFf.
62 *brother's*] *brother* Q_7Q_8.
(To himselfe) Collier MS.
64 *Murder*] Johnson. *Murther* QqFf.
brothers] *brother* Q_7Q_8.
65 *Uncertain*] *Uncurrent* Vaughan conj.
66 *will pluck*] Q_1Ff. *plucke* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *plucks* Q_6Q_7. *pluckes* Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

67 *Tear-falling*] Ff. *Teares falling* Q_6 Q_7Q_8. *Teare falling* The rest.
68 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Tirrel. Qq. Enter Tyrrel. Ff.
Tyrrel?] *Tirrell.* Q_2.
70 [He takes him aside. Pope.
sovereign] Qq. *Lord* Ff.
72, 73 *Ay,...had*] *I my Lord, but I had* Qq, reading 72, 73 as one line. *Please you: But I had* Ff. *Please you, I'd* Pope, reading as one line.
73 *two enemies*] Q_1Ff. *two deepe enemies* The rest.
74 *there*] Qq. *then* Ff.
two] *to* Q_8.
75 *and*] *that* Q_7Q_8.
sleep's] *sleepe* Q_8.
disturbers] Ff. *disturbs* Qq.
78 *open*] om. Q_7Q_8.
79 (Kneeling) Collier MS.
80 *Thou.....Tyrrel:*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
music. Hark, come] *musique: Hearke, come* Ff. *musicke. Come* Qq. *music to me. Come* Anon. conj.
81 *this*] Ff. *that* Qq.
[Whispers.] Ff. He whispers in his eare. Qq (wispers Q_1).
82 *There is*] Ff. *Tis* Qq.
it is] $Q_3Q_4Q_5$Ff. *is it* $Q_1Q_2Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
83 *too*] Qq. *for it* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?
Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear that news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just demand?
K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

84 *'Tis done...lord.*] Qq. *I will dispatch it straight.* Ff.
gracious] *good* Q_7Q_8.
85, 86 K. Rich. *Shall...my lord.*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
86 *Ye shall, my lord*] *Yea my good lord* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
[Exit.] Ff (at line 84). om. Qq.
87 Re-enter...] Pope. Enter... FfQ_7 Q_8. In the rest it is put after line 85.
consider'd] Ff. *considered* Qq.
88 *demand*] Qq. *request* Ff.
89 *pass*] Qq. *rest* Ff.
90 *that*] Qq. *the* Ff.
91 *wife's*] Rowe. *wiues* QqFf.
son] *sonnes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
to it] Qq. *vnto it* Ff.
92 *your*] Qq. *the* Ff.
94 *Hereford*] *Herford* Qq (*Herfort* Q_4). *Hertford* F_1.
95 *The which...should*] Qq (*your* Q_2). *Which you haue promised I shall* Ff.
96 *she*] *they* Q_7Q_8.
98 *demand?*] *demand.* Q_1. *request?* Ff.
99 *As I remember*] Qq. *I doe remember me* Ff.

Digitized by Google

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. Ay, what 's o' clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o' clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

102 *A king, perhaps, perhaps,—*] *A king perhaps, perhaps.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_8$. *A king perhaps,* Q_4. *A King perhaps.* Ff. *A king perhaps, perhaps,* Q_7. *A king perhaps*— Pope. *A king!—perhaps.* Capell.
103—120 Buck. *My lord!.....to-day.*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
105 *him?*] Pope. *him.* Qq.
106 *earldom,—*] *Earledome.* Qq.
108 *show'd*] *showd* Q_1. *shewed* The rest.
109 *Rougemont*] *Ruge-mount* Qq.
110 *bard*] *Lord* Q_8.
112—117 *My lord?...strike?*] Four lines in Steevens (1793), ending *bold... me...stroke...strike?*
115 *Well,*] om. Pope.
o'] *a* Qq.
118 *keep'st*] *keepest* Q_2Q_4.
121 *Why, then.....or no*] Qq. *May it please you to resolue me in my suit* Ff.
whether] *if* Pope.
no.] Pope. *no?* Qq.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Tut, tut,
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion

122, 123 *Tut...vein.*] One line in Qq.
122 *Tut, tut,*] Qq. om. Ff.
123 [Exeunt...] Exit. QqFf. Exeunt Richard, and Train. Capell. Exit angerly. Collier MS.
124 *Is it even so?*] $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *Is it euen so,* $Q_1Q_2Q_7Q_8$. *And is it thus?* Ff. *Is't even so?* Vaughan conj., reading *Is't...With* as one line.
rewards] *rewardst* Q_1. *repayes* Ff.
true] Qq. *deepe* Ff.
125 *deep*] Qq. om. Ff.
contempt?] Ff. *contempt,* Qq.
SCENE III.] Pope. om. QqFf.
The same.] Capell.
Enter Tyrrel.] Ff. Enter Sir Francis Tirrell. Qq.
1 *deed*] Qq. *Act* Ff.
2 *arch act*] Q_4Q_8. *arch-act* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$ Q_6. *arch-acts* Q_7. *arch deed* Ff.
4 *whom*] *who* F_1.
5 *this ruthless...butchery*] Q_1Q_2. *thir ruthfull...butchery* Q_3. *this ruthfull ...butchery* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *this peece of ruthfull Butchery* Ff. *this piece of ruthless butchery* Pope.
6 *Although*] Qq. *Albeit* Ff.
bloody] *blooded* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
7 *Melting*] Qq. *Melted* Ff.
kind] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *milde* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

8 *two*] Qq. *to* Ff.
deaths'] Theobald. *deaths* QqFf. *death's* Collier.
stories] Qq. *Story* Ff.
9 *Lo, thus*] Qq. *O thus* Ff.
those tender] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *these tender* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *the gentle* Ff.
10 *girdling*] *girding* Q_8.
one] *on* Q_1Q_2.
11 *innocent alabaster*] Q_8. *innocent alablaster* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *Alablaster innocent* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Alabaster innocent* F_4.
12 *were*] Q_1Ff. om. Q_2. *like* The rest.
13 *Which in*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *When in* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *And in* F_1F_2. *And* F_3F_4.
their] *there* Q_7Q_8.
14 *prayers*] *prayer* Q_7Q_8.
on] *one* Q_7.
15 *once*] Qq. *one* Ff.
16 *devil'—there*] Rowe. *Diuell their* Q_1. *diuel: their* Q_2. *diuel: there* Q_3. *divell: there* Q_4. *divel! there* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Diuell, there* Ff.
17 *Whilst*] Qq (*Whilest* Q_2). *When* Ff.
told on: 'We] *told on, we* Ff. *told on we* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *told, on we* Q_7. *told, one we* Q_8.
smothered] *smothered there* Vaughan conj.
18 *replenished*] *replenisht* Q_7Q_8.
19 *e'er she*] *ere she* Ff. *euer he* Qq.
20 *Thus...remorse*] Q_1Q_2. *Hence...Remorse* Ff. The rest omit.
gone with] Q_1Q_2Ff. *gone; with* Hanmer.
remorse;] *remorse,* Q_1Q_2Ff. *remorse* Hanmer.
22 *bring*] Qq. *beare* Ff.
this] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5F_1$. *these* $Q_6Q_7F_2Q_8F_3F_4$.
23 *comes*] *come* Q_6.

Digitized by Google

Enter KING RICHARD.

All hail, my sovereign liege!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till soon. [*Exit Tyrrel.*
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims

Enter King Richard.] Qq. Enter Richard. Ff.
hail] Qq. *health* Ff.
liege] Qq (*leige* Q_1). *Lord* Ff.
24 *am*] *and* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
thy] *the* F_3F_4.
news f] *newes.* Q_1.
25 *gave*] *giue* Q_1Q_2.
27 *my lord*] Qq. om. Ff.
30 *how or in what place*] Qq. *where* (*to say the truth*) Ff.
31 *soon at after*] *soone, and after* Ff. *soone after* Q_7Q_8. *soon, soon after* Rowe.
after supper] *after-supper* Staunton.
32 *And thou*] Qq. *When thou* F_1. *When thou there* $F_2F_3F_4$.
33 *Meantime, but*] *Mean time—but* Rowe.
thee] *the* F_1.
35, 36 *soon. The son*] Qq. *then.* Tir. *I humbly take my leave.* Rich. *The Sonne* Ff (*take leave* $F_2F_3F_4$).
35 [Exit Tyrrel.] Exit Tirrel. Qq (after line 34). om. Ff.
36 *pent*] *pend* Q_7Q_8.
39 *the world*] Qq. *this world* Ff.
good night] *godnight* Q_1Q_2.
40 *Breton*] Capell. *Brittaine* Qq. *Britaine* F_1F_2. *Brittain* F_3. *Britain* F_4. *Briton* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord!

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have heard that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

42 *o'er*] *ore* Qq. *on* Ff.
43 *I go*] Qq. *go I* Ff.
44 Enter Catesby.] Qq. Enter Ratcliffe. Ff. Enter Catesby in haste. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
44, 46 Cate.] Rat. Ff.
45 *news or bad*] Qq. *or bad newes* Ff. *in*] om. Q_7Q_8.
46 *Ely*] Qq. *Mourton* Ff.
49 *near*] om. Q_8.
50 *rash-levied*] Pope. *rash leuied* Qq Ff (*leueld* Q_7Q_8). *army*] Qq. *Strength* Ff. *arms* Anon. conj.
51 *heard*] Qq. *learn'd* Ff.
53 *leads*] *leds* F_1.
54 *wing*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *wings* The rest.
55 *Jove's*] *Ioues* $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *Ioue*, $Q_3Q_4Q_6$ Q_7Q_8. *Loue*, Q_4. *Ioves* F_2. *Joves* F_3F_4.
Jove's Mercury, and] *Jove's Mercury's an* Theobald conj. and Long MS.
56 *Come*] Qq. *Go* Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV. *Before the palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

SCENE IV.] Pope. Scena Tertia. Ff. Before the palace.] Capell. Enter...] Enter Queene Margaret sola. Qq. Enter old Queene Margaret. Ff.
3 *slily*] *sllie* Q_7.
4 *waning*] Malone. *wayning* Q_6. *waining* The rest. *adversaries*] Qq. *enemies* Ff.
7 *bitter, black*] *bitter-black* S. Walker conj.
9 Enter...] Enter the Qu. and the Dutchesse of Yorke. Qq. Enter Dutchesse and Queene. Ff.
young] Qq. *poore* Ff.
princes] *princess* F_4.
10 *unblown*] *vnblowed* F_1.
flowers] *flower* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
new-appearing] Pope. *new appearing* QqFf.
sweets] *sweet* Q_8.
13 *about*] *aboue* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
14 *hear*] *here* F_2.
lamentation] *lamentations* Q_7Q_8.
15 *right for right*] *wrong for wrong* Warburton.

Digitized by Google

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

17—19 Duch. *So...dead!*] Arranged as in Ff. In Qq these lines are placed after line 34.
17 *have*] *hath* Q_8.
18 *mute and dumb*] Qq. *still and mute* Ff.
20, 21 Q. Mar. *Plantagenet...debt.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
24 *When...when*] QqF_1. *Why...when* $F_2F_3F_4$. *When.....while* Lettsom conj.
25 *Harry*] $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *Mary* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$ Q_8. *Henry* $F_2F_3F_4$.
sweet] *swee* F_2.
26—30 Duch. *Blind...blood!*] Put in the margin by Pope.
26 *Blind...life,*] Qq. *Dead life, blind sight,* Ff. *mortal living*] *mortal-living* Vaughan conj.
28 *Brief...days,*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
29 *thy*] *they* Q_6. *their* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
[Sitting down.] sitting down on it. Capell. throws herself upon the ground. Long MS. om. QqFf.
30 *Unlawfully*] *Unlawfull* Q_6Q_7.
innocents'] *innocents* Qq. *innocent* Ff.
31 *O*] Qq. *Ah* Ff.
as well] Qq. *assoone* Ff.
34 *O...I!*] Qq. *Ah...woe?* Ff.
[Sitting...] Throwing herself down upon the earth. Hanmer (at line 31). om. QqFf.
35 *ancient*] *any ancient* Pope.
sorrow] om. F_4.
reverend] *reuerent* QqFf.

Digitized by Google

Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

36 *seniory*] *signorie* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *signiorie* Q_6Q_7. *signeurie* F_1. *signeury* $F_2F_3F_4$. *signiory* Q_8. *seigneurie* Rowe (ed. 1). *seniority* Pope.
37 *woes*] Qq. *greefes* Ff.
37, 38 *hand. If...society,*] Warburton. *hand, If...societie,* Qq. *hand If.., society.* Ff.
38 [Sitting...] joining, and taking Seat between them. Capell.
39 *Tell...mine:*] Qq. Omitted in Ff. *o'er*] Warburton. *ouer* Qq.
41 *had a*] *had an* F_4. *Harry*] Edd. *Henry* Rann (Capell conj.). *Richard* Qq. *Husband* Ff.
44, 45 *too*] *to* Q_1.
45 *thou holp'st*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *thou hopst* Q_1Q_2. *thou hop'st* F_1. *and thou holp'st* The rest.
46 *Thou...him.*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
and Richard] Q_1Ff. *till Richard* The rest.
50 *blood*] FfQ_8. *blouds* Q_1Q_2. *bloods* The rest.
52, 53 *That...earth, That...souls,*] Capell. *That.....soules: That.....earth,* Ff. Omitted in Qq.
54 *chase*] *chafe* Q_8.
55 *true-disposing*] F_1F_2. *true disposing* The rest.
56 *that this*] *for this* Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!
Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

58 *And...moan !*] Omitted by Pope.
makes] *make* Q_7Q_8.
pew-fellow] *pewfellow* Q_8. *puefellow* Q_1Q_2. *pue-fellow* The rest.
59 *wife*] *wifes* Q_1.
60 *thine*] Q_1Ff. *thee* The rest.
63 *stabb'd*] Qq. *kill'd* Ff.
64 *Thy other*] Qq. *The other* Ff.
quit] *quite* Q_6.
my Edward] *my Henry* Vaughan conj.
66 *Match*] Qq. *Matcht* F_1F_2. *Match'd* F_3F_4.
67 *kill'd*] Qq. *stab'd* Ff.
68 *tragic play*] Qq. *franticke play* Ff. *tragick scene* Capell conj.
69 *adulterate*] *adulterer* Warburton.
Vaughan] *Vaugham* Q_5.
70 *smother'd*] Ff. *smothred* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ Q_5. *smoothered* Q_6. *smothered* Q_7Q_8. *dusky*] *dusty* Anon. conj.
71 *intelligencer*] *intelligence* S. Walker conj.
72 *Only...to*] *Only reserved, their factor to* Hunter conj.
their factor, to] Ff. *their factor to* Qq. *the factor to* Hanmer.
73 *them*] *then* F_2.
at hand, at hand,] *at hand at handes,* Q_1. *at hand,* Q_7Q_8.
75, 76 Seymour proposes to invert these lines.
75 *Earth gapes*] *Earth gapes, heaven lowers* Seymour conj.
hell burns] *hell burns, heaven weeps* S. Walker conj.
hell] *hels* Q_6.
roar] *roar for him* Capell.
saints] *and saints* Wordsworth.
pray,] *pray for vengeance.* Pope.

Digitized by Google

To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!
Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries 'God save the queen'?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?

76 *To have...away.*] Omitted by Pope.
convey'd away] *conueyed away* Qq (*conueied* Q_1Q_2). *convey'd from hence* Ff. *conveyed hence* Seymour conj.
77 *bond*] *bonds* Q_7Q_8.
pray] *plead* Daniel conj.
78 *to say*] Qq. *and say* Ff.
79 *didst*] *dids* Q_4.
81 *bottled spider*] *bloated spidcr* Grey conj. *bottel spider* Collier MS.
bunch-back'd] Ff. *bunch-backt* Q_1. *hunch-backt* The rest.
82, 83 *call'd*] *call* Q_7.
84 *presentation*] *representation* F_3F_4.
85 *pageant*] *page* Warburton.
86 *a-high*] *a high* QqFf. *on high* Pope.
87, 88 Spedding would place these lines after 90; reading lines 86—91 in this order: 86, 89, 90, 87, 88, 91.
87 *only mock'd*] *onely mockt* FfQ_8. *onelie, mockt* The rest.
sweet] Qq. *faire* Ff.
88 *what thou wert,*] *which thou wert* Q_1 Q_2. *which thou wert,* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *what thou wast,* Ff.
88—90 *a breath...shot;*] Qq. *a garish Flagge To be.....Shot; A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;* Ff.
93 *are thy children*] Q_1Q_2. *be thy two Sonnes* Ff. *be thy children* The rest.
94 *to thee, and cries*] Qq (*me* Q_7). *and kneeles, and sayes,* Ff.
95 *flattered*] QqFf. *flatter'd* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;

96 *followed*] QqFf. *follow'd* Pope.
100, 101 *For queen...sues;*] As in Qq. In Ff these two lines are transposed.
101 *humbly*] *humble* Q_7.
102—104 *For...none.*] Arranged as in Ff. In Qq line 103 is omitted, and lines 102, 104 are transposed.
102, 104 *one*] Qq. *she* Ff.
103 *For one*] Pope. *For she* Ff.
fear'd] Rowe. *feared* Ff.
fearing one] *fearing all* Dodd conj.
104 *all, obey'd*] *all, obeyed* Qq. *all obey'd,* F_4.
105 *wheel'd*] Qq (*whe'eld* Q_1). *whirl'd* Ff.
106 *thee*] *me* Q_7Q_8.
107 *wert*] Q_1Q_2. *wast* Ff. *art* The rest.
109 *not*] *now* Hanmer.
111 *burthen'd*] Ff. *burdened* Q_8. *burthened* The rest.
112 *weary neck*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *wearied necke* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *wearied head* Ff.
113 *burthen*] *burden* Johnson.
115 *woes*] *wars* Q_4.
will] Qq. *shall* Ff.
118 *nights...days*] Q_1Q_2. *night...day* The rest.

Digitized by Google

Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.
I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.

119 *dead*] *deaths* Q_7Q_8.
120 *thy*] om. Q_4.
fairer] Qq. *sweeter* Ff.
122 *Bettering.....worse*] *Bettering thy loss, make the bad causer worse* or (*Bettering thy loss makes...worse*) Mason conj.
makes] *make* Q_7Q_8.
bad causer worse] *bad causes worse* Q_4. *bad cause worser* Q_5. *bad-causer worse* Steevens (1793).
124 *words*] *word* F_2.
125 *Thy...mine.*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
[Exit.] Exit Margaret. Ff. Exit Mar. Qq, after line 126.
127 *their client*] Hanmer. *your Client* Qq. *their Clients* $F_1F_3F_4$. *their Cliens* F_2. *your client's* Pope.
client woes] *clients, woes* S. Walker conj.
128 *intestate*] Qq. *intestine* Ff.
130 *do*] Qq. *will* Ff.
131 *not at all*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *nothing els* Ff. *not all* Q_7Q_8.
do they] *not doe they* Q_7. *they do* Rowe (ed. 2).
132 *If so, then*] *If so then,* $F_1F_2F_3$. *If so then* Q_8.
133 *smother*] *wither* Bailey conj.
134 *which*] Qq. *that* Ff.
sweet] om. $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
[Drum within. Capell.
135 *I...drum*] Qq. *The Trumpet sounds* Ff.
(Sennet) Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

Enter KING RICHARD, *marching, with drums and trumpets.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

136 SCENE v. Pope.
marching.....trumpets.] Qq. and his Traine. Ff.
my] Qq. *me in my* Ff.
137 *O, she*] *O she*, Ff. *A she*, Qq.
140 *Hidest*] *Had'st* Q_7. *Hast* Q_8.
141 *Where...right,*] Qq (*Where would* ..... Q_4). *Where 't should be branded...right?* Ff. *Where...branded ...right*, Rowe (ed. 2).
141, 142 *Where...The slaughter*] *Where't ...For slaughter* Collier MS.
143 *two*] Qq. *poore* Ff.
145 *Thou...Clarence?*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
146 *Plantagenet*] *Plantaget* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
147 Q. Eliz. *Where is kind Hastings, Rivers,*] *Where is kind Hastings?* Q. Eliz. *Rivers?* Vaughan conj., continuing the speech of the Duchess.
Where is kind Hastings,...Grey?] Qq. *Where is the gentle Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?* Dut. *Where is kinde Hastings?* Ff.
150 *on*] *one* Q_7.
[Flourish. Alarums.] Ff. The trumpets Q_1. The trumpets sound. Q_2 Q_8. The trumpets sounds. The rest.

Digitized by Google

Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do then; but I 'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous;
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

152 *report*] *reports* $Q_7Q_8F_3F_4$.
153 *drown*] *drownd* Q_8.
155 *Ay, I*] Rowe. *I, I* QqFf.
156 *hear*] F_2F_4. *here* Q_1. *heare* The rest. *bear* Collier MS.
158 *Which*] Qq. *That* Ff.
159 Duch. *O, let*...K. Rich. *Do,*...*hear.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
160 *speech*] Qq. *words* Ff.
162 *have stay'd*] *once stay'd* Collier MS.
163 *anguish, pain and agony*] Qq. *torment and in agony* Ff.
167 *burthen*] *burden* Johnson.
170 *Thy prime...venturous,*] Q_1Q_2Ff. Omitted in the rest.
171 *bloody, treacherous*] Qq. *slye, and bloody* Ff.
172 *More mild.....hatred:*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
harmful, kind] *harmfull; Kinde* Ff. *harmful-kind* S. Walker conj.
174 *in*] Qq. *with* Ff.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

175, 176 *Faith...company.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
175 *Faith...grace*] One line in Qq. Two, the first ending *Hower*, in Ff. *Humphrey Hour*] *Humpy's hour* Jackson conj. *th' hungry hour* Kinnear conj. *Humphrey*] *Humphreys* Q_8.
176 *breakfast*] *breake fast* Q_1. *my*] om. Q_4.
177 *I*] Q_1Ff. *it* The rest. *disgracious*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *gratious* Q_3 $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *grieious* Q_8. *sight*] Qq. *eye* Ff.
178 *your grace*] Qq. *you Madam* Ff.
179 *Strike up the drum.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
179—182 Duch. *I prithee.....*K. Rich. *So.*] Ff. Du. *O heare me speake for I shal neuer see thee more.* King. *Come, come, you are too bitter.* Qq (*the more* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *you art* Q_1). Pope reads with Qq, omitting *more*.
183 *thou wilt*] *thou 'lt* Pope.
184 *Ere*] *Eeare* Q_1. *this*] *his* Q_7.
185 *and*] *or* Johnson (1771).
186 *look upon*] Qq. *more behold* Ff.
187 *heavy*] Qq. *greeuous* Ff.
191 *Edward's*] *Edward* Q_2.
192 *spirits*] *spirit* Q_4.

Digitized by Google

And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to all.

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no moe sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

193 *and victory*] *in victory* Q_7Q_8.
194 *art,*] *art, and* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
be] *by* Q_5.
197 *all*] Qq. *her* Ff.
[going. Theobald.
198 *speak*] Qq. *talke* Ff.
199 *moe*] Q_1. *more* The rest.
200 *murder: for*] Steevens. *murther: for* Capell. *murther for* Q_1. *murther, for* The other Quartos. *slaughter. For* Ff.
208 *veil*] *vale* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
209 *unscarr'd of*] Ff. *vnskard from* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *vn scard from* Q_5. *vnscarde from* Q_6Q_7. *vnscard from* Q_8.
211 *of royal blood*] Qq. *a Royall Princesse* Ff.
213 *only safest*] Qq. *safest onely* Ff.
215 *Lo,*] *No,* Pope.
births] Qq. *Birth* Ff.
were] *are* Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

216 *bad*] Qq. *ill* Ff.
221—234 K. Rich. *You...bosom.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
221 *cousins.*] Capell. *Cosins?* F_1F_2. *Cousins?* F_3F_4.
222, 223 *Cousins,...life.*] Omitted by Pope.
224 *hand*] *hands* Steevens.
lanced] Rowe (ed. 2). *lanch'd* Ff.
226 *murderous*] *murd'rous* Ff. *murth'rous* Capell.
235, 236 *enterprise, And.....wars*] Ff. *dangerous attempt of hostile armes* Qq.
237 *I intend*] *Intend* Q_6. *intend* Q_7.
238 *or yours*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *and yours* Q_6Ff Q_7Q_8.
were by me wrong'd] Qq. *by me were harm'd* Ff.
240 *discover'd*] *discouered* Q_6Ff Q_7Q_8.
good?] $Q_3Q_4F_2F_3F_4$. *good,* Q_1. *good.* The rest.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,

241 *gentle*] Ff. *mightie* Qq.
242 *lose*] Ff. *loose* Qq.
243 *No, to*] Qq. *Vnto* Ff.
honour] Qq. *Fortune* Ff.
244 *high*] Q_1Ff. *height* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_8$. *hight* Q_7.
245 *sorrows*] Qq. *sorrow* Ff.
247 *demise*] QqF_1. *devise* $F_2F_3F_4$.
248 *yea, and*] *yea and* Qq. *I, and* Ff.
249 *withal*] om. Q_7Q_8.
251 *drown*] *drownd* Q_8.
254 *kindness' date*] Capell. *kindnesse date* Ff. *kindnes doe* Q_1. *kindnesse doo* The rest. *kindness doth* Heath conj.
255 *Then...daughter.*] One line in Qq. Two, the first ending *know*, in Ff.
thy] *my* Q_8.
259 *soul's love didst thou love her*] Q_1Ff. *soules loue didst thou her* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *soule didst thou loue her* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
260 *my*] *thy* F_4.
do] om. Q_7Q_8.

Digitized by Google

And mean to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who should be else?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,

263 *mean*] Qq. *do intend* Ff.
264 *Say then*] Qq. *Well then* Ff.
king?] Qq. *King.* Ff.
265 *Even...else?*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
who should be else?] Q_1. *who should else?* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_7Q_8$. *how should else?* Q_6. *Who else should bee?* Ff.
267 *I, even I.....madam?*] Qq. *Euen so: How thinke you of it?* Ff.
I, even I] *Even I* Capell. *Ay, even I* Malone conj. *Even so: What... madam?* Steevens (1793).
268 *That*] om. Pope.
would I] Q_1Q_3. *I would* The rest.
269 *that are*] Q_1Q_3. *that were* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *being* Ff.
270 *Madam,*] om. Pope.
272 *engrave*] *engraven* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
273 *haply*] Ff. *happelie* Q_1Q_2. *happily* The rest.
she will] Qq. *will she* Ff.
274 *sometime*] *sometimes* $Q_1Q_2Q_7Q_8$.
275 *thy*] *my* Q_8.
275, 276 *steep'd...A handkerchief*] Ff. *a handkercher steept in Rutlands bloud* Qq (*handkercheffe* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$).
276, 277 *which...body,*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
277 *sap*] *tide* Pope.
brother's body] Capell. *brothers body* Ff. *brothers bodies* Rowe. *brothers' bodies* Warburton.

Digitized by Google

And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love

278 *dry*] Qq. *wipe* Ff.
therewith] Qq. *withall* Ff.
279 *force*] Qq. *moue* Ff.
280 *story...acts*] Qq. *Letter...deeds* Ff.
282 *yea, and*] Qq. *I* (*and* Ff. *ay, and* Rowe.
284 *Come, come, you mock me ;*] Qq (*ye* $Q_2Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$). *You mocke me Madam,* Ff.
is] om. F_1.
285 *There is*] *There's* Pope.
288—342 K. Rich. *Say...years?*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
288 *her.*] *her?* Capell.
289 *hate*] *have* Steevens, 1793 (Mason conj.). *love* Grant White (Tyrwhitt conj.). *take* Jervis conj.
290 *bought*] *brought* Pope.
293 *give*] Rowe. *giues* Ff.
repent] *repent of* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;

302 *mettle*] F_3. *mettall* F_1F_2. *metal* F_4.
304 *bid*] *'bid* Capell (Heath conj.). *had* Long MS.
312 *Leads*] *Treads* Collier, ed. 2 (Capell conj.).
323 *loan*] Theobald. *Loue*, F_1. *Love*, F_2F_3. *love* F_4.
324 *Of ten times*] Theobald. *Oftentimes* Ff.
326 *her*] *your* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

333 *garlands*] *laurels* Capell.
336 *victress*] F_4. *Victoresse* $F_1F_2F_3$.
339 *brothers*] *Brothers?* F_3F_4.
343 *this*] *his* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
345 *Say that...which*] Qq. *Tell her... that* Ff.
346 *forbids*] Q_1Ff. *forbid* The rest.
348 *wail*] Qq. *vaile* $F_1F_2F_3$. *vail* F_4.
350 *title*] *little* Roderick conj.
ever] om. Q_6.
351 *in force*] Ff. *inforce* Qq.
life's] Rowe. *lyues* Q_1. *liues* or *lives* The rest.

Digitized by Google

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.

352 *her sweet life*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *that title* The rest.
353, 354 *So long.....So long*] Qq. *As long...As long* Ff.
353 *lengthens*] *lengthen* Pope.
354 *likes*] *like* Pope.
355 *love*] Qq. *low* Ff. *now* Pope.
359 *in plain terms tell her*] Qq. *plainly to her, tell* Ff.
361 *Your*] Ff. *Madame your* Qq.
362—365 Q. Eliz. *O no,...break.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
362 *my*] *your* Rann.
363 *Too deep*] *To deep* Rowe (ed. 2). *Two deep* F_4.
their grave] Qq. *their graues* Ff. *your graves* Capell.
364, 365 K. Rich. *Harp.....past.* Q. Eliz. *Harp...break.*] As in Q_1. See note (XIX).
367 *usurp'd*] *vsurped* Qq.
368 *I swear—*] *I sweare.* Ff. *I sweare by nothing.* Qq.
369, 370, 371 *The...The...The*] Qq. *Thy...Thy...Thy* Ff.
369 *holy*] Qq. *Lordly* Ff.
370 *knightly*] QqF_1. *Kingly* $F_2F_3F_4$.
371 *glory*] Ff. *dignitie* Qq.

Digitized by Google

If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.

372 *something thou wilt*] *something thou wouldst* Ff. *nothing thou wilt* Q_7 Q_8.
375 *life*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *selfe* The rest.
that] Qq. *it* Ff.
376 K. Rich. *Then.....misusest.*] Qq. This line is placed after *not wrong'd*, l. 373, in Ff.
Thyself thyself misusest] *Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd* Ff. *Thy selfe, thy selfe misused* Q_8.
377 *God—...God's*] Qq. *Heauen.... Heauens* Ff. *Heaven—...God's* Malone.
378 *hadst fear'd*] Qq. *didd'st feare* Ff.
by Him] *by him* Qq. *with him* Ff. *with heav'n* Pope.
379 *thy brother*] Q_7Q_8. *my husband* Ff. *my brother* The rest.
380 *Had not been*] Qq. *Thou had'st not* Ff.
brother slain] Qq. *Brothers died* Ff.
381 *by Him*] *by him* QqFf. *with heav'n* Pope.
382 *thy brow*] *thy head* Ff. *my brow* Q_8.
383 *graced*] *grac'd* Ff. *grast* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ Q_5. *grac't* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
385 *two...for*] *are tender bedfellowes in* Long MS. *too tender bed-fellows for* Capell (Roderick conj.).
playfellows] Qq. *Bed-fellowes* Ff.
386 *hath*] *had* Q_8.
a prey for] Qq. *the prey for* Ff. *a prey to* Pope.
worms] *worme* Q_8.

Digitized by Google

What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old withered plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!

387 *What...now?*] Ff. Omitted in Qq and Pope.
The time] Ff. *By the time* Qq. *By time* Pope.
388 *wronged in the time*] Ff. *wrongd in time* Qq.
390 *time, for time*] Ff. *time, for time,* Q_1Q_2. *time for time,* The rest.
past wrong'd by thee] Ff. *by the past wrongd* Qq (*thee* Q_6Q_8).
391 *parents*] Qq. *Fathers* Ff.
slaughter'd] *slaughtered* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
392 *in their*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *with their* Q_5 Ff. *with her* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *in her* quoted in Steevens's reprint.
393 *butcher'd*] *butchered* Q_7Q_8.
394 *withered*] Qq. *barren* Ff. *wither'd* Pope.
plants] *plaints* Q_6.
with] *in* Pope.
395, 396 *Swear.....o'erpast.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
396 *ere*] *eare* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$. *nere* Q_4.
time misused o'erpast] Qq. *times ill-us'd repast* Ff. *times ill-us'd o'erpast* Rowe.
398 *attempt*] Qq. *Affayres* Ff.
400 *Heaven...hours!*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
Heaven] *So heaven* Keightley conj.
401 *light;*] *light?* $F_2F_3F_4$.
403 *proceedings*] Qq. *proceeding* Ff.
pure] Qq. *deere* Ff.
404 *Immaculate*] Q_1Ff. *Immaculatd* Q_2. *Immaculated* The rest.
405 *tender*] $Q_1Q_2Q_4$FfQ$_8$. *render* The rest.

Digitized by Google

In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

407, 408 *this land...herself*] Qq. *my selfe, and thee; Her selfe, the Land* Ff.
409 *Death, desolation*] Ff. *Sad desolation* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *Sad desolate* Q_7Q_8.
411 *by*] om. Q_1.
412 *good*] Qq. *deare* Ff.
415 *my*] Ff. *by* Qq.
deserts] *desires* F_4.
416 *and state of*] *of state and* Collier MS.
417 *peevish-fond*] Staunton (Malone conj.). *pieuish, fond* Q_1. *peeuish, fond* Q_2. *peeuish fond* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *peeuish found* Ff.
418 *thus?*] *thus.* Q_1.
419, 421 *Ay*] Rowe. *I* QqFf.
419 *thee*] Qq. *you* Ff.
420 *myself?*] *my selfe.* Q_1Q_2.
421 *yourself*] *your selues* Q_8.
422 *But*] Qq. *Yet* Ff.
my children.] *my harmless children.* S. Walker conj. *my children, didst thou not?* Anon. conj.
423 *I bury*] *I burie* Q_3Ff. *I buried* Q_1Q_2. *Ile burie* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
424 *Where in*] *Wherein* Q_7Q_8.
they shall] Q_1Q_2. *there shall* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *they will* Ff.
425 *Selves*] Ff. *Selfes* Qq.
recomforture] Ff. *recomfiture* Qq.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

How now! what news?
Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my lord.
K. Rich. Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:

427 *by the deed*] *in the deed* Q_7Q_8.
428 *to me*] *to me, Richard*, Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
very] om. Pope.
429 *And...mind.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
430 *and so*] Ff. om. Qq.
[Kissing her. Johnson.
[Exit.....] Exit. or Exit Qu. Qq. Exit Q. or Qu. Ff, after line 429.
431 *shallow, changing woman*] *shallow changing woman* Qq. *shallow-changing woman* Ff. *shallow, changing—woman* Capell.
432 Enter...] Capell. Enter Rat. Qq. Enter Ratcliffe. Ff (after *news?*).
How...news?] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
433 SCENE VI. Pope.
My gracious] Qq. *Most mightie* Ff.
434 *Rideth*] *Rides* F_4.
the shore] Qq. *our Shores* Ff.
438 *they*] *thy* Q_2.
440 *Norfolk*] *Norff.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
441 [Enter Catesby. Collier MS.
442 *my lord*] Qq. *my good Lord* Ff.
443 *Fly...Salisbury:*] See note (XX).
[To Ratcliff] Edd.

Digitized by Google

When thou comest thither,— [*To Catesby*] Dull unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

How now, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

444 *thither*] Ff. *there* Qq. [To Catesby] Rowe.
445 *stand'st.....still*] Qq (*stands* Q_4Q_7). *stay'st...here* Ff.
446 *sovereign.....mind*] Qq. *Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure* Ff.
447 *to him*] Ff. *them* Q_1Q_2. *him* The rest.
449 *he*] Qq. *that he* Ff.
450 *presently*] Qq. *suddenly* Ff.
451 Cate. *I go.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq. [Exit.] Ff. om. Qq.
452, 453 *What...Salisbury?*] Edd. One line in Qq. *What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?* Ff.
452 *is 't*] Edd. *is it* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *it is* Q_5. *is* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
453 *Salisbury?*] *Salisbury,* Q_1. *Salisbury?* Q_2. *Salisbury* Q_6Q_8. *Salisbury.* F_3F_4.
456, 457 *My mind.....you?*] Qq. *My minde is chang'd: Stanley, what newes with you?* Ff.
457 Enter Lord Stanley.] Ff. Enter Darbie. Qq.
458 *None good, my lord*] *None good my Lord* Qq. *None, good my Liege* $F_1F_2F_3$. *None good, my Liege* F_4. *the*] om. Q_7Q_8.
459 *it...told*] Qq. *well may be reported* Ff.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

460 *Hoyday*] *Heyday* Pope.
riddle ! neither] Theobald. *riddle neither* $Q_7Q_8F_4$. *riddle, neither* The rest.
461 *Why dost*] Qq. *What need'st* Ff.
mile] *miles* Ff Q_7Q_8.
462 *a nearer*] Qq. *the neerest* Ff.
way?] Ff. *way.* Q_1Q_2. *way,* The rest.
467 *Well...guess?*] *Well...guesse.* Q_1Q_2 $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$ (*sir?* Q_4). *Well, as you guesse.* Ff. *Well, sir, as you guesse,* Q_7. *Well, sir, as you guesse.* Q_8. *Well, as you guess?* Capell.
468 *Ely*] Qq. *Morton* Ff.
469 *there*] Qq. *here* Ff.
474 *doth he*] *makes he* Ff. *makes him* Hanmer.
sea] *Seas* FfQ_8.
475 *guess.*] *guess*— Hunter conj.
477 *Welshman*] *Welchmen* Q_7Q_8.
comes.] *comes?* Staunton.
479 *mighty liege*] Qq. *my good Lord* Ff.
480 *then...back?*] *then?...backe.* Q_1.
then] *now* Q_7Q_8.
him] *them* Q_8.
481 *are*] Qq. *be* Ff.
tenants] *tennants?* Q_1.

Digitized by Google

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

483 *Safe-conducting*] *Conducting safe* Pope.
485 *Richard*] Qq. *me* Ff.
487 *been*] *bin* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6Q_8$. *sovereign*] Qq. *King* Ff.
488 *Please it*] Qq. *Pleaseth* Ff.
491 *Ay, ay, thou wouldst*] *I, I, thou wouldst* Qq (*wouldest* Q_1). *I, thou would'st* Ff. *Ay, thou would'st* Rowe. *Ay, thou would'st fain* Pope.
492 *I will...sir.*] Qq. *But Ile not trust thee.* Ff. *Most*] om. Pope.
494 *nor never*] *nor ever* Pope.
495, 496 *Well...behind*] Qq (*thy men* Q_8), in one line. *Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind* Ff.
497 *faith*] Qq. *heart* Ff.
499 [Exit.] $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. om. Q_1Q_2. Exit. Dar. $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. Exit Stanley. Ff.

Digitized by Google

As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He striketh him.*
Take that, until thou bring me better news.

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,

501 *advertised*] *advertis'd* F_4.
502 *Edward*] Ff. *William* Qq. *Edmond* Pope.
503 *brother there*] Qq. *elder Brother* Ff.
504 *moe*] $Q_4Q_6F_1$. *mo* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$. *more* $Q_7F_2Q_8F_3F_4$.
505 Sec. Mess.] 2. M. Capell. Mes. Qq. Mess. Ff.
My liege, in Kent] Qq. *In Kent, my Liege* Ff.
506 *more competitors*] *Competitors* F_4. *still more competitors* Pope. *still more complices* Hanmer.
507 *their aid.....increaseth*] Qq. *the Rebels, and their power growes strong* Ff.
508, 511, 519 Third Mess.] 3. M. Capell. Mes. Qq. Mess. Ff.
508 *the Duke of*] Qq. *great* Ff.
509 *you*] *ye* Q_6FfQ$_7$Q$_8$.
of] *off* Q_1.
death?] Pope. *Death*, $F_1Q_7Q_8$. *death.* The rest.
[He striketh him.] QqFf. In Qq it is put after line 508.
510 *Take...me*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *Take... you bring me* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *There, take thou that, till thou bring* Ff.
511—516 *The news.....thine.*] Ff. See note (XXI).
511 [Kneeling. Collier (ed. 2) (Kneele) Collier MS.
512 *floods*] *Flood*, F_4.

Digitized by Google

Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquess Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

515 *I cry thee*] *Oh! I cry thee* Pope. *O, I cry you* Capell (as Qq).
516 [3 Mess. rises. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
517 *proclaim'd*] Ff. *giuen out* Qq.
518 *Reward*] Ff. *Rewardes* Qq.
to] Ff. *for* Qq.
the traitor in] Ff. *in Buckingham* Qq.
519 *been*] *bin* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
liege] Qq. *Lord* Ff.
520 Fourth Mess.] 4. M. Capell. Mes. Qq. Mess. Ff.
521 *in Yorkshire are*] Ff. *are vp* Qq.
522 *Yet...grace*] Qq. *But...Highnesse* Ff.
523 *Breton*] Capell. *Brittaine* QqF_1F_2. *Britain* F_3F_4. *Bretagne* Theobald.
by tempest] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
524 *Dorsetshire*] *Dorshire* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$, reading *The Brittaine...Dorshire* as one line.
524, 525 *sent...banks*] Ff. *Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore* Qq (*one* Q_7Q_8).
527 *answer'd*] Ff. *answered* Qq.
529 *Hoised...Brittany*] Edd. *Hoist... Brittaine* Qq. *Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittaine* Ff.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Lord DERBY'S *house.*

Enter DERBY *and* Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;

532 *beat*] *bare* Q_8.
533 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter... QqFf. Enter another Messenger. Edd. conj.
534 *That is*] Ff. *Thats* Qq.
536 *tidings*] *newes* Q_6FfQ_7Q_8.
yet they] Qq. *but yet they* Ff. *but yet it* Rowe.
540 [Flourish. Exeunt.] Florish. Exeunt. F_1. Exeunt. $Q_1F_2F_3F_4$. The rest omit.
SCENE V.] Capell. Scena Quarta. Ff. SCENE VII. Pope.
Lord Derby's house.] Lord Stanley's house. Hanmer.
Enter...] Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher. Qq (Entee Q_1). Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher. Ff. Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher. Pope. Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick. Theobald.
2 *this most bloody*] Qq. *the most deadly* Ff. *the most bloody* Collier.

Digitized by Google

The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Der. What men of name resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many moe of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Der. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

5 *withholds*] Qq. *holds off* Ff.
6—20 See note (XXII).
7 *Pembroke*] *Penbroke* F_1F_2. *Penbrook* F_3.
Ha'rford-west] Capell. *Harford-west* Q_1. *Herford-west* Q_2Q_5. *Hertford-west* Q_3Q_4. *Hertford west* Q_6Q_7. *Hertford West* Ff. *Hertford, west* Q_8. *Hav'rford-West* Hanmer.
8 *name*] *name and mark* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *note and name* S. Walker conj.
resort] *have made resort* Anon. conj.
to him] *unto him there* Wordsworth.
9 *renowned*] *renowmed* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
10 *Sir William*] *and Sir William* Pope.
11 *redoubted*] *doubted* Q_4.
12 *And*] Ff. om. Qq.
13 *moe*] *other* Ff. *more* Q_7Q_8. *others* Warburton.
noble fame] Qq. *great name* Ff.
14 *they do*] Qq. *do they* Ff.
course] Qq. *power* Ff.
16 *thy*] Q_1Ff. *my* The rest.
19 *These letters*] Qq. *My Letter* Ff. *Those letters* Capell. See note (XXII).

Digitized by Google

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *with halberds, led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;

ACT V. SCENE I.] Actus Quintus. Scena Prima. Ff.
Salisbury.] Pope.
An open place.] Capell. The Market-place. Grant White.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Buckingham to execution. Qq. Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution. Ff.
2, 11 Sher.] Ff. Rat. Qq.
2 *my good lord*] Ff. *my lord* Qq. *good my lord* Rowe.
3 *Rivers, Grey*] *Rivers, Gray* Qq. *Gray & Riuers* Ff.
10 *fellows*] Qq. *Fellow* Ff.
11 *my lord*] Qq. om. Ff.
12 *Why...doomsday.*] Omitted by Pope.
13 *that*] Qq. *which* Ff.
14 *on*] *one* Q_7.
15 *or*] *and* FfQ_8.
wife's] Rowe. *Wiues* QqFf.
17 *I trusted most*] Qq. *whom most I trusted* Ff.

Digitized by Google

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The camp near Tamworth.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, *and others, with drum and colours.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;

18 *This, this*] *This is* Q_7Q_8.
19 *Is*] *This* Pope, omitting line 18, *This...soul.*
respite] *despite* Q_7Q_8. *respect* Warburton. *restrict* Becket conj.
20 *That high*] *What high* Q_3.
that I] Qq. *which I* Ff. *whom I* Capell.
21 *feigned*] *feign'd* F_4.
23 *swords*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *sword* $Q_3Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *sowrd* Q_5.
24 *own*] Q_1Q_2Ff. The rest omit.
on] Qq. *in* Ff.
bosoms] Ff. *bosome* Qq.
25 *Now*] Qq. *Thus* Ff.
is fallen...head] Qq. *falles heauy on my necke* Ff. *falls heavy on my head* Pope.
26 *shall*] *will* F_3F_4.
28 *Come, sirs, convey me*] Qq. *Come leade me Officers* Ff.
29 [Exeunt.] om. Qq. Exeunt Buckingham with Officers. Ff.
SCENE II.] Scena Secunda. Ff.
The camp...] Hanmer. The Camp. Pope. On the borders of Leicestershire. A Camp. Theobald.
Enter...] Ff. Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets. Qq.

Digitized by Google

And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

5 (Paper) Collier MS.
7 *The wretched*] *The wretchless* Anon. conj. (Fras. Mag., 1853). *The wreckless* Collier MS. *The reckless* Collier (ed. 2). *The raged* Anon. conj. *The ruthless* Kinnear conj.
8 *spoil'd*] *spoils* Capell. *summer fields*] Ff. *somer-fieldes* Q_1. *summer-fields* Q_2. *sommer-field* The rest.
9 *Swills...makes*] *Swill'd...made* Pope.
10 *bosoms*] *bosome* Q_7Q_8.
11 *Lies now*] Qq. *Is now* Ff. *centre*] *Centry* F_1.
14 *cheerly*] Q_1Ff. *cheere* Q_2. *cheare* The rest.
17 Oxf.] Ff. 1 Lo. Qq. *swords*] Qq. *men* Ff.
18 *that bloody*] Qq. *this guilty* Ff.
19 Herb.] Her. Ff. 2 Lo. Qq. *fly*] Qq. *turne* Ff.
20 Blunt.] Ff. 3 Lo. Qq. *who*] *what* FfQ_8.
21 *greatest*] Qq. *deerest* Ff. *shrink*] Qq. *flye* Ff.
22 *vantage*] *advantage* Q_7Q_8.
24 *makes*] *make* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6$. [Exeunt.] Exit. Q_1. Exeunt Omnes. Ff. The rest omit.

Digitized by Google

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *in arms with* NORFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to night:
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.

SCENE III.] Pope. om. Ff.
Bosworth Field.] Pope.
Enter...] Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe, Catesbie, with others. Qq. Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey. Ff.
1 *tents*] Qq. *Tent* Ff.
2 *My...sad?*] Ff. *Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad.* Q_1. *Why* (*Whie*, Q_2), *how now Catesbie, why lookest thou so sad?* The rest.
3 Sur.] Ff. Cat. Qq.
4 *My Lord...liege*] Ff. *Norffolke, come hither* Qq (*hether* Q_1).
Norfolk,—] Theobald. *Norfolke.* Ff.
5 *Norfolk.....not?*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
6 *gracious*] Qq. *louing* Ff.
7 *there*] om. FfQ_7Q_8.
[Tent set up.] Capell.
8 *all's*] Ff. *all is* Qq.
[Aside. Collier MS.
9 *foe*] Qq. *Traitors* Ff.
10 *utmost power*] Ff. *greatest number* Qq.
11 *battalion*] $Q_1Q_4Q_6$. *battailon* Q_2Q_3 Q_5. *Battalia* Ff. *battalian* Q_7Q_8.
trebles] *trebble* F_4.
12 *the*] *that a* Q_7Q_8.
13 *party*] Qq. *Faction* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the field;
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let 's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and others. Some of the* Soldiers *pitch Richmond's tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning

14 *my tent there! Valiant*] *my tent there, valiant* Qq. *the Tent: Come Noble* Ff.
15 *of*] *or* Q_8.
field] Qq. *ground* Ff.
17 *want*] Qq. *lacke* Ff.
19 Scene changes to another part of Bosworth field. Theobald.
Enter.....tent.] Enter Richmond .....and Dorset. Ff. Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c. Qq (Richard Q_8). Drums. Enter, on the other Side of the Field, Soldiers of Richmond's Army, and set up his Tent: Then, Enter Henry, Blunt, Oxford, Herbert, Sir William Brandon, and Others. Capell.
set] Ff. *sete* Q_1. *seate* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *seat* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
20 *track*] Qq. *Tract* Ff.
21 *signal*] Qq. *token* Ff.
22 *Sir.....standard*] Ff. *Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd* Qq.
23—26 *Give...strength.*] Arranged as in Ff. See note (XXIII).
23, 24 *paper in my tent: I'll*] *paper; in my tent I'll* Pope.
26 *strength*] Qq. *Power* Ff.
27, 28 *My Lord...with me.*] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
28 *you,*] *your* F_1.
29 *keeps*] Ff. *keepe* Qq.

Digitized by Google

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And give him from me this most needful scroll.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to our tent! the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY, *and others.*

K. Rich. What is 't o' clock?
Cate. It 's supper-time, my lord;

33 *good Blunt, before thou go'st*] Qq. (*good Captaine*) *do for me* Ff.
34 *dost thou*] *doest thou* Qq. *do you* Ff. *know?*] *know.* Q_1.
35 *colours*] *quarters* Warburton.
37 *lies*] $Q_1Q_2F_1F_3F_4$. *liet* Q_3Q_5. *lieth* $Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *lyes* F_2.
40 *Good...to him,*] Qq. *Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him* Ff.
41 *scroll*] *scrowle* Qq. *Note* Ff.
42 *life*] *selfe* $F_2F_3F_4$.
43 *And so...to-night!*] Ff. om. Qq.
44 *Good...gentlemen,*] Two lines in Ff. [Exit Blu. Capell.
46 *In to our*] *Into our* Q_6Q_7. *Into my* Ff. *In our* Q_8. *In to my* Capell. *air*] Qq. *Dew* Ff.
[They withdraw...] Ff. om. Qq.
47 Enter, to his tent...] Capell. Enter King Richard... Qq. Enter Richard... Ff. Scene changes back to King Richards Tent. Enter..... Theobald.
Catesby, and others.] Catesby &c. Q_1 Q_2. & Catesby. Ff. Catesby. The rest.
47, 48 *What is 't.....nine o' clock.*] Ff. *What is a clocke.* Cat. *It is sixe of clocke, full supper time.* Qq (*of the* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$).
It 's supper-time...nine o' clock.] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

Digitized by Google

It 's nine o' clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was!
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

48 *It's nine*] *It's six* Dyce, ed. 1 (Steevens conj.) from Qq.
48, 49 *I will.....paper.*] As in Ff. As one line in Qq.
49 *Give...paper.*] Omitted by Pope.
50 *What, is*] *What? is* Q_1. *What is* Q_7 Q_8.
53 *charge*] *charge, away* Capell. *proper charge* Wordsworth.
54 *sentinels*] *Centinels* Ff. *Centinell* Qq.
57 [Exit.] Ff. om. Qq.
58, 59 *Catesby!* Cate. *My lord?*] As in Pope. *Catesby!* Rat. *My lord.* Qq. *Ratcliffe.* Rat. *My Lord.* Ff.
62 [Exit Catesby.] Edd. om. QqFf.
63 [To Ratcliff. Pope. to Cat. Capell. *watch*] *watch-light* Keightley.
65, 66 *Look...Ratcliff!*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). One line in QqFf.
68 *Saw'st thou*] *Sawst thou* Q_1. *Saw'st* Ff. *Sawest thou* The rest.

Digitized by Google

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.*

Enter DERBY *to* RICHMOND *in his tent, Lords and others attending.*

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,

70 *about*] *like* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

72—75 *So, I am...Set*] *I 'm...So, set* Capell. *I'm...There, set* Pope.

74 *cheer*] *cleare* Q_7Q_8.
[Wine brought. Capell.

76 *Leave me. Ratcliff,*] *and leave me.* Pope. *Now leave me.* Keightley. *So leave me.* Id. conj.

76, 77 *Ratcliff,...tent*] As in Dyce. One line in QqFf.

77 *mid*] *midst* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

78 *arm me*] *arme* F_2. *Arm* F_4. *arm me, Ratcliff* Capell, reading l. 76 as Pope.
Leave me] *Leave me now* Pope.
[Exeunt.....] Edd. Exit Ratcliffe. QqFf. K. Richard retires into his tent. Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby. Malone.

79 SCENE III. Pope (ed. 1). SCENE IV. Pope (ed. 2).
Enter.....attending.] Edd. Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent. Qq Ff (Derby Ff).
sit] *set* Q_1.

82 *Tell me*] *Tell me, I pray* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
fares] *fares it with* Hanmer.
loving] Q_1Q_2. *noble* The rest.
mother] *mother now* Keightley conj.

85 *that. The*] Ff. *that the* Q_1. *that, the* Q_4. *that: the* The rest.

Digitized by Google

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:

86 *And*] *A* Q_7Q_8.
89 *arbitrement*] *arbitrement* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *arbiterment* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
90 *mortal-staring*] Steevens (1793). *mortall staring* QqFf. *mortal-fearing* Capell. *mortal-scaring* Malone conj. *mortal starry* Becket conj. *mortal-staving* Jackson conj. *mortal-stabbing* Staunton conj. *mortal-daring* Anon. conj. *mortal-bearing* Cartwright conj.
95 *brother, tender*] Ff. *brother tender* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *tender brother* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
97 *Farewell: the leisure*] *Farewell: The lack of leisure* Anon. conj. *leisure*] *lesion* Becket conj. *seizure* Forsyth conj.
100 *sunder'd*] *sundred* FfQ_7Q_8. *sundried* Q_1Q_2. *sundired* Q_3Q_4. *sundered* Q_5Q_6.
101 *us*] *on* Q_7Q_8.
for] *of* Q_7Q_8.
rites] Ff. *rights* Qq.
104 *with troubled thoughts*] Qq. *with troubled noise* Ff. *troubled with noise* Grant White. *with busied thoughts* Kinnear conj.
105 *peise*] Qq. *peize* F_1F_2. *poize* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, *son to* HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

107 *gentlemen*] *gentilemen* Q_7.
[Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manet Richmond. Ff. Exunt. Q_1Q_2. Exeunt. The rest.
108 [going towards a Couch, and kneeling. Capell. Kneel. Collier MS.
109 *on*] *one* Q_7.
forces with a gracious eye] *force with thy gracious eyes* Q_7Q_8.
111 *a*] om. Q_7Q_8.
112 *helmets*] *helmet* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
114 *the*] $Q_1Q_2Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *thy* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$Ff.
[Rising. Collier MS.
117 [Sleeps.] Ff. om. Qq. [throws himself upon the Couch, and sleeps. Capell.
118 SCENE IV. Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond: They sleeping. Pope (ed. 1). SCENE V. Pope (ed. 2).
Enter...] Enter...young Prince Edward, sonne Harry the sixt, to Ri. Q_1. yoong Prince Edward,.....to Ri. Q_2.
119 *stab'dst*] *stabb'dst* Rowe. *stabst* Qq. *stab'st* F_1F_2. *stabb'st* F_3F_4.
my prime] *the prime* F_3F_4.
120 *despair, therefore*] *therefore despair* Pope.
therefore] om. Q_7Q_8.
121 *Be...souls*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
122 *butcher'd*] Ff. *butchred* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *butchered* The rest.

Digitized by Google

Enter the Ghost of HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN.

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

125 *deadly*] Q_1. Omitted in the rest.
127 *Harry*] QqF_1. *Henry* $F_2F_3F_4$.
130 *in thy sleep: live*] Qq. *in sleepe: Liue* Ff. *in sleep: live thou* Rowe (ed. 2). *in sleep: live, live* Anon. conj. *in sleep now; live, and flourish* Keightley. *in sleep; flourish and live* or *in thy sleep; now live and flourish* or *in slumber; live and flourish.* Id. conj.
131 *sit*] *set* Q_1.
131, 139 *on*] $Q_5Q_8Q_8$. *one* Q_7. *in* The rest.
132 *wash'd*] *wak'd* Jackson conj.
to] *in* Dyce conj.
with] *in* F_3F_4.
139 Ghost of R.] King. Q_1Q_2. Riu. The rest.

Digitized by Google

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!
All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

143 *lance*] *hurtless lance* Capell. *pointless lance* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *despair*] *Richard, despair* Pope.
144 *Awake,*] In a separate line in Ff. *Richard's*] Q_1FfQ$_6$. *Ri.* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *Ric.* Q$_6$. *Rich.* Q$_7$.
145 *Will*] *Wel* Q_1. *him*] QqF$_1$. om. F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
146 Hastings.] Q_1Q_2. L. Hastings. the other Quartos. Lord Hastings. Ff. See note (XXIV). *guiltily*] QqF$_1$. *guilty* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
148 *despair*] *and despair* Pope. *so despair* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
149 *Quiet...awake /*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
151 *Dream...Tower:*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff. *smothered*] *smoothred* Q$_3$Q$_5$. *smothred* Q$_4$. *smoothered* Q$_6$. *smother'd* F$_4$.
152 *lead*] Q_1. *laid* or *layd* The rest.
153 *thee*] *the* Q$_6$F$_3$.
154 *souls bid*] QqF$_4$. *soule bides* F$_1$F$_2$F$_3$.

Digitized by Google

[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE *his wife.*

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep:
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:

155 *Sleep...joy;*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
159 Lady Anne.....] Q_1Q_2. Queene Anne... the other Quartos. Anne, ... Ff.
Richard...Anne thy wife,] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
161 *perturbations*] *preturbations* Q_1.
162, 163 *To-morrow...die!*] Spurious; the true lines being lost. Lettsom conj.
163 *edgeless sword*] *powerless arm* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
164 *Thou...sleep:*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
167 Enter the Ghost.....] Enter the Ghosts... F_2.
The first...crown;] One line in Qq. Two in Ff, the first ending *I.*
168 *thy*] *the* Q_7.

Digitized by Google

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

173 *I died...aid:*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
for hope] *for holpe* Theobald. *forsoke* Hanmer. *forholpe* Steevens conj. *fore-done* Tyrwhitt conj. *sore hope*, Jackson conj. *to hope* Grant White conj. *my hope* Cartwright conj.
176 *falls*] Qq. *fall* Ff.
[The Ghosts vanish.] Rowe. om. QqFf.
King.....dream.] Richard starteth up out of a dreame. Qq (starteth out $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$; started out of his Q_7Q_8). Richard starts out of his dreame. Ff.
179 *coward*] See note (XXV).
180 *It is now*] Q_1. *It is not* The rest. *Is it not* Rowe (ed. 2).
181 *stand*] *stands* Q_5.
182—203 *What do I...to myself?*] Ritson would put this in the margin.
182 *What do I fear? myself?*] Q_1. *What do I feare my selfe?* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *What? do I feare my Selfe?* Ff.
183 *Richard loves...am I.*] omitted by Pope.
I am I] *I and I* Q_1.
184 *murderer*] *murd'rer* Johnson. *murtherer* QqFf.
185—192 *Then fly...flatter.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
185 *fly.*] *flie*, Qq. *flye;* F_1. *flye?* $F_2F_3F_4$. *reason why:*] *reason why,* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *reason whie?* Q_1. *reason why?* Q_2. *reason: why?* Ff.
186 *revenge. What...myself?*] *revenge myself upon myself.* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.).
What,] *What* Qq. *What?* Ff. om. Capell.
upon] *on* Pope.
187 *Alack,*] om. Pope.

Digitized by Google

That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

188 *I*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
have] *hath* Q_7Q_8.
unto] *upon* F_3F_4.
191 *yet*] *yea* Q_8.
192 *speak well: fool*] *speak—well Fool* Rowe (ed. 1).
196 *Perjury, perjury*] *Periurie, periurie* Q_1Q_2. *Periurie* (once only) The rest. *Perjury, foul perjury* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
the] om. Pope.
197 *Murder...murder*] $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Murther...murther.* The rest.
199 *Throng*] Q_1Q_2. *Throng all* The rest.
to the] *to' th'* F_1F_2. *to th'* F_3F_4.
bar] *barrre* Q_6. *Boare* Q_8.
crying all] *all crying* Pope.
200 *shall*] *will* Pope.
creature] *creatuees* F_2. *creatures* F_3.
201 *will*] Q_1Q_2. *shall* The rest.
202, 203 *Nay.....myself?*] Put in the margin by Pope.
they,...myself?] *they,...my selfe.* Q_1. *they?...my selfe.* The rest.
202 *Nay,*] Ff. *And* Qq.
204—206 *Methought.....Richard.*] See note (XXVI).
204 *had*] Q_1Ff. om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *haue* Q_7Q_8.
murder'd] Johnson. *murtherd* Q_1Q_2. *murthred* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *murthered* Q_6Q_7. *murther'd* Ff. *murdred* Q_8.
205 *Came*] *Came all* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
and] om. F_4.
one] *on* Q_4.

Digitized by Google

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!
K. Rich. 'Zounds! who is there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*

208 *'Zounds! who is*] Qq. *Who's* Ff. [starting. Capell.
there] *heare* Q_4.
209 *Ratcliff,*] om. Q_7Q_8.
'tis I] om. Pope.
210 *twice*] *thrice* Q_7Q_8.
212—214 K. Rich. *O Ratcliff...my lord.*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
213 *thinkest*] Capell. *thinkst* Qq.
214 *O...fear,—*] *O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream.* Collier MS.
O] om. Pope.
fear,—] *fear—* Rowe. *feare,* Q_7Q_8. *feare.* The rest.
217 *struck*] F_4. *stroke* $Q_1F_1F_2F_3$. *strooke* The rest.
219 *Armed*] *Arm'd all* Cibber's version.
220 *It is*] Pope. *Tis* or *'Tis* QqFf.
220, 221 *me;...tents*] *me,...tents* QqF_1 (*me,...Tents,* Q_8). *me,...Tents;* $F_2F_3F_4$.
221 *eaves-dropper*] F_4. *ease dropper* Q_1. *ewse dropper* Q_2. *ewse-dropper* Q_3. *eawse-dropper* Q_4. *ewese-dropper* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Ease-dropper* $F_1F_2F_3$.
222 *see*] Q_1Q_2. *heare* The rest.
mean to shrink] QqF_1F_2 (*means to shrinke* Q_4). *man shrink* F_3F_4.
[Exeunt.] Qq. Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Enter the Lords *to* RICHMOND, *sitting in his tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!
Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,

223 SCENE v. Pope (ed. 1). SCENE IV. Pope, ed. 2 (a misprint). SCENE VI. Warburton.
Enter...] Ff. Enter the Lordes to Richmond. Qq. Richmond wakes. Enter Oxford, and Others, to him. Capell.
224 *Cry mercy*] QqF$_1$. *Cry you mercy* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$. *I cry you mercy* Pope.
225 *a*] om. Q$_4$.
here.] *heere?* F$_1$F$_2$. *here?* F$_3$F$_4$.
227 *The...dreams*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
fairest-boding] Theobald. *fairest boding* Qq. *fairest boading* Ff.
230 *bodies*] *body* Q$_7$Q$_8$.
Richard] *Rich.* F$_1$.
murder'd] Johnson. *murtherd* Q$_1$. *murther'd* Ff. *murthered* The rest.
231 *cried on victory*] QqFf. *cried out Victory* Pope. *cried On / Victory* Warburton.
232 *soul*] Qq. *Heart* Ff.
234 *morning*] *mourning* Q$_8$.
236 [arms, and comes forth. Capell.
His oration.....] QqFf. To his Troops; who now gather about the Tent. Capell.
239 *upon*] *on* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.

242 *high-rear'd*] *high read* Q_4.
243 *Richard except,*] *Richard, except* Q_1 Q_2.
247 *establish'd*] Ff. *established* Qq.
248 *what*] *that* Q_7Q_8.
249 *slaughter'd*] Ff. *slaugtered* Q_3. *slandered* Q_4. *slaughtered* The rest.
250 *foil*] *foile* Q_1Q_2. *soile* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *soyle* $Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8F_3$. *soyl* F_4.
254 *ward*] *reward* Q_8.
255 *do*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
sweat] *sweate* Q_1Q_2. *sweare* The rest.
256 *You*] *You'll* Hanmer.
258 *fat*] *fate* Long MS.
259 *do*] *doe* F_3.
262 *quit*] Pope. *quite* QqFf.
267 *attempt*] *attempt,*— Seymour conj.

Digitized by Google

Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey, then?

Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is.
[*The clock striketh.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;

269 *trumpets*] *trumpet* F_2.
boldly and] *boldly* Pope. *bold and* Staunton.
270 [Exeunt.] Shouts, &c. and Exeunt. Capell. om. QqFf.
271 SCENE VI. Pope (ed. 1). SCENE VII. Pope (ed. 2).
Re-enter...] Re-enter Richard, and Ratcliffe; Attendants, and Forces, with them. Capell. Enter King Richard, Rat. &c. Qq. Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby. Ff
273 *then?*] *then.* F_4.
275 *in the*] *i' th'* Pope.
[The clock striketh.] Qq. Clocke strikes. Ff (Clockes F_2).
276, 277 *Tell.....to-day?*] As in Pope. As two lines in QqFf, ending *there. ...to day?*
276 (booke brought) Collier MS. A calendar brought. Collier (ed. 2).
279 *braved*] *brac'd* Jackson conj.
280 *will it*] *it will* Rowe (ed. 2).
280, 281 *somebody. Ratcliff?*] *somebody. —Ratcliffe,—* Capell. *some bodie Rat.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *somebody. Ratcliffe.* Ff. *some body,* Q_7. *some body.* Q_8.
281 *Ratcliff!*] Put in a separate line first by Johnson.
282 *lord?*] Pope. *Lord.* QqFf.

Digitized by Google

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Re-enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*He sheweth him a paper.*

288 Re-enter...] Enter... QqFf.
vaunts] *vants* Q_4.
293 *shall be drawn out all*] *battel shall be drawn* Hanmer. *rankes shall be drawn out* Collier MS.
out all] Q_1. The rest omit.
297 *this*] Q_1Q_2. *the* The rest.
298 *we*] *we our self* Pope.
follow] *follow them* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *follow then* Keightley. *follow after* or *follow on* (omitting *on* in the next line) Wright conj.
299 *whose puissance*] *which* Pope.
301 *This...Norfolk?*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
boot] *bootes* Q_1Q_2.
think'st] Ff. *thinkst* Q_1. *thinkest* The rest. *think* Rowe (ed. 2).
Norfolk] *Norffolke* Q_1. *Nor.* Q_2Q_3 Q_4Q_5. *not* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Norfolke* Ff.
303 *This*] *This paper* Pope.
[He sheweth.....:] Qq. om. Ff. Giving a Scrowl. Rowe.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,

304 K. Rich. [Reads] Capell. Reads. Rowe. om. QqFf.
so] *too* Capell. *to* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
306 *A thing*] Capell. King. *A thing* QqFf.
[throws it away. Capell.
307 *every man unto*] Qq. *euery man to* Ff. *go each man to* Pope.
308—311 *Let not...law.*] Spoken aside, Mason conj.
309 *Conscience is but*] Q_1Q_2. *For conscience is* Ff. *Conscience is* The rest.
311 *conscience, swords our*] *conscience swords, our* Q_1.
conscience] *consciences* Q_7.
swords] *our swords* Q_7Q_8.
312 *to't*] F_4. *too't* $F_1F_2F_3$. *to it* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_8$. *too it* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
314 His oration...] Qq. Omitted in Ff. turning to his Troops. Capell.
315 *whom*] *who* Q_7Q_8.
to cope] *in cope* Q_7Q_8.
316 *rascals, and*] *rascals,* $F_2F_3F_4$. *of rascals,* Pope.
rascals] Q_4Ff. *rascols* The rest.
317 *Bretons*] Capell. *Brittains* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$. *Brittaines* $Q_4Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8$. *Britains* F_3F_4. *Britons* Pope.
lackey peasants] Hyphened in F_4.
319 *ventures*] Capell. *aduentures* QqFf. *assured*] om. Pope (reading *adventures*).
320 *to you*] Q_1. *you to* The rest.

Digitized by Google

They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And in record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

322 *restrain*] *distrain* Hanmer (Warburton).
323, 324, 326 *fellow,...cost?...snow?*] Capell. *fellow?...cost,...snow:* Qq Ff.
324 *Bretagne*] Hanmer. *Brittaine* Qq. *Britaine* F_1F_2. *Britain* F_3F_4.
our mother's] *his mother's* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *our brother's* Capell.
325 *milk-sop*] F_3F_4. *milkesopt* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$ Q_4Q_5. *milkesope* Q_6. *milke-sop* F_1 $Q_7F_2Q_8$.
332 *conquer'd*] Rowe. *conquered* Qq Ff.
333 *these*] *those* Rowe.
bastard Bretons] Capell. *bastard Brittains* Q_1Q_2. *bastard Britaines* F_1. *bastard-Britains* F_3F_4. *bastard Brittaines* The rest. *bastard-Britons* Pope.
335 *in record*] Q_1Q_2. *on record* The rest.
heirs] *heire* Q_7.
336 *lands*] *land* Q_8.
337 *Ravish...drum.*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
[Drum...] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
their] *there* Q_7Q_8.
338 *Fight*] $Q_1Q_2Q_8$. *Right* The rest.
bold] Q_1. *boldly* The rest.
339 *your*] *you* Q_7.

Digitized by Google

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK *and forces fighting; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

342 Enter...] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
343 *come*] *come to you* Capell.
344 *Off*] *Off instantly* Hanmer.
with his] *with's* S. Walker conj.
351 *on*] *one* Q_7.
helms] *helmes* $Q_1Q_2Q_4Q_6$. *helpes* Q_3 $Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7F_2$. *helps* F_3F_4.
[Exeunt.] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit. Drums, and Exeunt. Capell.
SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope (ed. 1). SCENE VIII. Pope (ed. 2). Scene continued in Ff.
Another...] Capell.
Alarum: excursions.] QqFf.
Enter Norfolk.....] Capell. Enter Catesby. QqFf.
1 *Rescue...rescue!*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
3 *Daring an opposite*] *Daring and opposite* Q_8. *A daring opposite* Warburton conj.

Digitized by Google

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight.* RICHARD *is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter* RICHMOND, DERBY *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.
Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

7 Alarums.] Ff. om. Qq.
Enter...] Enter Richard. QqFf.
10 *die*] *day* Q_4.
13 [Exeunt.] Theobald. om. QqFf.
SCENE V.] Dyce. Ff, Pope, Capell, &c. continue the Scene.
Another part...] Dyce.
Alarum. Enter.....Re-enter Richmond...] Alarum. Enter.....Enter Richmond..... Ff. Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby, bearing the Crowne, with other Lords. Qq (Lords, &c. Q_1). See note (XXVII).
1 *God...friends!*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
arms] *arme* Q_7.
2 *dog*] *hog* quoted by Rann.
3, &c. Der.] Stan. Pope.
3, 4 *Courageous...royalty*] As in Qq. As three lines in Ff, ending *Richmond...Loe...Royalties.*
4 *this...royalty*] Q_1. *this...roialties* Q_2 $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *these.....Royalties* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

7 *enjoy it*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.
make much] *make use* Rowe.
9 *tell me*] *tell me first* Pope. *tell me pray* Keightley. *tell me now* Dyce (ed. 2).
young] *your son* Capell.
11 *Whither*] *Whether* $Q_1Q_7Q_8F_3$.
if it please you] Qq (*ift* Q_8. *pleafe* Q_1). *if you please* Ff. *if you so please* Pope.
if...us] *if you please we will withdraw us now* Keightley conj.
now] Qq. om. Ff.
12 *name*] QqF_1F_2. *note* F_3F_4.
13 Der.] Ff. om. Qq.
13, 14 *John.....Brandon.*] As prose in Qq.
13 *Walter*] $Ff Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Water* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *Walter the* Pope.
Ferrers] Capell. *Ferris* QqFf.
14 *Brakenbury*] F_4. *Brookenbury* Q_1Q_2. *Brokenbury* The rest.
and] om. Pope.
15 *becomes*] Rowe. *become* QqFf.
20 *Smile heaven*] *Smile, heaven,* Anon. conj. *Smile, heavens,* S. Walker conj.
20, 21 *heaven...have*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5F_1F_2F_3$. *heaven...hath* $Q_6Q_7Q_8F_4$.
23 *scarr'd*] *scar'd* F_4.
25 *rashly*] *madly* Capell.
slaughter'd] F_3F_4. *slaughterd* Q_1. *slaughtered* The rest.

Digitized by Google

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen! [*Exeunt.*

26 *son...butcher...the*] *sonnes...butcher ...the* F_2. *sons...butcher...the* F_3. *Sons ... Butchers ... the* F_4. *sons... butchers...their* Johnson.
sire] *father* Q_8.
27, 28 *All...division,*] Put in the margin by Pope.
27 *this*] *that* Rann (Johnson conj.).
27, 28 *Lancaster, Divided*] *Lancaster. Divided* Grant White. *Lancaster Divided* Perring conj.
28 *Divided in their*] *Did usher in. Their* Anon. conj.
division,] Rann (Johnson conj.). *division.* QqFf.
32 *their*] $Q_1Q_2Q_6$. *thy* The rest.
thy] *they* $Q_5Q_8Q_7Q_6$.
33 *smooth-faced*] *Smooth-fac'd* Ff. *smooth-faste* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$. *smooth-fast* Q_4. *smooth-fac't* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
34 *days*] *day* Rowe (ed. 1).
35 *Abate*] *Rebate* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
40 *again*] *agen* Ff.
41 *here*] $Q_4F_2Q_8F_3F_4$. *heere* F_1. *heare* The rest.
[Exeunt.] Ff. om. Qq.

Digitized by Google

NOTES.

Note I.

The first and second Folios give the title of this play as follows: 'The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.' The third and fourth Folios give the same except that for 'Earle Richmond,' they have 'the Earl of Richmond.' The running title in all is: 'The Life and Death of Richard the Third.'

The Acts and Scenes are marked throughout in the Folios, but not in the Quartos.

Note II.

I. 1. 98—100. Pope reconstructed the whole passage thus:

'What, fellow? nought to do with mistress *Shore?*
I tell you Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.'

Steevens, rejecting the word 'alone' as an interpolation, would arrange the last and the following lines thus:

'Were best to do it secretly.
Bra. What one
My lord?
Glou. Her husband, knave:—Wouldst thou betray me?'

Capell also had omitted 'alone,' but made an Alexandrine by continuing the line to 'my lord.'

Note III.

I. 3. 17. Theobald substitutes 'Stanley' for 'Derby' throughout, observing, 'This is a blunder of inadvertence, which has run thro' the

Digitized by Google

whole chain of impressions. It could not well be original in Shakespeare, who was most minutely acquainted with his history and the intermarriages of the nobility....Thomas Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of that prince (i.e. Henry VII.); and, accordingly, afterwards in the fourth and fifth Acts of this play, before the battel of Bosworth-field, he is every where call'd Lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the change I have made in his title.'

This statement is not quite correct. He is called 'Derby' (the word being, of course, variously spelt) throughout the first and second Acts. He is called 'Lord Stanley' for the first time in Act III. Scene 2. In Act III. Scene 4, he is called 'Derby' in the stage directions and 'Stanley' in the text. He is 'Stanley' in Act IV. Scene 1. In Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3 [4], we find in the Folio 'Stanley' both in the stage directions and the text. In the Quarto it is 'Derby' in the stage directions, the name not occurring in the text. In Act IV. Scene 4 [5], he is called 'Derby' in the stage directions. In Act V. Scene 2, Richmond speaks of him as 'my father Stanley,' and in the next scene he is called 'Derby' in the stage directions, and 'Stanley' in the text.

The error must have been due to the author, who would not have written 'my lord of Stanley,' and therefore we have retained 'Derby' wherever both Quarto and Folio agree in reading it. 'An editor,' says Mr Grant White, 'is not justifiable in substituting what his author should have written for what he did write.'

NOTE IV.

I. 3. 322. In Capell's copy of the seventh Quarto an old MS. corrector has converted 'we come' into 'welcome.'

NOTE V.

I. 4. 75. After this line which is assigned to '*Keep.*' like the foregoing lines, the Folios insert the stage direction, 'Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant,' and then prefix '*Bra.*' to the next line, as if Brakenbury and the keeper had been two different persons, instead of being identical as they are in the Quartos. Pope restored the reading of the Quartos. Mr Grant White defends the stage directions of the Folios thus: 'It was a violation of all propriety to make Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, go about with a bunch of ponderous keys at his girdle or in his hand. These keys were evidently carried by the keeper, a higher

Digitized by Google

sort of gaoler, but a person of rank much inferior to that of Brakenbury, the commander of the Tower. The stage direction and the prefixes of the Quarto are probably the result of the limited number of actors in Shakespeare's company when the play was first produced, which caused the easily merged parts of the *Keeper* and *Brakenbury* to be assigned to one performer.'

But Clarence was no common prisoner, and there would be no degradation in Brakenbury's acting in person as keeper to a prince of the blood, at a time when even menial offices were rendered by gentlemen of good birth not only to royal personages but also to others. We may observe—though this is of little weight—that the corrector has omitted to provide for the *exit* of the Keeper.

On the whole we have decided to adhere to the Quartos, as they undoubtedly give what Shakespeare originally wrote, and the alteration found in the Folios is not of such obvious propriety that we should unhesitatingly attribute it to the hand of the author.

Note VI.

I. 4. 110. The speeches in this part of the scene, which are obviously prose, are printed in the Quartos and Folios as lines of verse of various lengths.

Note VII.

I. 4. 257—265. This passage, including the lines immediately preceding, stands thus in the first Quarto, which is followed by the rest, substantially:

'2 What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuelish,
My friend, I spie some pitty in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?'

It is thus amplified in the Folios:

'2 What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and saue your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,

Digitized by Google

Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your selues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.
1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:
My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.'

Pope adopted the reading of the Quartos, rejecting the last line 'A begging...not?' He was followed by Hanmer and Capell except that the latter retained the line which Pope rejected. Theobald followed the Folios, reading *for life? Ah! you...distress.* Johnson, who gives in his text the arrangement which Warburton had borrowed from Theobald, says, in a note: 'I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Mr Pope observed not to be in the old edition, are now misplaced, and should be inserted here, somewhat after this manner.

"*Clar.* A begging...pities not?
Vil. A begging prince!
Clar. Which of you if you were a prince's son, &c."

Upon this provocation the villain naturally strikes him.'

The arrangement which we have adopted was first suggested by Tyrwhitt, and introduced into the text by Steevens, 1793. It involves a rather violent transposition, but we see no better remedy. As the lines omitted in the Quarto have all the appearance of being Shakespeare's own, we cannot leave them out of the text. We think, however, that they are out of their right place in the Folio, and that the transposition suggested by Johnson does not yield a satisfactory sense.

Mr Grant White says: 'Mr Knight, Mr Collier, Mr Verplanck, and Mr Hudson follow the Folio; the last only attaining a tolerable sense, by supposing *Clarence's* question, as it appears in the Folio, to end at "would not intreat for life," and the *Murderer* to interrupt him in the beginning of a new sentence, thus:—

"Which of you, &c.....
Would not entreat for life? As you would beg,
Were you in my distress,—
1 *Murd.* Relent!" &c.—

Digitized by Google

presuming, I suppose, the Duke to be about to say, "As you would beg, &c., *so I beg*," &c. I am unable to look so far into *Clarence's* intentions as to decide upon the merits of this reading.'

The punctuation proposed by Mr Hudson had suggested itself independently to Mr Spedding. The chief objection however to the reading of the Folio still remains, viz. the awkwardness of the murderer's taking up Clarence's word 'Relent' after so long an interval. If, as we suppose, Shakespeare wrote those additional lines in the margin of his original MS., nothing is more likely than that a copyist should have misplaced them. In IV. 4. 52, 53, two lines undoubtedly added by Shakespeare are thus misplaced in the Folio:

'That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth.'

Similarly in Act II. Scene 1, the line

'Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you,'

which the corrector intended to follow 66, is placed in the Folio after 67. We have not introduced this line into the text, because Shakespeare would not have introduced it after line 66 as it stands in the Quarto, nor have altered that line as it is altered in the Folio.

See also IV. 4. 100—104, where, in correcting one mistake of transposition, another has been made.

See also Note (XIX).

Mr Collier in his second edition, following in other respects the Folio, inserts three words suggested by his MS. corrector, thus:

'Would not entreat for life? As you would beg
Were you in my distress, *so pity me*.'

Mr Knight's arrangement (ed. 1839), in which he says he has followed 'the Folio, instead of adopting the arbitrary regulations of the modern editors,' is this:

'*Clar.* Not.....devilish.
My friend.....
.....pities not?
Which of you.....
.....distress?'

Here perhaps the printer has mistaken Mr Knight's marginal directions. If such an error can escape the notice of so careful an editor, how likely is it to occur in the Folio which could hardly be said to have an editor at all!

Digitized by Google

NOTE VIII.

II. 3. 12. Johnson supposed that a line had been lost between lines 12 and 13 after 'government.' Malone conjectured that one had been lost after 'council under him,' line 13.

NOTE IX.

II. 4. 1, 2. The Quarto here reads:

'Last night I heare they lay at Northhampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night.'

The Folio:

'Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night.'

Pope:

'I heard they lay the last night at Northampton,
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night.'

Capell:

'Last night, I hear, they rested at Northampton;
At Stony-stratford they do lye to-night.'

The correction found in the Folio was probably made, as Malone says, simply for the sake of the metre. The Folio reading accidentally coincides with the statement of Hall's Chronicle, but (what is of more consequence) it is inconsistent with the next line of the Archbishop's speech.

NOTE X.

II. 4. 38. We have followed the Folios in reading 'Enter a Messenger' and in assigning the speeches that follow to him rather than to the Marquess Dorset as is the case in the Quartos. The change must have been deliberate, and as the Queen does not greet the person who brings the intelligence, and expresses no anxiety for his safety when she herself is going to sanctuary, it seems more proper that the messenger should be one of inferior rank than one so nearly connected with the Queen. His ignorance of the cause of the arrest of the nobles and the terms in which he speaks of them are in keeping with the character of a

Digitized by Google

messenger. In Act IV. Scene 1, the Queen, apparently, meets Dorset for the first time since Richard's designs were disclosed, and passionately urges his escape.

Mr Vaughan retains the reading of the Quartos, but omits 'Marquess' between 'Lord' and 'Dorset,' ending the lines *Dorset....my lord,...prince? ...then?*

Note XI.

III. 1. 169, &c. The reading of the first Quarto is:

'Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, &c.'

Note XII.

III. 2. 91—93. In the first Quarto the passage reads thus:

'But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?
Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded.'

The reading of the Folios, which we have retained, is not satisfactory, and looks like an attempt of the editors to amend the defective metre of the Quartos. The scene opens at four in the morning, and yet Stanley is made to say, 'the day is spent.'

Note XIII.

III. 4. 5. We retain here the reading in which both the earliest Quartos and the Folios agree. It doubtless came from the pen of the author, and is after all a pardonable inaccuracy, such as may easily escape from the pen of a rapid writer or the tongue of a ready talker.

Note XIV.

III. 4. 10—13. We keep the reading of the Quartos but have made a change in the arrangement of the lines. This is the text of the Quartos:

Digitized by Google

'*Buc.* Who I my Lo? we know each others faces:
But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:'

The Folio reads:

'*Buck.* We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine.'

Pope follows the Folios, but reads 'Nor' for 'Or' in the last line.

Note XV.

III. 4. 78—80. The first Folio reads:

'Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I sweare,
I will not dine, vntill I see the same.
Louell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done.'

The first Quarto has:

'Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not diue to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done.'

Theobald altered Ratcliffe to Catesby, observing in his note, 'The scene is here in the Tower: and Lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Gray and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff at the same instant be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the very scene preceding this we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. The players in their edition first made the blunder, as to Ratcliff attending Lord Hastings to death: for, in the old Quarto, we find it rightly;—Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings.' But in the next scene Theobald, while he makes Lovell and Catesby bring in the head of Hastings, allows Gloucester, just before their entrance, to say, 'Catesby, o'erlook the walls.' Hanmer corrected this inconsistency by reading, 'Some one o'erlook the walls.' We have followed the Folios, for the difficulties could not be removed entirely without applying more violence to the text than an editor is justified in using.

Digitized by Google

Note XVI.

III. 5. 10—21. In the first Quarto this passage stands as follows:

And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo. Maior,
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reason we have sent for you.
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the wals.
Buck. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocence defend vs. *Enter Catesby*
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Hast. head.*

In the last line Q_2 has *G, O, be quiet,* &c. Instead of lines 12—14, *But what...Lord mayor,* Theobald read with the Quartos.

Note XVII.

IV. 1. 92—94. In the second Folio there is a curious mistake here. In the margin of the first Folio, from which the second was printed, some one had inserted the stage directions, 'to Dorset,' 'to Anne,' 'to the Queene,' which the printer mistook and gave as part of the text thus:

'*Duc. Yorke.* Go to Richmond, to Dorset, to Anne, to the Queene, and good fortune guide thee, &c.'

The error is repeated in the third Folio and, strange to say, corrected in the fourth, where the stage directions are inserted in their proper places. It also inserts the word 'thou,' which had been omitted in the second and third Folios.

Note XVIII.

IV. 2. 47, &c. In this passage we have followed substantially the reading of the Quartos in preference to that of the Folios.

Digitized by Google

The first Quarto reads:

'*Darby.* My Lord, I heare the Marques Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those partes beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die, &c.'

In the seventh and eighth Quartos the second line of Darby's speech is divided '...seas Where he abides.'

The first Folio has:

'*Stanley.* Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse *Dorset*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous sicke, &c.'

Pope follows the Folios and Rowe, except that for 'Know, my loving Lord,' he substitutes 'my lord,' ending the next line at *fled*. Steevens retains the reading of the Folios, but in other respects adopts Pope's arrangement, assigning it, more suo, to Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Mr Staunton follows Steevens as regards Stanley's speech, and then reads with the Quartos. In the preceding line he reads with the Quartos: 'How now what news with you?'

Mr Collier suspects that 'What 's the news?' in line 46, is an interpolation and that the true reading is,

'How now, Lord Stanley?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled &c.'

Note XIX.

iv. 4, 364, 365. The first Quarto alone preserves the proper order of the lines here. Its words are:

'*King.* Harpe not one that string Madam that is past.
Qu. Harpe on it still shall I till hartstrings breake.'

The second Quarto omits the first line and gives the second to the King, thus:

Digitized by Google

'*King.* Harpe on it still shal I, till hartstrings breake.
King. Now by my George, &c.'

The third follows the second in omitting the first line, but it continues the second to the Queen. All the remaining Quartos read with the third.

The Folios give both lines, but in reverse order, thus:

..... 'graues,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, &c.'

Note XX.

IV. 4. 443. We have here followed the reading of the Quartos, in preference to that of the Folios, in which the passage stands as follows:

'*Rich.* *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.
Rich. *Catesby* come hither, poste to Salisbury:'

This seems to show that the text of the Quartos has been altered in the Folios by no very skilful hand. Rowe endeavoured to amend the passage by reading in the last line 'Ratcliff, come hither,' and in this has been followed by most succeeding editors.

Note XXI.

IV. 4. 511—516. The Quartos here read:

'*Mes.* Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is that by sudden floud, and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himselfe fled, no man knowes whether.
King. O I crie you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him.'

By substituting '"Tis' for 'My newes is' in the second line, and 'Buckingham's' for 'The Duke of Buckinghams' in the third, the reading of the Quartos might be retained.

Digitized by Google

Note XXII.

IV. 5. 6—20. We have followed the Quartos in the arrangement of the lines of this scene. The Folios insert after line 5:

'So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* hir daughter.'

And in Derby's last speech they read:

'Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolue him of my minde.
Farewell.'

Pope follows the Folios, except that for 'Withall say, that' he reads 'Say too.' Capell adopts the arrangement of the Quartos, but reads, 'Well, hie thee to thy lord' instead of 'Return unto thy lord.'

Note XXIII.

V. 3. 23—26. In the Quartos these lines are omitted in the present speech of Richmond, but inserted a few lines lower down, as will be seen from the following quotation from the first Quarto:

'*Blunt.* Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me some inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile drawe the forme, and modle of our battel,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength,
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes busines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.'

As the Quartos omit entirely lines 27, 28 and 43, we have followed the arrangement of the Folios. In Mr Taylor's copy of the Variorum of 1813 (now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge) he has marked lines 23—26 to be inserted after *Blunt*, line 44, reading 'Good night, good Captain Blunt. Give me some ink | And.....form | And...leader | To...just | Proportion...gentlemen.

Digitized by Google

Note XXIV.

v. 3. 146. In the first and second Quartos the Ghosts of the two young Princes enter and speak before the Ghost of Hastings. The Folios and the other Quartos make the Ghost of Hastings enter first. As a chronological order is observed in the appearance of the other Ghosts we have thought it best in this case to follow the latter authorities.

This discrepancy between the two earliest editions and the rest seems to have escaped the notice of Capell and of all other editors.

Note XXV.

v. 3. 179. Warburton says: The players, among their other innumerable absurdities, in the representation of this tragedy, make Richard say instead of 'O coward conscience,' 'O *tyrant* conscience!'

He refers to Colley Cibber's adaptation of Shakespeare's play: 'The Tragical History of King Richard III. Altered from Shakespear. By Colley Cibber Esq.'

Note XXVI.

v. 3. 204—206. Johnson says: 'These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words, *Fool do not flatter* (i.e. line 192).'

Rann, following Mason's suggestion, inserted them after 'I fear, I fear' (line 214), and then, says Mason, Ratcliffe's reply bidding the King not be afraid of shadows, would be natural. Mr Grant White would insert them either after line 178, 'Soft! I did but dream,' or after 212, 'I have dream'd a fearful dream.' As the Folios omit lines 212, 213, Ratcliffe's allusion to the shadows, of which he has heard nothing, is rendered absurd. Yet the absurdity escaped the notice of all editors before Capell.

Note XXVII.

v. 5. We have retained the stage direction of the Quartos and Folios, 'they fight, Richard is slain,' in preference to 'they fight, and exeunt fighting' of Mr Dyce, because it is probable from Derby's speech, 'From the dead temples of *this* bloody wretch,' that Richard's body is lying where he fell, in view of the audience.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY the Eighth.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. First given, imperfectly, by Rowe.

Digitized by Google

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY VIII.

THE PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show

3 *high and working*] *and high-working* Staunton.
full] F_1F_4. *fall* F_2F_3.
5 *now*] *shall* Pope.
10 *agree*] Pope. *a gree*, F_1. *agree*, $F_2F_3F_4$.
11 *pass, if*] *passe: If* Ff.

Digitized by Google

As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I 'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK *at one door; at the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

19 *beside*] *besides* Pope (ed. 2).
20 *brains*] *praise* Vaughan conj., reading line 21 as Malone.
21 *To make.....intend*] *Or make; that only truth we now intend* Hudson (Johnson conj.). *That only true to make we now intend* Tyrwhitt conj. Put in a parenthesis by Malone (Anon. conj.).
To make] *That make* Rowe.
22 *never*] *ne'er* S. Walker conj.
23 *and as*] *as* Pope.
25 *ye see*] *before ye* Theobald. *you see* Delius.
26 *noble story*] *history* Capell (Heath conj.).
28 *sweat*] *suite* Daniel conj.
ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus. Scæna Prima. Ff. The Acts and Scenes are indicated throughout in Ff.
London. An ante-chamber in the palace.] Theobald.
1 *ye*] *you* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

2 *saw*] F_1F_2. *saw y'* F_3F_4.
6 *suns*] *sunnes* F_1F_2. *sons* F_3F_4.
7 *Andren*] F_1. *Arde* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Ardres* Rowe.
Arde] Ff. *Ardres* Rowe.
8 *them*] *'em* Pope.
11 *Which...weigh'd*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two lines, the first ending *they*, in Ff.
17 *next...last*] *last...next* Capell (Theobald conj.).
18 *wonders*] *wond'rers* Theobald conj.
its] *it's* Ff. *his* Hanmer.
19 *heathen*] F_1. *Heathens* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs

33 *censure. When*] Rowe. *censure, when* Ff.
34 *'em*] *them* Malone.
36 *that*] om. Wordsworth. *former*] *old* Pope.
38 *That*] *And* Seymour conj.
41 *lose*] *loose* F_1.
42 *to*] *too* F_1.
42—49 *All was royal...business.*] Arranged as by Theobald. Buc. *All ...function: who... together?* Nor. *As you...businesse.* $F_1F_2F_3$. Buck. *All...function: who...together, As you guess?* Nor. *Once certes...business.* F_4. *All...view.* Buc. *The office... businesse.* Collier MS.
44 *the office*] *each office* Roderick conj.

Digitized by Google

Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;

47, 48 *guess?* Nor. *One, certes*] Theobald. *guesse: One certes* F_1. *guesse: Once certes* F_2F_3. *guess?* Nor. *Once, certes* F_4. *guess?* Nor. *One sure* Pope.
48 *that*] om. Seymour conj.
49 *I pray*] *Pray* Pope.
55 *keech*] *Ketch* F_4.
bulk] *hulk* Grey conj.
57 *Surely*] *Yet surely* Pope. *Now, surely* Seymour conj.
62—64 *spider-like,...force*] *spider-like Out of his self drawing web, he gives us note The force* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1880). *spider-like, Out of his-self drawing web a' gives us note: The force* Vaughan conj.
63 *his self-drawing*] *his self-drawn* Rowe (ed. 2) and Capell. *himself drawing* Theobald conj. *himself drawing his* Hunter conj. *his self drawing* Staunton. *'s self-drawing* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *his self-wrapping* Bulloch conj.
web, he gives us note] Capell. *web, a' gives us note* or *web erecting all The building of his greatness, he gives us note* Id. conj. *Web. O giues vs note* F_1. *Web. O! gives us note* $F_2F_3F_4$. *web; this gives us note* Pope. *web. O! it gives us note* Singer (ed. 2). *web,—O! give us note!*— Knight. *web. O! this gives us note,* Hunter conj. *web,—Oh, give it note!* Keightley.

Digitized by Google

A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.
Aber. I do know

65 *gives for him, which buys*] *gives, which for him buys* Hanmer. *gives; which buys for him* Warburton. *gives to him, which buys* Johnson conj. *has given him buys for him* Hunter conj. *gives him, and which buys* Collier MS. *gives: for him which buys* Jervis conj. *enjoins for him, which buys* Bulloch conj. *gives free to him, which buys* Kinnear conj.

69, 70 *that?.....hell,*] Theobald (Warburton). *that,...Hell?* Ff.

72 *himself*] *himself now* Keightley. *Why*] *But why* Hanmer. *And why* Capell.

75 *on*] om. Anon. conj.

76, 77 *such To whom*] *such On whom* Hanmer. *such Too, whom* Capell. *such, too, On whom* Keightley (S. Walker conj.).

78 *meant*] *means* Dyce conj.

78—80 *and...papers.*] Erased in Collier MS.

78 *letter*] *letter only* Hanmer. *letters* Nicholson conj.

79, 80 *council out,...him in he*] *Councell, out...him in, he* F_1F_2. *council, out ...him in, he* F_3. *council out...him in, he* F_4. *Council out)...in him he* Pope. *council out,.....him* (or *'em*) *in; he* Nicholson conj.

80 *he papers*] *the papers* Campbell. *he paupers* Staunton conj. *he prefers* or *he puts there* Keightley conj. *he pleases* Cartwright conj. *he palters* Nicholson conj. *the payers* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1880). *he presses* Kinnear conj.

Digitized by Google

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,

82 *sicken'd*] *slacken'd* Theobald conj.
84 *'em*] *them* Capell.
85 *What*] *And what* Capell conj. *vanity*] *great vanity* Rowe (ed. 2).
86 *communication*] *the consummation* Collier MS. *consummation* Collier (ed. 2).
87 *issue f*] Pope. *issue.* Ff. *Grievingly I think,*] *Grievingly, I think.* F_4.
93 *garment*] *margent* Vaughan conj.
96 *Bourdeaux*] F_4. *Burdeux* F_1. *Burdeaux* F_2F_3.
98 *a peace*] *peace* F_4.
100 *Like it*] *Like 't* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha? Where 's his examination?

First Sec. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Sec. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham

103 *towards you*] F_1. *towards your* F_2 F_3F_4. *you* Pope.
106 *Together; to consider further that*] *Together, to consider further, that* Vaughan conj.
107 *effect*] *affect* Rowe (ed. 2).
110 *'t may*] *it may* Steevens.
114 *advise*] *advice* F_1.
115 SCENE II. Pope.
Wol.] Rowe. Car. Ff (and throughout).
116 First Sec.] 1 Sec. Capell. Secr. Ff.
117 *please*] *an 't please* F_3F_4.
118, 119 *Well,...look.*] As in Ff. As prose in Rowe (ed. 1). In Rowe (ed. 2), the lines end *more...look. It is well,...look.* Hanmer, ending lines 117, 118, *an 't please...more.*

Digitized by Google

Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot

119 *this*] F_1F_2. *his* F_3F_4.
Wolsey] Cardinall Ff.
120 *venom-mouth'd*] Pope. *venome mouth'd* Rowe. *venom'd-mouth'd* Ff.
122 *book*] *boche* Becket conj. *brood* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *look* Staunton conj. *brat* Lettsom conj. *hook* Cartwright conj.
123 *chafed*] *chaf'd* F_3F_4. *chaff'd* F_1F_2.
125 *in 's*] *in his* Capell.
126, 127 Keightley ends the lines *reviled me,...instant he.*
128 *bores*] *bords* Becket conj.
to the] *to' th'* F_1F_2. *to th'* F_3F_4.
133 *full-hot*] F_4. *full hot* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions—by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master

143 *by*] *by our* F_4.
144 *till 't*] *till it* Steevens.
145 *In seeming to*] *Seeming t'* S. Walker conj.
it?] Theobald. *it:* Ff.
147 *More*] om. Pope, ending lines 145, 146 at *be...English*.
152 *name*] *blame* Johnson conj.
154 *July*] *Inly* F_1.
when] *where* Long MS.
159—162 *for.....reciprocally*] Put in a parenthesis by Capell. (*for...perform 't*)...*reciprocally*, Ff.
159 *ravenous*] *ray'nous* F_2.
161 *perform 't*] *perform it* Malone.

Digitized by Google

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,

165 *this last*] *his* F_4.
166 *swallow'd*] F_4. *swallowed* $F_1F_2F_3$.
167 *rinsing*] Pope. *wrenching* Ff. *wrensing* Collier MS. See note (1).
168 *sir*] om. Seymour conj.
169 *o' the*] *o' th'* F_1F_2. *oth'* F_3F_4.
171 *Thus let*] F_1F_2. *Thus let it* F_3F_4. *let it* Pope.
172 *count-cardinal*] *court-cardinal* Pope.
183 *he*] om. F_1. *he therefore* Capell.
184 *trow*] F_3F_4. *troa* F_1F_2.
185 *Which.....sure*] In a parenthesis, Vaughan conj.
188 *thus*] *then* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

Digitized by Google

And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.
Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, *a* Sergeant at arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure

193 *advantage.*] *advantage,*— Anon. conj.
194 *he*] *you* F_4.
198 SCENE III. Pope.
Brandon,] Marney, Capell conj.
200 *Hereford*] Capell. *Hertford* Ff. *Herford* Vaughan conj.
202 *lord,*] *lord,* [to Nor. Capell.
204—207 Bran. *I...Tower.*] Nor. *I... liberty.* Bran. *To look.....Tower.* Anon. conj.
205, 206 *liberty, to.....present: 'tis*] *liberty: to...present, 'tis* Collier (ed. 2). *liberty, and t' attend The present business: 'tis* Wordsworth conj.
206 *business present*] *business, present* Boswell.

Digitized by Google

You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To Abergavenny*]
The king
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,

211 *Abergavenny*] *Aburgany* Ff.
you] *ye* Rowe.
212 [To Abergavenny] Johnson.
217 *Montacute*] *Mountacute* Ff. *Montague* Rowe.
218 *Car*] *Court* Warburton.
219 *One*] *And* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald).
chancellor,—] Capell. *chancellor.* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *Councellour.* F_1F_2. *Counsellour.* F_3F_4.
221 *O,*] om. Hanmer.
Nicholas] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald, from Holinshed). *Michaell* F_1F_2 F_3. *Michael* F_4.
Hopkins] *Henton* Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, *leaning on the* CARDINAL'S *shoulder; the Nobles, and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL: *the* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING'S *feet on his right side.*

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' *Enter* QUEEN KATHARINE, *ushered by the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *and the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

225, 226 *Whose.....darkening*] *Whose figure, e'en this instant, clouds jut on, Dark'ning* Becket conj.

225 *figure.....instant*] *figure, even this instant,* Anon. conj. (1814). *figure Envy's instant* or *figure Envy's misty* Wellesley conj.
instant] *upstart* Jackson conj.
puts on] *puts out* Rann (Theobald conj.). *pouts on* Steevens conj. *juts on* Cartwright conj.

226 *By darkening*] *Be-darkening* Steevens conj. *By-darkening* Perring conj.
lord] Rowe. *Lords* Ff.
SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope.
The same. The council-chamber.] The council-chamber. Theobald. Cornets. Enter...] Ff. See note (II).

3 *give*] *gives* F_3.

4 *choked*] *check'd* Keightley conj.

5 *Buckingham's; in person*] Johnson. *Buckinghams, in person,* Ff. *Buckingham's in person,* Rowe.

7 *of*] om. F_3.

9 within,] within F_1. with $F_2F_3F_4$.
Queen!] Queene, vsher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Ff.
Enter...Suffolk:] Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: Ff. Enter the Queen, usher'd by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. Warburton.

Digitized by Google

King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger

10 *place*] *your place* Theobald.
15 *unconsider'd*] Pope. *vnconsidered* Ff.
18 *few*] *few, to tell you* Keightley.
21 *hath*] *have* F_4.
28 *sides*] *tides* Becket conj. *ties* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
32 *many*] *meiny* Johnson conj.
'longing] F_4. *longing* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.
King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief

37 *them*] om. Vaughan conj.
41 *aught*] Theobald (ed. 2). *ought* Ff.
43,44 *lord,...others:*] F_4. *Lord?...others?* $F_1F_2F_3$.
45 *Things that*] *The things* Seymour conj.
known alike] *known, belike* Collier, ed. 2 (Theobald conj.).
49 *bear 'em*] *bear them* Capell.
51 *or else*] *if not* Seymour conj.
53 *it?*] Johnson. *it*, Ff.
54 *Is*] *In* Pope (ed. 2).
55 *bolden'd*] Pope. *boldned* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

57 *compel*] Pope. *compels* Ff.
62 *their*] Ff. *all their* Pope. *nay, their* Capell. *that their* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *yea, their* Kinnear conj.
64 *This*] *That* Rowe. *Their* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
67 *business*] Hanmer (Warburton) and Southern conj. MS. *baseness* F_1F_2 F_3. *baseness* F_4.
71 *learned*] *learn'd* Keightley. *of the judges*] Omitted by Capell.
72 *ignorant*] om. Pope, reading as one line *If I'm traduc'd...know.*

Digitized by Google

By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

82 *sick ... once*] *such ... once* Keightley conj. *such...or* Lloyd conj. *interpreters, once weak ones*] *interpreters' conceivance* Anon. conj. *interpreters' own weakness* Vaughan conj. (withdrawn). *once*] Ff. *or* Pope. *and* Becket conj.

85 *act*] *action* Capell. *shall*] om. F_4 and Pope, who ends the line at *fear*.

86 *carp'd*] *carped* Pope.

87 *we sit, or sit*] *we sir; Or sir* F_2F_3.

87, 88 *or sit State-statues*] Hanmer. *Or sit state-statues* F_1F_4, ending the previous line at *we sit*.

88 *done*] *that are done* Hanmer. *well,*] *well, my lord,* or *well, lord cardinal,* Keightley conj.

91 *precedent*] *President* Ff (*Ptesident* F_2).

95 *trembling*] *trebling* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *terrible* Cartwright conj. *troubling* Vaughan conj. (withdrawn).

96 *lop*] *top* Anon. conj.

97 *root, thus*] Theobald (Warburton). *roote thus* Ff (*root* F_3F_4).

Digitized by Google

Wol. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces

102 [To the Secretary] Rowe. to an Att. Capell.
104 *grieved*] *griev'd* Rowe.
108 [Exit...] Exit Secret. Ff. Exit Att. Capell.
109 SCENE V. Pope.
I am] *I'm* Pope.
110 *run*] *one* Collier MS.
King.] Quee. F_3.
111 *is learn'd...rare*] *is learn'd, a most rare* Pope. *is learned; a rare* Seymour conj. *'s learned and a most rare* Vaughan conj.
114 *never seek for*] *ne'er seek* Ritson conj. *never seek* Vaughan conj.
Yet see,] Put in a separate line by Capell.
115 *these so*] om. Pope, reading *Yet... prove* as one line.
118 *complete*] *'complish'd* Hanmer.
119, 120 *'mongst wonders.....ravish'd*] *with wonder, and whom we Almost were ravish'd* Johnson conj.
119 *when*] *whom* Vaughan conj.
120 *ravish'd listening*] *list'ning ravish'd* Pope.

Digitized by Google

That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:

124 *by us*] om. Pope.
you] *and you* F_4.
126 [to Wol.] Collier MS.
127 *The fore-recited*] *To force-recited* Rowe (ed. 2). *To-fore-recited* Pope.
132 *him, every day*] Pope. *him; euery day* $F_1F_2F_3$. *him every day* F_4. *him every day*, Rowe.
134 *he 'll*] *he 'd* Pope.
136 *I've*] *I have* Steevens.
137 *Abergavenny*] *Aburgany* Ff.
138 *your highness*] *you* Hanmer.
139 *This*] *His* Pope. *The* Keightley conj.
139, 140 *point. Not.....person*] *point: Not...person* Capell. *point, Not... wish to...person;* Ff.
140 *friended*] *ended* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1888), reading *His* in line 139.
142 *learn'd*] F_1. *learned* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.
King. What was that Henton?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
King. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but

145 *fail?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *faile;* Ff.
146 *aught*] Theobald. *ought* Ff.
brought] *wrought* S. Walker conj.
147 *Henton*] Ff. *Hopkins* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *Hopkins'* Keightley.
148 *Henton*] Ff. *Hopkins* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald).
153 *Poultney*] *Poultrey* Pope.
154 *among*] *amongst* Steevens (1793).
156 *fear'd*] Pope. *feare* F_1F_2. *fear* F_3 F_4.
162 *Car*] *Court* Warburton.
164—167 *Whom after...utter,*] Ff. *Who* (*after...utter*) Pope.
164 *confession's*] Theobald (from Holinshed). *commissions* Ff. *communion's* Warburton conj. (withdrawn).

Digitized by Google

To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'
Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
King. Let him on.
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd 'Tush,
It can do me no damage;' adding further,

167 *demure confidence*] *confidence demure* Hanmer.
168 *This*] *Thus* F_4.
nor's] *nor his* Capell.
169, 170 *bid him strive To gain the love*] *bid him Strive to* (or *for*) *the love* Vaughan conj.
170 *To gain*] F_4. *To* $F_1F_2F_3$. *For* Steevens (1773, 1778). *To get* Collier MS. *To win* Grant White conj.
o' the] *of the* Steevens.
171 *England.*] Ff. *England*— Rowe.
175 *nobler*] F_1. *noble* $F_2F_3F_4$.
176 *beseech*] F_1F_2. *I beseech* F_3F_4.
176, 177 *Let him...forward.*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.
179, 180 *dangerous for him To...until*] Capell. *dangerous For this to... vntill* Ff. *dang'rous For him to... until* Rowe. *dang'rous For him to ruminate on this, until* Pope. *dangerous From this to ruminate on it so far, until* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *dangerous From this to ruminate on it, until* Collier conj. *dangerous For him to ruminate this so far, until* Lettsom conj. *dangerous For this to ruminate this so far, until* Vaughan conj.
179 *for him*] om. Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?
Surv. I can, my liege.
King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—
King. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?
Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'
King. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. Kath. God mend all!
King. There 's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

190 *Bulmer*] Clar. Press ed. (from Holinshed). *Blumer* Ff. *Blomer* Pope.
190, 191 *I remember...servant,*] Arranged as in Pope. One line in Ff.
190 *remember*] *remember me* Vaughan conj. (withdrawn).
191 *being*] *he being* Pope.
sworn servant] *servant sworn* Steevens (1793).
193 *this*] *this deed* F_4.
194 *As to the Tower I thought*] *To the Tower, as I thought* Hanmer. *As I thought to the Tower* Keightley.
thought,] *thought;* Ff.
197 *in 's*] *in his* Capell.
198 *would*] *he would* Hanmer. *a' would* Vaughan conj. *he 'd* Wordsworth.
201 *prison?*] Rowe. *Prison.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with the 'knife,'
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
King. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An antechamber in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN *and* LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely

203 *'the duke his father'*] First marked as a quotation by Capell.
'knife'] First marked as a quotation by Capell.
205 *on's*] *on his* Capell.
213 *night!*] *night*, Theobald. *night* Ff.
214 *He 's traitor*] *He is a daring traitor* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
SCENE III.] SCENE VI. Pope. antechamber...] apartment... Theobald. Anti-room... Capell. Sands] Rowe. Sandys Ff. Seymour conjectures that this Scene is interpolated by Ben Jonson.
1 *Is 't*] *Is it* Steevens.
2 *mysteries*] *mimick'ries* Hanmer. *mockeries* Warburton.
4 *'em*] *them* Malone.
6 *late*] *last* Rowe (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either,

8, 13, 42, 43 *'em*] *them* Malone.
11 *They.....take it,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
12 *never*] *ever* Capell conj.
saw 'em] Pope. *see 'em* Ff. *saw them* Capell.
13 *Or*] Verplanck (Collier conj.). *And* Pope. *A* Ff.
springhalt] *stringhalt* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
reign'd] *rain'd* F_1.
14 *too*] F_4. *too'* F_3. *too't* F_1F_2.
15 *they've*] Pope. *th' have* Ff.
Enter...] Ff, after *Lovell*, line 16.
21 *I'm...monsieurs*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
I'm] *I me* F_3.
23 *see*] *saw* Collier MS.
Louvre] Rowe. *Louure* F_1F_2. *Lovure* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;

24 *those*] *these* Steevens (1778).
26 *their*] *the* Collier MS.
27 *thereunto*] *thereupon* Rowe (ed. 2).
29 *renouncing clean*] *clean renouncing* Pope.
31 *blister'd*] *blistred* $F_1F_2F_3$. *bolstred* F_4. *those*] *such* Hanmer.
34 *wear*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *wee* F_1. '*oui*' Anon. conj.
36 *'em*] F_1. *them* F_4. *him* F_2F_3.
41 *has*] *haue* Collier MS.
42 *The...going,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
43 *of 'em: now*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *'em: now* F_4. *'em: now sirs,* Pope.
47 *Held*] Ff. *Hold* Boswell.

Digitized by Google

Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,

48 *yet.*] Capell. *yet?* Ff.
49 *shall*] *shalt* F_2.
50 *were*] *are* Rowe (ed. 2).
a-going] *a going* Ff. *going* Warburton.
55 *That...indeed,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff, the first ending *Churchman.*
57 *dews fall*] *dew falls* Rowe.
59 *He...him*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two in Ff, the first ending *Lord.*
has] *ha's* Ff. *h'as* Rowe (ed. 2). *he has* Capell.
wherewithal: in him] *wherewithal: in him,* Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *wherewithall in him;* Ff.
61 *way*] *sway* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
62 *They are*] *They 're* Pope.
set] *sent* Collier MS.
63 *But...stays;*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two in Ff.

Digitized by Google

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A hall in York Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests. Then enter* ANNE BULLEN *and divers other* Ladies *and* Gentlemen *as guests, at one door; at another door, enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord, you 're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

SCENE IV.] SCENE VII. Pope.
A hall in York Place.] Capell. York-house. Theobald.
Gentlemen] Gentlewomen, Steevens.
Hautboys.] Hoboies. F_1F_2. Hoboyes. F_3. Hoboys. F_4.
1 *Ladies.....grace*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
5 *merry*] *merry*, F_4. *merry:* $F_1F_2F_3$.
6 *first, good*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *first good* F_4. *first-good* Theobald. *fairs, good* Mason conj. *feast, good* Staunton conj. *just good* Grant White conj. *far as good* Dyce, ed. 2 (Halliwell conj.). *thirst, good* Anon. conj. *sirs, good* Bulloch conj. *fair good* Kinnear conj. *frisk, good* Nicholson conj. (doubtfully). *fruits, good* Vaughan conj. *frost, good* Anon. conj.
good wine] *then good wine* Hanmer.
7 Sir Thomas Lovell.] Capell. Louell. Ff.
you 're] Capell. *y' are* Ff. *you are* Steevens.
9 *You are*] *You're* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

11 *lay thoughts*] Hyphened in Ff.
22 *makes*] *make* Pope.
25 [Seating himself between Anne Bullen, and another Lady. Capell.
30 *He would*] *He'd* Hanmer. [Kisses her.] Steevens.
31 *you're*] Capell. *y' are* Ff. *you are* Steevens.

Digitized by Google

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *and takes his state.*

Wol. You 're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.*

33 *cure*] *cue* Rowe.
35, 64 Hautboys.] Hoboyes. $F_1F_2F_3$. Hoboys. F_4.
35, 52 *You 're*] Capell. *Y' are* Ff. *You are* Steevens. *Ye 're* Dyce.
37 *friend*] *fiend* F_2.
38 [Drinks.] Theobald. om. Ff.
41 *beholding*] *beholden* Pope.
neighbours] F_1. *neighbour* $F_2F_3F_4$.
44, 57, 58 *'em*] *them* Malone.
45, 46 *You are.....Sands.*] As one line, Boswell conj.
46 *make*] *may make* Hanmer. *may choose* Capell. *can make* Keightley.
48 *thing—*] Rowe. *thing.* Ff.
49 *they*] *that they* Rowe (ed. 2). *how they* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[Drum...] Ff (Trumpets. F_4), after line 48. Trumpets within..... Capell.

Digitized by Google

Wol. What 's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING *and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN. *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

50 *ye*] *you* Capell.
[Exit Servant.] Steevens (1778). Exit an Att. Capell. om. Ff.
53 Re-enter Servant.] Steevens. Re-enter an Attendant. Capell. Enter a Servant. Ff.
54 *they 've*] Collier. *th' haue* $F_1F_2F_3$. *they have* F_4. *have* Pope.
57 *the French tongue*] *the French-tongue* F_4. *the French* or *their tongue* Anon. conj.
60 [Exit...attended.] Capell. om. Ff.
61 *You have*] *You 've* Pope.
62 *digestion*] F_1. *disgestion* $F_2F_3F_4$.
and] om. Seymour conj.
63 *ye*] *you* Capell.
64 the King and others,] King and others; Ff. the King and twelve others, Malone (from Holinshed).
shepherds,] shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; Malone (from Holinshed).

Digitized by Google

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord. [*Whispers the Masquers.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace

65 *pray'd*] *pray'd me* Collier, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj. and Collier MS.).
72, 73, 74 *'em*] Ff. *them* Capell.
73, 74 *They have.....pleasures.*] As in Pope. As three lines in Ff, ending *grace...thankes...pleasures.*
73 *They have*] *They 've* Pope.
74 [They choose.....] Choose Ladies, King and Anne Bullen. Ff (An. F_1).
77 *My lord*] *Good my lord* Hanmer.
77, 78 *'em*] Ff. *them* Malone.
77 *from me*] *as from me* Hanmer.
81 [Whispers the Masquers.] Capell. Whisper. Ff (after *it*).

Digitized by Google

Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.
King. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant,
King. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

84 [Comes from his State. Capell.
86 [Unmasking] Capell. om. Ff.
Ye have] *You have* Rowe. *You've* Pope.
89 *now*] *you* Rowe (ed. 2).
92, 93 *An't...women.*] As in Pope. As three lines in Ff, ending *Grace... Rochford...women.*
93 *highness'*] *Highnesse* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Highnesses* F_4.
94 *she is*] Ff. *she's* Rowe. [To Anne Bullen. Rowe.
95 (dance againe) Collier MS.
96 (kisses her) Collier MS.
101 *I fear*] *In faith* Wordsworth conj.
fresher] *fresh* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let 's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Westminster. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gent. Whither away so fast?
Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
First Gent. I 'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
Sec. Gent. Were you there?
First Gent. Yes, indeed was I.
Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.
First Gent. You may guess quickly what.
Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

104, 105 *merry,...cardinal:*] Ff. *merry. Good...cardinal,* Warburton.
105 *half*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
107 *'em*] *them* Malone.
108 *knock it*] *strike* Hanmer.
Westminster.....] Edd. A Street. Theobald. London... Dyce. meeting.] Capell. at seuerall Doores. Ff.
1 *fast?*] *fast, sir?* Capell.
O...ye!] *O, sir, I 'm bound* Wordsworth.
O,] *O sir,* Pope.
ye] *you* Capell. *you, sir* Keightley.
2 *Even*] *Ev'n* Ff.
6 *happen'd.*] *happened.* Rowe (ed. 2). *happen'd?* Pope.

Digitized by Google

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.
Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.
First Gent. So are a number more.
Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
First Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought viva voce to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
First Gent. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd

8 *Yes...upon 't.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
9 *I am*] *I 'm* Pope.
13 *not*] *nor* F_2.
16 *the*] om. Pope.
18 *have*] F_4. *him* $F_1F_2F_3$.
20 *Car*] *Court* Warburton.
22 *Hopkins*] *Henton* Collier MS.
23 *prophecies?*] Capell. *Prophecies.* Ff.
same.] Rowe. *same,* Ff.
31 *again*] Rowe. *agen* Ff.
32 *knell rung*] Hyphened in F_4.

Digitized by Google

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.
First Gent. Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—
First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

33 *sweat*] *swet* Dyce.
40 *the end*] *at the end* Long MS.
41 *attainder*] *Attendure* F_1F_2. *Attaindure* F_3F_4.
45 *deep envious*] *deep-envious* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
48 *instantly...employment*] *instantly... employment for* F_4. *will find employment for* Hanmer.
51 *fathom*] F_4. *faddom* $F_1F_2F_3$.
53 *courtesy—*] *courtesy:* Capell. *courtesie.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied with* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people, &c.*

Sec. Gent. Let 's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premisses but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,

55 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter...] Ff (after *courtesie*, line 53). Transposed by Capell.
Sir William Sands,] Theobald (from Holinshed). Sir Walter Sands, F_1. Walter Sands, $F_2F_3F_4$.
56 *far*] *farre* F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
60 *And if*] *An if* Vaughan conj.
62 *The law*] F_1F_2. *To th' law* F_3F_4.
63 *'T has*] F_3F_4. *T" has* F_1F_2. *It has* Malone.
65, 66, 68 *'em*] *them* Malone.
67 *evils*] *evies* Smith apud Grey conj.
68 *against*] *'gainst* Steevens (1773).
70 *have*] *hath* or *has* Seymour conj.
71 *More...me*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two in Ff.
dare] *could* or *durst* Delius conj. om. Vaughan conj. *'ld e'er* Id. conj. *can* Wordsworth conj.

Digitized by Google

Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

78 *And...name.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
o'] Theobald. *a* Ff.
81 *to*] om. Pope.
85, 86 *'Gainst...grace,*] Two lines in Pope. Three lines, ending *with:... Graue...Grace:* in Ff.
85 *that I cannot take*] *I can't take* Pope. *that I can't take* Malone. *I cannot take* Dyce (ed. 2). *I cannot* Lloyd conj.
85, 86 *take.....mark*] Hanmer (Warburton). *take...make* Ff. *make... take* Johnson conj. *take...shake* Heath conj. *make...take to* Herr conj. *take...wake* Vaughan conj.
85, 86 *no black...grave*] *no! black...grave* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag.). *With no black envy shall I make my grave* Martley conj., reading as a separate line.
85 *envy*] *enmity* Herr conj.
89 *forsake*] *forsake me* F_4.
Keightley conjectures that a line is lost here.
92 *may...be*] *be his rule* Seymour conj.

Digitized by Google

Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there;
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!

101 *now will*] *will now* Whalley conj.
103 *Bohun*] *Stafford* Peck conj.
105 *seal it*] *seal* Vaughan conj.
106 *'em*] *them* Steevens.
116 *life, honour, name*] *name, honour, life* Pope.
121 *we are*] F_1F_2. *are we* F_3F_4. *fortunes*] *fortune* Rowe.
122 *most*] om. Pope.

Digitized by Google

Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require

124 *an end*] *a hand* Vaughan conj. (doubtfully).
127 *Be sure you be*] *Be sure, be* Vaughan conj.
for] om. Pope.
friends] *friends of* Vaughan conj. om. Id. conj.
128 *to,*] F_3F_4. *to;* F_1F_2.
131 *where*] *when* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
132 *now forsake*] *leave* Pope. *ye*] om. Vaughan conj.
133 *long weary*] *long-weary* S. Walker conj.
134, 135 *Farewell:...sad,*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.
135 *that is*] om. Pope, reading 134, 135 as one line.
136 *Speak...me!*] Two lines in Ff. One line in Pope, reading *I 've* for *I have.*
143 *What*] *Where* Reed (1803).

Digitized by Google

A strong faith to conceal it.
First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.
Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal

146 *I am confident*] Continued to First Gent. Vaughan conj.
149 *Yes,*] om. Hanmer.
151 *to*] *unto* S. Walker conj.
154 *found a*] F_1F_2. *a sound* F_3F_4. *again*] Rowe. *agen* Ff.
160 *lately;*] *likely*, Vaughan conj.
165 *I think...cruel*] As two lines, the first ending *think*, in Ff. One line in Pope, reading *you've* for *you have*.
is't] *is it* Delius.
166 *this?*] F_3F_4. *this:* F_1F_2.

Digitized by Google

Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *reading a letter.*

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What 's the cause?

169 *think*] *talk* Anon. conj.
SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
An ante-chamber...] Theobald.
the Lord] Lord Ff.
a letter] Rowe. this Letter Ff.
1—7 *My lord...sir.*] S. Walker would read *horse* for *horses*, *sent me* for *sent*, *o' th'* for *of the*, *o' th'* for *in the*, *them* for *'em*, and print as nine verses, ending *me for*,...*chosen*,... *handsome*,.....*north*,.....*London*,... *commission*,...*reason*,...*subject*,..... *sir*.
4, 5 *commission*] *compulsion* Long MS.
7 *sir*] om. Collier MS.
8, 9 *I fear...think.*] As verse first by Theobald. As prose in Ff.
10 *my lord*] *my good Lord* Hanmer, reading *He...graces* as two lines, the first ending *good*.

Digitized by Google

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre,
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,

15, 16 *No...lady.*] Aside, Vaughan conj.
17 *doing, ... cardinal:*] *doing; ... cardinal:* Rowe. *doing:...cardinall*, Ff.
18 *blind*] *blown* Kinnear conj.
19 *list*] *lists* Theobald.
20 *Pray...else.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
21 *his*] *this* Capell.
23 *Between*] *'Tween* Pope.
great nephew] *nephew* Seymour conj. *great-nephew* Dyce.
25 *Dangers, doubts,*] *Doubts, dangers,* Pope.
doubts, wringing] *doubts wringing* Anon. conj.
wringing] *wringings* Anon. conj.
26 *despairs*] *despair* Rowe (ed. 2).
36 *'em*] *them* Malone.

Digitized by Google

And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let 's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:
My lord, you 'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:

38 *this*] *his* F_4.
40 *slept upon*] *slept, upon* Vaughan conj.
42, 43 *pray, And heartily*] *pray heartily* Wordsworth, reading *We...deliverance* as one line.
43 *our*] om. Pope, reading *We...deliv'rance* as one line.
46 *like*] *in* Steevens (1793).
47 *Into*] *E'en to* Lettsom conj.
pitch] *pinch* Hanmer (Warburton). *batch* Theobald conj.
51 *they 're*] Pope. *th' are* Ff. *they are* Capell.
58 *find*] F_3F_4. *finde* F_1F_2. *find't* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who 's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS, *with a commission.*

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*] You 're welcome,

59 and.....pensively.] Ff. The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively. Rowe. They go towards the Door: Door opens; and the King is discover'd, sitting to a Table, pensively, and reading. Capell. Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively. Malone.

60 SCENE IV. Warburton. Pope and Hanmer continue the scene by mistake.

61 *Who's*] *Who is* Steevens.
there, ha?] *there?* Wordsworth.
Pray] *I pray* Capell.

68 *Ye are*] *You're* Capell. *You are* Steevens.

70 [Raising his book. Collier (ed. 2). (holdes vp booke) Collier MS.
and...commission.] with Campeius. Capell.
Campeius,] Campeius the Pope's Legat, Rowe.

73 *a king*] F_1. *the King* $F_2F_3F_4$.
[To Camp.] Theobald.

Digitized by Google

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.
Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him?
Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.
[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent

75 [To Wols.] Johnson.
78 [To Nor. and Suf.] Theobald.
79—82 The 'Asides' first marked by Capell.
79 *him?*] *him.* Collier. *him!* Delius.
80 *sick though*] *sick, though* F_4.
81, 82 *If...him.*] Arranged as in Pope. As one line in Ff.
82 *one have-at-him.*] Dyce and Staunton. *one; haue at him.* F_1. *one heave at him.* $F_2F_3F_4$. *one;—have at him.* Knight.
83 *precedent*] F_4. *President* $F_1F_2F_3$.
86 *envy*] *enmity* Herr conj.
90 *I...ones, in...kingdoms*] Theobald. (*I...ones in...kingdomes*) Ff.
91 *Have*] *Gave* Grant White. *voices:*] *voyces.* Ff. *voice.* Rowe (ed. 2). *voices*— Knight.

Digitized by Google

One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.
King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner?
Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.
King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you:

93 *us, this*] F_4. *vs. This* $F_1F_2F_3$.
94 *learned*] *learn'd* Anon. conj.
Cardinal] *Cardnall* F_1.
98 *They have*] *They 've* Pope.
100 *highness'*] *Highnesses* F_4.
(Kneeles & giues it) Collier MS.
101 *commission;*] *commission;* [Kneeling and rising. Collier, ed. 2.
102 *commanding,you*]F_4. *commanding. You* F_1. *commanding: You* F_2F_3.
104 *unpartial*] *impartiall* F_3. *inpartial* F_4.
108 *So*] *Too* Keightley conj.
that] *that*, F_4. *what* Pope.
114 [Exit Wolsey. Re-enter...] Capell. Cardinal goes out and re-enters with Gardiner. Johnson. Enter Gardiner. Ff.
115, 116 The 'Asides' first marked by Capell.

Digitized by Google

You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That 's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

118 [Walks and whispers.] Ff. Talk apart. Capell.
138 *furnish'd. O,*] *furnish'd, O* F_1.
139 *able*] *abler* Nicholson conj.

Digitized by Google

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging

SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope.
An ante-chamber...] Theobald.
2 *highness*] *grace* Wordsworth.
having] om. Pope.
7—9 See note (III).
7 *a majesty*] *majesty* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
12 *O,*] *Oh* $F_1F_2F_3$. *O'* F_4.
13 *pomp: though*] *pomp: pomp though* Vaughan conj.
though 't] *though it* Steevens.
14 *that quarrel, fortune, do*] *that quarrell. Fortune, do* F_1. *that quarr'lous fortune do* Warburton conj. (withdrawn). *they quarrel, and fortune do* Upton conj. *at quarrel fortune do* Mason conj. *that quarrel fortune to* Steevens conj. *that carle, ill-fortune, do* Becket conj. *that cruel fortune do* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *that quarrel, by fortune, do* Keightley. *that fortune's quarrel do* Hudson (Lettsom conj.). *that harlot fortune do* Cartwright conj. *that queasy fortune do* Kinnear conj.
that quarrel,] *that quarr'ler,* Hanmer. *that queller,* Jackson conj. *thy quarrel,* Anon. conj. (1814). *that squirrel,* Staunton conj.

Digitized by Google

As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,

16 *severing*] *parting* so quoted by Malone (Cymb. I. 1. 130). *Alas*] *Ah* Pope.
17 *a stranger*] F_1. *stranger* $F_2F_3F_4$.
32 *cheveril*] Theobald. *Chiuerell* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Chiverel* F_4.
33 *good troth.*] Ff. *good troth*— Rowe.
36 *bow'd*] *bowed* Reed (1803). *would*] F_1. *now would* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

40 *off*] *up* Johnson conj.
43 *burthen*] *burden* Johnson.
44 *you do*] *do you* Rowe (ed. 2).
47 *You 'ld*] F_1. *you 'l* F_2. *you 'll* F_3F_4. *emballing*] *empalling* Malone conj. *embalming* Whalley conj. *empaling* Jackson conj.
48 *although there 'long'd*] *though there belong'd* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

59 *and high note's*] Theobald. *and high notes* Ff. *and high note is* Hanmer. *an high note's* Johnson. *and that high note's* Capell.
61 *of you*] Capell. *of you, to you* Ff. *to you* Pope.
64 *pound*] *pounds* Theobald.
66 *kind*] *sign* or *hint* Anon. conj.
67 *is*] *which is* Warburton. *nor*] *for* Pope.
68 *hallowed*] Ff. *hallow'd* Pope.
69 *empty*] om. Pope. *vanities*] *wants* Vaughan conj.
74 *approve*] *improve* Collier MS.
75—79 [Aside] Pope.
78 *gem*] F_4. *Iemme* F_1F_2. *Jemme* F_3.
79 *isle?*] F_3F_4. *Ile.* F_1. *Ile?* F_2F_3. [To her.] Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mo thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,

80 [Exit...] Exit... Ff (after *you.*).
83 *nor*] *ne'er* Anon. conj.
86 *fresh fish*] *fresh-fish* Steevens (1793).
fie, fie, fie] *fie, fie* Pope.
89 *bitter?...pence*] *not bitter for thy sense* Jackson conj. *forty pence*] *for two pence* Roderick conj. *for fi' pence* Anon. conj.
90 *a lady*] F_1F_2. *no lady* F_3F_4. *an old lady* Rowe.
96 *By*] *But* Rowe (ed. 2).
97 *mo*] F_1F_2. *moe* F_3F_4. *more* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habit of doctors; after them, the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* Saint ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant at arms *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two* CARDINALS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* CARDINALS *sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place some distance from the* KING. *The* BISHOPS *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the* Scribes. *The* LORDS *sit next the* BISHOPS. *The rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What 's the need?

103 *salute*] *elate* Collier MS. *shall heat* Bailey conj. (doubtfully). See note (IV).
107 *you 've*] *y' haue* $F_1F_2F_3$. *y' ave* F_4. *you have* Capell.
me?] *me?*— Pope. *me*— Ff.
SCENE IV.] SCENE VI. Pope.
A hall.....] Capell. Black-Fryers. Theobald.
sennet] F_1. Sonnet $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Hanmer. See note (V).
habit] habite F_1F_2. habits F_3F_4.
Archbishop] Johnson. Bishop Ff.
pillars] F_3F_4. Pillers F_1F_2.
below] between Reed (1803).
The rest] The crier and the rest Malone.
stage] hall Dyce.
2 *commanded*] *commended* F_4.

Digitized by Google

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,

10, 11 *Say...court.*] As two lines in Ff. As prose first by Capell.
13 Q. Kath.] Queen. Warburton. om. Ff.
do] *to do* F_4.
17 *nor*] *and* Pope.
23 *I have*] *I've* Pope.
27 *inclined:*] *inclin'd:* Rowe (ed. 2). *inclin'd?* Ff.
28 *desire,*] *desire;* Capell. *Desire?* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

29 *Or which*] *which* Pope.
31 *were*] *was* Seymour conj.
33 *nay, gave*] *nay, gave not* Hanmer. *nay, give* Jackson conj. *nor gave* Steevens conj.
34 *discharged ?*] *discharg'd.* Theobald.
39 *aught*] F_1F_2. *ought* F_3F_4.
40 *to wedlock*] *of wedlock* F_4. *or my love and duty,*] *my love and duty, or* Mason conj.
40, 41 *duty, Against*] Malone. *dutie Against* F_1. *duty Against* $F_2F_3F_4$.
42 *the*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
44 *sharp'st*] *sharpest* Theobald. *kind*] *knife* Collier MS.
46 *of*] F_1. *and* $F_2F_3F_4$.
53 *wherefore I humbly*] *humbly I* Seymour conj.
53, 54 *I humbly Beseech you, sir, to spare*] *humbly, Sir I beseech you spare* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,

60 *o'*] *of* Steevens (1778).
62 *That...court,*] Printed by Keightley as an imperfect line.
desire] *defer* F_4. *defy* Vaughan conj.
court] *court delay'd* Keightley conj., reading *as well...rectify* as one line.
68, 69 *Lord...speak.*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.
69 *madam?*] Theobald. *Madam.* Ff.
69, 70 *Sir.....that*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.
69 *Sir,*] *Sir...* Keightley.
70 *am*] *was* Hudson (Daniel conj.).
73 *yet.*] Ff. *yet—* Rowe.
75 *Or...believe,*] See note (VI).

Digitized by Google

Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech

77, 78 *challenge You*] *challenge, You* F_1. *challenge; You* Theobald. *challenge. You* $F_2F_3F_4$.
88 *Madam,*] om. Seymour conj.
90 *I have*] *I've* Pope.
91 *shall,*] Rowe. (*Shall*) Ff.
95 *if it*] *if't* Pope.
96 *how*] *now* Delius conj.
98 *If he*] *But if he* Pope. *If he then* Keightley. *An if he* Anon. conj.

Digitized by Google

You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

105 *to say so*] F_1. *to say* $F_2F_3F_4$. *say* Pope, ending this and the next line, *I am...t' oppose. to say it* Collier MS.
107 *You're*] *Y' are* Ff. *You are* Pope. *humble-mouth'd ;*] *humble-mouth'd* F_1.
110 *arrogancy*] *Arrogancie* F_1. *Arrogance* $F_2F_3F_4$. *arrogance, with* Rowe (ed. 2).
111 *favours*] *favour* S. Walker conj.
112 *slightly*] *lightly* S. Walker conj.
113 *powers*] *towers* Jackson conj. *peers* Vaughan conj. (reading *wards* with Tyrwhitt). *your words*] *your wards* Keightley (Tyrwhitt conj.). *our lords* Mason conj. *proud lords* Anon. conj.
117 *again*] F_4. *agen* $F_1F_2F_3$.
123 *by 't*] *by it* Steevens.
124 *She 's*] *Your grace* [to the King], *she 's* Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I

127 Gent. Ush.] Grif. Malone.
129 *help*] *help me* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
133 [Exeunt.....] Rowe. Exit... Ff. Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants. Malone. Scene vii. Pope.
135 *nought*] *naught* F_1.
140 *else, could*] *els, could* F_1. *could* F_2 F_3F_4. *could but* Pope.
141 *She's*] *She is* Steevens. *noble*] *nobly* Collier MS.
147 *unloosed*] *enloos'd* Seymour conj.
148 *At once*] *Atton'd* Hanmer (Warburton). *whether ever*] *if* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired
It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:

151 *on't f*] Capell. *on't:* Ff.
153 *spake one*] *spoke one* Hanmer. *spoke, or* Vaughan conj.
one the least] *one, the least* $F_1F_2F_3$. *one, the least,* F_4.
that] om. Capell.
154 *to the*] *the* Rowe (ed. 1). In Rowe (ed. 2), *that might...state* is read as one line, as by Pope who omits *to the.*
159 *to*] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
161 *You 're*] *y' are* Ff. *You are* Capell.
162 *more justified f*] *more—justified?* Vaughan conj.
163, 164 *never desired It...hinder'd, oft*] *never desir'd It...hindred, oft* Ff. *never Desir'd it.....hindred* Pope. *never Desir'd it...hinder'd, oft* Capell. *never Desired it stirr'd;..... hinder'd, oft* Steevens conj.
165 *toward*] *towards* Rowe (ed. 2). *tow'rds* Pope.
166 *speak my...cardinal*] F_1F_2. *speak, my...cardinal* F_3F_4. *speak, my... cardinal,* Rowe (ed. 2).
167 *And...to 't,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
167, 169 *to 't*] F_4. *too 't* $F_1F_2F_3$.
168 *be bold with*] *unfold—with* Wordsworth conj.

Digitized by Google

Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed to 't:
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,

172 *Bayonne*] Capell. *Bayon* Ff.
174 *A*] Rowe (ed. 2). *And* Ff.
177 *require*] *requite* F_2.
181 *Sometimes*] *Sometime* Rowe (ed. 2).
182 *bosom*] *bottom* Theobald, ed. 2 (Thirlby conj., from Holinshed). See note (VII).
182—184 *enter'd...breast;*] As a parenthesis, Vaughan conj.
183 *splitting*] *spitting* F_1.
186 *press'd*] Capell. *prest* Ff. *presse* Collier MS.
in] *it* Pope (ed. 2).
187 *who*] *which* Pope.
190 *to 't*] *to 't,* F_3F_4. *too 't;* F_1F_2.

Digitized by Google

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited

196 *gladded in 't*] F_1. *glad in 't* F_2F_3 F_4. *glad in one* Pope. *glad in it* Collier MS.
197 *which*] F_1F_2. *that* F_3F_4. *realms*] *realm* Anon. conj.
199 *throe*] Pope. *throw* Ff.
201 *Toward*] F_1F_2. *Towards* F_3F_4. *whereupon*] *whereon* Pope.
208 *reek*] *reel* Rowe.
216 *to this*] F_1F_4. *in this* F_2F_3.
219 *summons: unsolicited*] Theobald. *summons vnsolicited.* Ff.

Digitized by Google

I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

224 *the good*] F_1. *our good* $F_2F_3F_4$.
225 *drive*] Pope. *driues* Ff.
228 *our*] *her* F_3F_4.
230 *paragon'd o' the*] *paragon'd i' th'* Pope. *paragon o' th'* Hanmer.
232 *till*] F_1. om. F_2. *to a* F_3F_4. *to* Pope.
235 [They rise to depart. The King speaks to Cranmer. Johnson.
235—240 *I may...along.*] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
237 *This*] *The* Hanmer.
238 *learn'd*] *learned* Rowe.
well-beloved] *well-belov'd* Rowe (ed. 2).
239 *return;...approach,*] F_4. *returne,... approch:* $F_1F_2F_3$.
240 (loud) Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The Queen's apartments.*

The QUEEN *and her* Women, *as at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

ACT III. SCENE I.] ACT II. SCENE VIII. Warburton conj. (withdrawn).
The Queen's apartments.] Theobald. Palace at Bridewell. A Room in... Apartment. Steevens (1793).
The Queen...] Enter Queene... F_1F_2. Enter Queen...Woman... F_3F_4.
1 *Take...troubles;*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
2 *'em*] *them* Capell.
7 *sprung*] F_1. *spring* $F_2F_3F_4$. *rose* Pope.
8 *made*] *been* Reed (1803).
13 *heart*] Hanmer. *heart,* Ff.
16 *An't*] Hanmer. *And't* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two CARDINALS, WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,

19 [Exit Gent.] Capell. Exit Messenger. Johnson, after line 20. om. Ff.
20 *favour?*] F_1. *favour*, $F_2F_3F_4$.
21 *coming. Now...on't,*] Rowe (ed. 2). *comming; now...on't,* Ff. *coming, now...on't.* Capell.
22 *as*] F_1. *are* $F_2F_3F_4$.
23 Campeius.] Rowe. Campian. Ff.
25 *I...all, against*] (*I...all*) *against* Ff. *I...all against* Johnson.
26 *reverend*] *reuerent* F_1.
35, 36 *'em*] *them* Malone.
37, 38 *If...Seek*] *If 'tis your business To seek* Blackstone conj.
38 *Seek...in*] *Seek me, speak out, and... wise in* Tyrwhitt conj. *In that way I am wise in, seek me out;* Mitford conj.
Seek] *Do seek* Pope. *Doth seek* Ritson conj.
that way] *in that way* Keightley. *that way that* Anon. conj.
wife] Ff. *wise* Rowe. *a wife* Anon. conj. (1814).

Digitized by Google

Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
You have too much, good lady—but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,

42 *O, good*] F_1. *Good* $F_2F_3F_4$.
45 *strange, suspicious*] *strange-suspicious* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *strange suspicious* Vaughan conj.
48 *Believe me,*] *Believing* Vaughan conj.
51 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
should] *shoul* F_1.
52, 53 *And...you, So...meant.*] *So... meant, And...you.* Singer, ed. 2 (Edwards conj.).
52 *And*] *In* Kinnear conj.
61 *your*] *our* F_1.
honour'd] F_1F_2. *honoured* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—

67 *counsel.*] *counsel.*— Pope.
To betray me.] Marked as 'Aside' first by Capell.
78 *last*] *lost* Vaughan conj.
79 *counsel*] Capell. *Councell* F_1F_2. *Council* F_3F_4.
81 *Madam,*] As in Pope. In a separate line in Ff.
these] *those* Rowe.
82 *England*] Johnson. *England*, Ff. *England!* Capell.
83 *profit: can*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *profit can* F_1.
85 *his*] om. F_2.
86 *Though...honest*] In a parenthesis in Ff.
86, 87 *honest—And live*] *honest, And live* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgraced.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;

87 *Nay*] *They* Warburton.
88 *must...out*] *should...up* Mason conj.
90 *other comforts*] *other comforts are* Rowe (ed. 2). *comforts are* Pope. *far*] *far, far* Anon. conj.
95 *Both...better*] *Better both for your honour* Keightley.
100 *judge*] *Iudge.* F_1.
101 *rage*] *grace* Anon. conj.
102, 104, &c. *ye*] *you* Seymour conj.
104 *fear*] *find* Anon. conj. *ye*] *ye 're* Keightley. *me* Anon. conj.
105 *'em*] *them* Malone.
106 *lady,*] *Lady?* Ff.

Digitized by Google

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

110 *for...heed*] *take heed for heav'n's sake* Pope.
at once] *once* Vaughan conj.
111 *burthen*] *burden* Johnson.
112, 138, 153 Wol.] Car. Ff (and passim).
115 *you*] *ye* Steevens.
117 *ye*] *you* Capell.
habits] *habit* F_3F_4.
119 *has*] *ha's* Ff. *h'as* Rowe. *he has* Capell. *he's* Grant White.
120 *love, too long*] *love too, long* F_4.
I am] *I'm* Pope.
122 *my*] F_1. *by* $F_2F_3F_4$.
124 *curse*] *cure* Vaughan conj.
this.] F_1. *this:* $F_2F_3F_4$. *this!* Theobald. *this?* Hanmer.
worse.] Ff. *worse.*— Rowe.
131 *Been*] F_4. *Bin* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You 'ld feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:

138 *Madam...at.*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two, the first ending *good*, in Ff.
139 *My...guilty,*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two, the first ending *Lord*, in Ff.
142 Wol.] Car. F_1. Card. $F_2F_3F_4$.
me.] Ff. *me*— Rowe.
145 *Ye have*] *Ye 've* Pope.
146 *will*] F_1. *shall* $F_2F_3F_4$.
148 [To her women. Rowe.
149 *Shipwreck'd*] Theobald (ed. 2). *Shipwrack'd* Ff.
where] *where's* Wordsworth.
150 *hope;*] Capell. *hope*, Ff. *hope!* Theobald.
me;] *me*, Capell. *me?* Ff. *me!* Pope.
151 *me:*] Capell. *me?* Ff. *me!* Rowe (ed. 2).
155 *You 'ld*] F_2F_3. *Youl'd* F_1. *You 'l* F_4.

Digitized by Google

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,

158 *cure*] *ear* Theobald. *'em*] *them* Malone.
160 *ay*] Rowe. *I* Ff. *nay* Pope.
164 *grow*] F_3F_4. *grow,* F_1F_2.
165 *gentle, noble*] *gentle-noble* S. Walker conj.
168 *Madam...virtues*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
171 *king loves you*] *King's love's yours* Anon. conj.
172 *lose*] F_4. *loose* $F_1F_2F_3$. *it not*] *'t not* Hanmer. *him not* Seymour conj. *that* Vaughan conj. *you please*] *please you* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
175 *Do...me,*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two in Ff. *ye*] F_1F_2. *you* F_3F_4.
175, 176 *me,...unmannerly;*] F_4. *me; ...unmannerly,* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot

SCENE II.] ACT III. SCENE I. Warburton conj. (withdrawn).
Ante-chamber...] Theobald.
Enter...the Earl of Surrey...] Capell.
Enter...Lord Surrey... Ff.
5 *moe*] Ff. *more* Rowe.
10 *or at*] *not at* Hanmer. *least*] *least not* Keightley.
11 *Strangely*] *Stood not* Warburton.
12, 13 *person Out...himself?*] *person, Out of't himself?* Hanmer (Warburton).
16 *Gives*] *Give* Hanmer.
to us] *t' us* S. Walker conj.

Digitized by Google

Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.

19 *in 's*] *in his* Capell.
23 *displeasure*] Ff. *high displeasure* Rowe. *most high displeasure* Pope. *Sir*] om. Pope.
28 *would*] *could* Steevens (1793).
mine] *my* Hanmer.
29 *O, how, how?*] *How?* Pope.
30 *letters*] *letter* Steevens (1778).
31 *came*] F_1. *come* $F_2F_3F_4$.
37 Sur.] Cham. Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius

37 *Will this work?*] *This will work.* Capell conj.
38 Cham.] Sur. Vaughan conj.
39 *hedges*] *edges* Warburton.
43 *May you*] *You may* Collier conj.
44 *all my joy*] Ff. *all joy* Pope. *may all joy* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
45 *Trace*] *Grace* Clark MS.
to 't] F_4. *too 't* $F_1F_2F_3$.
47 *yet*] om. Rowe.
53 *Digest*] *Disgest* F_2.
54 *The Lord forbid!*] Cham. *The Lord forbid!* S. Walker conj.
55 *moe*] Ff. *more* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried 'Ha!' at this.
Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

57 *Is stol'n away*] *stoln* Hanmer, ending line 56 at *Cardinal.*
hath] *has* Rowe (ed. 2).
58 *Has*] *Ha's* Ff. *Hath* Rowe (ed. 2).
o' the] *o' th'* F_1. *to 'th'* F_2. *to th'* F_3 F_4. *of the* Collier MS.
64—69 *return'd in ... Christendom: ... coronation.*] *return'd; in...Christendom,...coronation;* Perring conj.
64 *in his*] *with his* Rowe. *in wise* Vaughan conj.
66 *Together with all*] *Gather'd from all the* Rowe.
colleges] *colleges'* Vaughan conj.
71 *And*] F_1F_2. *A* F_3F_4. *As* Hanmer.
72 *pain*] F_3F_4. *paine* F_1F_2. *pains* Anon. conj.
75 *The cardinal!*] *The cardinal*—Theobald. *The Cardinall.* Ff.
[They stand back. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

Digitized by Google

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he 's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish.
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king

75 Enter...] Ff, after *so*, line 74.
76, 77 *The...king?*] As in Ff. As one line by Steevens (1793), reading *gave it.*
77 *Gave 't*] *Gave it* Theobald.
To] *Into* Keightley.
in 's] *in his* Capell. *sir, in his* Steevens conj.
78 *paper*] *papers* Keightley (Grey conj.).
81 *You*] *And you* Hanmer. *You, my lord,* Capell. *You, sir,* Steevens conj.
bade] *bade then* Keightley.
82, 83 *Attend...he is.*] Arranged as by Hanmer. As three lines in Ff.
85, 94 [Aside] Rowe.
88 *There 's more in 't*] *There is more in it* Malone. *There 's something more in 't* Cartwright conj.
in 't than fair] *in it than a fair* Hanmer.
Bullen!] *Bullen! Bullen!* S. Walker conj.
90 *Pembroke*] *Penbroke* F_1F_2. *Penbrook* F_3. *Pembrook* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter KING, *reading of a schedule, and* LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

94 *The...daughter,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
knight's] *Kight's* Rowe (ed. 2).
100, 101 *cause, that.....king.*] *cause!—that...king!*— Rowe.
102 *arch one*] Hyphened in Ff.
104 (stande backe) Collier MS.
[He goes apart, musing. Collier (ed. 2).
He is] *He 's* F_4.
105 SCENE III. Pope.
106 *on's*] *of's* Pope. *of his* Steevens.
Enter.....schedule] Ff, after line 104.
and Lovell.] Theobald. om. Ff.
107 (to himselfe) Collier MS.
108 *and*] om. Pope.
110 (to them) Collier MS.
111 (forward) Collier MS. coming forward. Collier (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still

113 *lip*] *lips* Rowe (ed. 2).
116 *gait*] Johnson. *gate* Ff.
117 *Strikes*] *And strikes* Keightley.
hard, and anon] *hard and oft; anon* Lettsom conj.
anon] *then anon* Rowe (ed. 2).
117—119 Mason would end lines 117, 118 at *eye...we*.
119 *We have*] *We've* Pope.
119, 120 *be; There*] *be, There* Ff. *be There* S. Walker conj.
120 *in 's*] *in his* Steevens.
123 *There...unwittingly?*] Capell. *There, on my conscience put unwittingly?* Rowe. *There (on...unwittingly)* Ff.
127 *such*] *such a* F_4.
such...that it] *such a...it* Pope.
131 *contemplation*] F_1. *contemplations* $F_2F_3F_4$.
132 *object*] *objects* F_4.

Digitized by Google

Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!
King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
King. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:

134 *not*] F_1F_2. *nor* F_3F_4.
135 *His*] *This* Vaughan conj. (amazedly) Collier MS. [starting amazedly. Collier (ed. 2).
138 *graces*] F_1F_2. *Grace* F_3F_4.
140 *leisure*] *labour* Collier MS.
142 *glad*] *gald* F_1.
144 *offices*] *office'* S. Walker conj. *time; a time*] *time; time* Rowe (ed. 2).
145 *which*] om. Pope, reading *a time... business* as one line.
152 *again*] F_4. *agen* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,

154 *no*] *not* Wordsworth.
155 *his deed*] F_1F_2. *this deed* F_3F_4.
156 *word*] F_1F_2. *sword* F_3F_4.
160, 161 [Aside] Rowe.
161 [Aside] Behind. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
168 *requite*] F_1. *require* $F_2F_3F_4$. *which*] *they* Hanmer.
169 *man's endeavours*] *man's ambition* Hanmer. *men's, in devoirs* Becket conj.
171 *filed*] *fil'd* Hanmer. *fill'd* Ff.
172 *been mine so*] F_1. *been so* $F_2F_3F_4$ and Pope, who reads *Ends have been so...pointed* as one line. *been such* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him papers.*] Read
o'er this;

178 *ever has*] *still has been* Seymour conj.
182 *as, i' the*] *as i' th'* Ff. *i' th'* Pope. *o' th'* Hanmer.
190 *I do profess*] *I profess* Pope.
192 *that...be—*] See note (VIII).
193 *crack*] *lack* Singer conj.
195 *'em*] *them* Malone.
201 [Giving him papers.] Pope. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal; the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the Pope!'
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,

202 *after, this*] Theobald. *after this* Ff.
203 *have*] *may* Rowe. See note (IX).
smiling and whispering] whispering, and smiling F_3F_4.
SCENE IV. Pope.
204 *reap'd*] *rous'd* Keightley. *rais'd* or *rip'd* Id. conj.
209 *fear, the*] Rowe. *fear the* Ff.
[Opens the paper and reads, trembling. Collier (ed. 2). Opens and reads. Collier MS.
'Tis so] *'Tis even so* Wordsworth.
210 (trembling) Collier MS.
211, 223 *I have*] *I've* Pope.
213, 214 *negligence!...by:*] Ff. *negligence,...by!* Theobald.
219 *if it*] *if I* Vaughan conj.
222 *to's*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *too's* F_1. *to his* Capell.

Digitized by Google

I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter to WOLSEY *the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—
I mean your malice—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

227 [sinks in a chair. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
228 SCENE v. Pope.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
to Wolsey] om. Capell.
Hear...you] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
231 *Asher*] *Esher* Capell.
233 *commission, lords?*] Rowe. *commission? Lords,* Ff.
234 *weighty*] F_1F_2. *mighty* F_3F_4.
234, 244 *'em*] *them* Malone.
236 *Till...it—*] *Whilst I find more than his will, or words to it,* Hanmer.
239 *coarse*] *course* Ff. *base* Capell.
240 *disgraces*] *Disgrace* F_4.
241 *ye*] *you* Seymour conj.
241, 242 *ye!...ruin!*] *ye?...ruin?* Capell. *ye,...ruine?* Ff. *ye,...ruin;* Rowe (ed. 2).
244 *Christian*] F_1F_2. *a Christian* F_3F_4 and Pope, who omits *no doubt.*

Digitized by Google

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you

246 *a violence*] *violence* Warburton.
250 *letters-patents*] *Letters Patents* Ff. *letters patent* Knight and Collier.
252 *Thou art*] *Thou 'rt* Pope.
253 *forty*] *four* Malone conj.
261 *Far from*] *Far for* F_4.

Digitized by Google

You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I 'll startle you

271 After this line S. Walker would insert *To rail in such irreverent wise on me.*
272 *in the*] *I i' th'* Theobald.
273 *master,*] *master, I* Keightley.
274 *Dare*] *I dare* Staunton conj.
276 *Your...feel*] One line in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *you*, in Ff.
280 *jaded*] *japed* Becket conj.
282 *dare*] *daze* Anon. conj.
289 *you are*] *you 're* Pope.
291 *issues*] *issues'* Vaughan conj.
292 *Who*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Whom* F_1.

Digitized by Google

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went

295 *sacring*] *Sacring* Ff. *scaring* Rowe (ed. 2) and Pope.
298, 386 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
300 *But, thus*] Capell. *But thus* Ff.
302 *my truth*] *the truth* Anon. conj. *save*] *serve* Collier conj.
305 *can blush*] *can blush*, Ff. *can, blush*, Pope.
309 *I had*] *I'd* Pope. *Have at you!*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). As a separate line in Ff.
316, 326 *Then that*] *That* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,

321 *Cassado*] Ff, from Hall and Holinshed. *Cassalis* Rowe.
323 *his*] *hie* F_2.
325 *holy hat*] *holy-Hat* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Holy-Hat* F_4.
to be] *be* Pope.
326 *substance*] *sums* Hanmer.
329 *have*] *pave* Staunton conj.
339 *legatine*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Legatiue* F_1. *Legantive* F_2F_3. *Legantine* F_4.
340 *into the*] F_4. *into' th'* F_1F_2. *into th'* F_3. *in the* Pope. *into* Steevens conj.

Digitized by Google

Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

343 *Chattels, and*] Theobald. *Castles and* Ff. *And chattels* Daniel conj. *whatsoever*] *whatsoever else* Herr conj.
344 *This is*] *This'* S. Walker conj.
350 SCENE VI. Pope.
351 *Farewell! a...greatness!*] *Farewell? A...greatnesse.* Ff.
353 *hopes*] *hope* Steevens.
357 *root*] *shoot* Warburton conj.
360 *This*] *These* Pope.
361 *But*] *Out* Anon. conj.
365 *this*] F_1F_2. *the* F_3F_4.
ye] *you* Seymour conj.
368 *we*] *he* Hanmer.
to] *too* F_1.

Digitized by Google

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, *and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,

369 *their*] *our* Pope. *his* Hanmer. *ruin*] *frown* Anon. and Cartwright conj.
372 and stands] Edd. standing Ff.
374 *thy*] F_1F_4. *the* F_2F_3.
375 *decline?*] Pope. *decline.* Ff. *an*] Capell. *and* Ff. *if* Pope.
376 *grace?*] F_3F_4. *Grace.* F_1F_2.
377 *Cromwell.*] *Cromwell,* Ff.
382 *These.....pillars*] Rowe (ed. 2). *These...Pillers* F_1. *These...Pillet* F_2. *This...Pillet* F_3F_4. *This... pillar* Rowe (ed. 1).
383 *navy, too much honour.*] *navy. Too much honour*— Perring conj.
386, 387 Two lines in Pope. Four, ending *Grace.....it.....have..... me thinkes,* in Ff.

Digitized by Google

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That 's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:

393 *More*] Hanmer. *Moore* F_1F_2. *Moor* F_3F_4.
397 *conscience*] *conscience'* S. Walker conj.
399 *tomb*] *coomb* Becket conj. *orphans'*] Warburton. *Orphants* F_1F_2. *Orphan's* F_3. *Orphans* F_4. *'em*] Capell. *him* Ff.
401 *Install'd*] *And stall'd* Wordsworth.
407 *There...Cromwell,*] One line in Pope. Two, the first ending *downe,* in Ff.

Digitized by Google

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,

411 *waited*] F_4. *waighted* F_1F_2. *weighed* F_3.
413 *fall'n*] *falne* F_1F_2. *fal'n* F_3. *fallen* F_4.
415 *I have*] *I've* Pope.
434 *more must*] *must more* Pope.
heard of, say] *heard: say* Rowe. *heard: say then* Pope. *heard; O say* Vaughan conj.
435 *trod the ways*] *rode the waves* Warburton conj. *trod the waves* Capell conj.

Digitized by Google

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

437 *wreck*] Theobald (ed. 2). *wracke* F_1F_2. *wrack* F_3F_4.
439 *that that*] *that which* Pope.
442 *The image*] *Tho' th' image* Hanmer.
win by it] *win it* F_4. *win by 't* Theobald. *win in 't* Warburton conj. (withdrawn).
443 *those hearts*] *ev'n th' hearts* Hanmer.
hate] *wait* Warburton conj. *bate* Bulloch conj.
444 *wins*] F_1F_2. *win* F_3F_4.
449—453 *Thou fall'st...all*] Four lines, ending *and...inventory...king's:... all*, in Keightley.
449, 450 *Serve...in:*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). One line in Ff.
450 *And prithee*] *And—Prithee* Johnson.
451, 452 *have,...penny;*] Capell. *haue, ...peny*, Ff. *have;...penny*, Theobald.

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting one another.*

First Gent. You 're well met once again.
Sec. Gent. So are you.
First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.
First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.
Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list

A...Westminster.] Theobald.
1 *You 're*] Rowe. *Y' are* Ff. *You are* Capell.
again] *again, sir* Keightley.
So] *And so* Pope. *Sir, so* Nicholson conj.
3 *coronation?*] Capell. *Corronation.* F_1F_2. *Coronation.* F_3F_4.
8 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
royal] *loyal* Pope.
8, 9 *minds—As.....forward—*] *minds (As.....forward)* Knight (Boswell conj.). *minds, As...forward* Ff.
9 *As*] *And* Rowe (ed. 2).
'em] *them* Malone.
rights] *right* Hanmer.
they are] *they're* Pope.
10 *this day*] *these days* Hanmer.
13 *ask*] *task* Warburton.
14 *That*] *The* Rowe (ed. 2).
hand] F_1. *hands* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

19 *He to be*] *To be* Pope.
20 Sec. Gent.] 2. F_4. 1 $F_1F_2F_3$.
21 *beholding*] *beholden* Pope.
24 *too*] *too, sir* Capell.
27 *off*] om. Pope.
29 *was often*] *oft was* Hanmer. *was oft* Hudson.
30 *not appearance*] *non-appearance* Steevens conj.
34 *Kimbolton*] F_3F_4. *Kymmalton* F_1F_2.
35 [Trumpets.] Capell. om. Ff.
36 *The.....coming.*] One line in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *close*, in Ff.
[Hautboys.] Ho-boyes. $F_1F_2F_3$. Ho-boys. F_4. om. Capell.

Digitized by Google

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two* Judges.
3. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with purse and mace before him.*
4. Choristers, *singing.* Musicians.
5. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then* Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. MARQUESS DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the* EARL OF SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the* Cinque-ports; *under it, the* QUEEN *in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the* BISHOPS OF LONDON *and* WINCHESTER.
9. *The old* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* QUEEN'S *train.*
10. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:
Who's that that bears the sceptre?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod. 39

37 Choristers,] Quirristers $F_1F_2F_3$. Quiristers F_4.
Musicians.] Edd. Musicke. Ff.
he wears] he wore Ff. om. Rowe.
Collars of SS.] Rowe. Collars of Esses. Ff.
in her hair] her hair Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
They pass...state.] Edd. Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets. Ff. Omitted by Capell.

38 *that that*] F_1F_2. *that* F_3F_4. *that who* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gent. Yes.
Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession; and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

40 *That*] *The next* Hanmer. *That next* Capell. *That lord* Hudson (S. Walker conj.). *And that* Keightley.
41 *Suffolk?*] Dyce. *Suffolke.* Ff.
42 [Looking on the Queen] Johnson. om. Ff.
46 *lady:*] Rowe. *lady,* Ff.
48 *honour over*] *state above* Pope.
50 *Those...her.*] As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *happy,* in Ff.
and so] *so* Pope.
52 *Duchess of*] *the Dutchess of* Rowe. *Duchess* S. Walker conj.
55 *And...that.*] First Gent. *And...ones.* Sec. Gent. *No.....that.* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
First Gent.] 1. F_3F_4. 2 F_1F_2.
[Exit procession; and then...] Exit procession, with... Capell. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it?
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

56 *God*] 1 *God* Ff. 2. G. *God* Capell.
where] *say where* Hanmer. *and where* Capell. *why, where* S. Walker conj.
been] F_4. *bin* $F_1F_2F_3$.
broiling] *a-broiling* Wordsworth (Seymour conj.).
58 *I*] *and I* Hanmer.
59, 60 *You saw The ceremony?*] As in Hanmer. One line in Ff.
60 *That I did*] F_1F_2. *I did* F_3F_4.
61 *us.*] F_3F_4. *vs?* F_1F_2.
64, 90 *choir*] *Quire* Ff.
65 *sat*] F_4. *sate* $F_1F_2F_3$.
67 *opposing*] *exposing* Long MS.
75 *Been*] F_4. *Bin* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say 'This is my wife' there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?
Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saintlike
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that 's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

78 *would*] *should* F_3F_4.
press] F_4. *prease* $F_1F_2F_3$.
79 *'em...'em*] *them...them* Malone. *him ...'em* Vaughan conj.
80 *'This is my wife' there*] *'That is my wife there'* Capell (Errata).
This] *That* Capell.
81 *in*] *into* Mitford conj.
But] *But pray* Pope.
87 *She had*] *Sh' had* Pope. *Sh' ad* Hanmer.
94, 95 *Sir, You must*] *You must* Pope. *Good sir, You must* Capell. *Sir, you Must* Steevens (1793).
that 's] *that is* Steevens (1793).
96 *title's*] F_3F_4. *Titles* F_1F_2.
98 *that*] om. Pope.

Digitized by Google

Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master
O' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,

101 *Stokesly*] F_4. *Stokeley* $F_1F_2F_3$.
104 *archbishop's*] *Archbishops* F_1. *Archbishop* $F_2F_3F_4$.
106 *there is...when it*] *there's...when't* Pope. *there's...when it* Steevens (1778).
108 *that be*] F_1F_2. *be that* F_3F_4.
you?] Rowe. *you.* Ff.
108—111 *Thomas.....house,*] As three lines, ending *esteem...friend...house,* in Malone.
110—112 *A worthy...council.*] As three lines, ending *him...House...Councell,* in Ff. As two lines, *...master O' th' jewel house and one o' th' privy council.* Hanmer. As three lines, the first ending *king,* in Steevens (1793). Two lines, the first ending *master,* in Keightley.
110 *made*] *lately made* S. Walker conj., reading *master.....already,* as one line.
111—113 *O' the...Yes,*] As two lines, S. Walker conj., the first ending *already, of.*
112 *of the*] *O' th'* S. Walker conj.
114, 115 *Come...Which*] One line in Capell.
114 *ye shall*] *you shall* Rowe (ed. 2). *you shall both* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH, *her Gentleman Usher, and* PATIENCE, *her woman.*

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,

115 *ye*] om. Pope.
Kimbolton.] Theobald.
2 *loaden*] F_1. *loaded* $F_2F_3F_4$.
3 *burthen*] *burden* Johnson.
4 *So; now*] *So—now* Rowe. *So now* Ff.
[Sitting down. Rowe.
5 *led'st*] Rowe (ed. 2). *lead'st* Ff.
7 *think*] F_3F_4. *thinke* F_2. *thanke* F_1. *thought* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
8 *to't*] F_3F_4. *too't* F_1F_2.
10 *me, happily,*] *me happily* Ff. *me happily,* Rowe (ed. 2).
12 *Earl*] *Earl of* Rowe (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:

19 *covent*] Ff. *convent* Rowe.
27 *full of*] F_1. *full* $F_2F_3F_4$.
29 *gave*] F_1. *give* $F_2F_3F_4$.
again] Rowe. *agen* Ff.
31 *So...him /*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
lie] *lay* Rowe (ed. 2).
gently on] F_1. *on* $F_2F_3F_4$. *bury'd with* Rowe. *lightly on* Collier MS.
36 *Tied*] *Ty'de* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Ty'd* F_4. *Tyth'd* Hanmer. *sway'd* Dodd conj. *Tir'd* or *Task'd* Keightley conj. *Ruled* Gould conj.

Digitized by Google

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

41 *promises were, as*] F_4. *Promises, were as* $F_1F_2F_3$.
42 *is now*] *now is* Rowe.
50 *honour from his cradle.*] *honour, from his cradle;* Theobald. *honor. From his cradle* Ff.
59 *Oxford !*] Pope. *Oxford:* Ff.
60 *to outlive*] *t' outlive* Keightley.
good that did it] *good he did it* Pope. *good man did it* Collier MS. *good that rear'd it* Staunton. *good that did it nourish* Keightley. *good that did it cherish* Id. conj. (withdrawn). *hand that fed it* Anon. conj. *good one built it* Cartwright conj. *good that bid it* Bulloch conj. *hand that rear'd it* Kinnear conj.

Digitized by Google

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of

75 *Now in his ashes*] Put in a parenthesis in Ff.
79 *meditating*] F_1F_4. *meditating.* F_2 F_3.
80 *to*] *too* F_1.
83 tripping] trooping Clark MS.
heads] head F_3F_4.
reverent] reverend Ff.
changes] F_1. charges $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

vanish] they vanish Hanmer. [starting out of her Sleep. Capell.
all] om. Pope.
gone,] *gone?* Ff.
89 *thousand*] F_1. *a thousand* $F_2F_3F_4$.
92 *I am*] *Alas! I am* Wordsworth, omitting *I shall, assuredly.*
worthy...shall,] *worthy, yet wear shall* or *worthy yet, wear shall* Vaughan conj.
assuredly] As a separate line in Hanmer.
95 *They are*] *'Tis* Pope.
98 *And*] *Her hand* or *And feels* Staunton conj.
earthy cold] *earthly cold* Rowe (ed. 2). *earthy coldness* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *earthy colour* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
Mark] *Observe* Pope. *Mark you* Capell. *Do you mark* Vaughan conj.

Digitized by Google

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,

100 Messenger.] Gentleman. Capell.
An 't] Hanmer. *And 't* Ff.
101 *to blame*] F_3F_4. *too blame* F_1F_2.
102 *lose*] F_4. *loose* $F_1F_2F_3$.
103 *to*] *too* F_1.
(Kneeles) Collier MS.
108 [Exeunt...] Exeunt Gri. and Gen. Capell. Exit Messeng. Ff.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Lord Capuchius. Ff.
110 *Capucius*] *Capuchius* Ff (and elsewhere).
113 *With...pray you,*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two in Ff.

Digitized by Google

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young and of a noble modest nature:
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,

128 [Giving...] Malone. reaching it. Capell. Omitted in Ff.
129 *most*] Ff. *must* Rowe.
130 *This*] *Thus* Rowe (ed. 2). *willing*] F_1. *willingly* $F_2F_3F_4$.
138 *Heaven...petition*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two in Ff.
143 *will deserve*] F_1F_2. *well deserve* F_3 F_4. *well deserves* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,

146 *husband, let...noble:*] Pope. *husband, let...noble,* Rowe. *husband (let...noble)* Ff. *husband; let..... noble;* Capell.
147, 149, 150 *'em*] *them* Malone.
148 *the poorest*] *o' th' poorest* S. Walker conj.
151 *by*] om. Pope.
152 *to have given*] *to 've giv'n* Hanmer.
153 *able*] *abler* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
159 *lose*] F_4. *loose* $F_1F_2F_3$.
162 *Say*] Ff. *And tell him* Pope. *Say to him* Keightley.
passing] *passing from him* Capell. *passing fast* or *passing, passing* Anon. conj. *quickly passing* Wordsworth.
165 [Exeunt Capucius and Griffith. Edd. conj.
167 [Enter women. Edd. conj.

Digitized by Google

Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, *a* Page *with a torch before him, met by* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It 's one o' clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?

171 *forth; although unqueen'd, yet*] Pope. *forth (although vnqueend) yet* Ff.
172 *inter*] F_4. *enterre* F_1F_2. *interr* F_3. London. A gallery...] Gallery... Capell. Before the Palace. Theobald.
1 *o'*] *a* Ff.
not?] F_4. *not.* $F_1F_2F_3$.
struck] F_4. *strooke* F_1F_2. *strook* F_3.
5 *waste these times. Good*] *waste. These times— Good* Vaughan conj.
6 *Whither*] F_3F_4. *Whether* F_1F_2.
7 *and*] om. Pope.

Digitized by Google

It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you 're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two

11 *an if*] Capell. *and if* Ff.
12 *to 't*] F_3F_4. *too 't* F_1F_2.
13, 14 *affairs that walk, As*] *affairs that Walk as* Vaughan conj.
18 *work*] *word* Rowe (ed. 2).
19 *great*] om. F_4.
and] *and 'tis* Rowe (ed. 2). *'tis* Pope.
20 *goes*] *goe* F_2.
24 *Cry the*] *Cry ye* Anon. conj.
25 *She 's*] *She is* F_4.
27 *you 're*] Theobald. *y' are* Ff. *you are* Steevens.
28 *you*] *you are* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

34 *is*] *he 's* Theobald. *he is* Capell.
35 *sir,*] om. Pope.
36 *trade of*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *trade for* F_4. *tread for* Warburton.
moe] Ff. *more* Rowe.
37 *time*] F_4. *Lime* $F_1F_2F_3$.
38 *and tongue*] F_1F_2. *or tongue* F_3F_4.
39 *Yes, yes*] Ff. *Yes* Pope.
41 *and indeed this*] *indeed this* Pope. *indeed this very* Hanmer.
43 *Incensed*] *Insens'd* Knight.
o' the] *o' th'* F_1F_2. *of the* F_3F_4.
44 *For so*] *For, so* Vaughan conj.
48 *ear*] *year* F_4.
of] *that of* Keightley.
50 *hath*] *he hath* Pope. *h'ath* Malone conj. *'hath* Collier.
52 *convented*] *convened* Johnson.
55 [Exeunt.....] Exit... Ff (after line 54).

Digitized by Google

Enter KING *and* SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company

56 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter King...] Ff. Ex. Lov. Scene changes to an Apartment in the Palace. Enter King... Theobald. As Lovell is going, Enter the King, and the Duke of Suffolk, as new risen from Play. Capell.
56—59 *Charles.....Charles,*] As three lines, ending *mind's.....I* (or *I did*, reading *you 're*)...*Charles*, Nicholson conj.
56 *more*] *more with you* S. Walker conj.
60 *fancy's*] F_4. *Fancies* F_1F_2. *Fancie's* F_3.
61 Re-enter Lovel. Theobald. Enter Lovell. Hanmer.
news?] Rowe. *Newes.* Ff.
65 *In the great'st*] *In the greatest* F_4. *In greatest* Pope.
70 *burthen*] *burden* Johnson.
71 *travail*] *travel* Rowe.

Digitized by Google

Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [*Exit Denny.*

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All 's not well.

76 *to*] *too* F_1.
78 *good*] *a good* Pope.
79 Enter...] Ff (after *follows*?).
82 *Ay*] Rowe. *I* Ff. *Yea* Pope.
83 [Exit Denny.] Rowe. om. Ff.
84 [Aside] Rowe.
86 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Cranmer and Denny. Ff.
Avoid...gone.] One line in Capell. Two in Ff.
seems] seemeth F_4.
87 *What!*] *What?* F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
SCENE III. Pope.
[Aside] Capell.
fearful] *much fearful* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

89, 90 *How...you.*] Arranged as in Rowe (ed. 2). As three lines in Ff, ending *Lord?...wherefore...you.*
90, 108 [Kneeling] Johnson.
91 *To attend*] *T' attend* Ff.
arise] *rise* Pope.
94 *I have.....hand.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
I have] *I've* Pope.
come, come] *come* Pope.
97 *unwillingly, of*] F_4. *unwillingly of* $F_1F_2F_3$.
98 *grievous, I*] F_4. *grievous; I* F_3. *greeuous. I* F_1F_2.
106 *you a brother of us,*] *you, a Brother of vs* F_1. *you, a Brother of us,* F_4. *you a brother, us* Vaughan conj. *you*] *were you* Long MS. *to* Collier MS.
110 *winnow'd*] Pope. *winnowed* Ff.

Digitized by Google

And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.
King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,
Without indurance further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

113 *myself, poor man.* King.] *myself.* King. *Poor man,* Grey conj.
114 *is*] *are* Collier MS.
115 [Cranmer rises. Johnson.
116 *holidame*] *holydame* Ff. *holy Dame* Rowe.
120 *to have*] *have* Pope.
121 *Without indurance*] *While out of durance,* Daniel conj.
indurance further] Ff. *indurance, further* Capell.
122 *good*] *ground* Rann (Johnson conj.).
123 *fail*] *fall* Rowe (ed. 2).
126 *What*] *Which* Johnson.
128 *Your enemies*] In a separate line in Steevens (1793).
enemies are] *foes are* Pope. *enemies* Capell.
131 *due*] F_3F_4. *dew* F_1F_2.

Digitized by Google

To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

134 *You are*] *You're* Pope.
137 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
138, 143 *to*] *too* F_1.
139 *precipice*] *Precepit* F_1.
140 *And woo*] F_3F_4. *And woe* F_1. *Ane wooe* F_2.
145 *shall*] om. Pope.
152 *good man*] F_3F_4. *goodman* F_1F_2.
156, 157 *He has...tears.*] Arranged as in Hanmer. As one line in Ff.
156 *He has*] *He ha's* Ff. *He'as* Pope.
157 *His language*] F_1. *all his language* $F_2F_3F_4$. *All language* Hanmer.

Digitized by Google

Enter Old Lady; LOVELL *following.*

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal-head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay, and of a boy.
Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovell!
Lov. Sir?
King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*
Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Enter...] Capell. Enter Olde Lady. Ff. Enter an old Lady in haste. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
169 Enter Lovell. Steevens.
Sir?] Dyce. *Sir.* Ff.
170 *Give.....queen.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
[Exit.] Exit King. Ff.
171 *ha'*] F_3. *ha* $F_1F_2F_4$. *have* Capell.
174—176 *Said...issue.*] Arranged as by Steevens (1778). In Ff the lines end *Ile...hot...issue.*
174 *like to*] *like* Pope.
175 *I will*] Steevens (1778). *Ile* F_1F_2. *I'le* F_3F_4.
and now] *now* Pope.
176 *it is*] Steevens (1778). *'tis* Ff.
[Exeunt.] Capell. Exit Ladie. Ff.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II. *Before the council-chamber.*

Pursuivants, Pages, &c. *attending.*

Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,

SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope.
Before the council-chamber.] Theobald. The council-Chamber. Capell.
Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending. Enter...] Chair, under a State, for the King; beneath, a Table: Chamber-keeper attending. Servants at the Door without; to which, Enter Cranmer. Capell. Enter Cranmer, Archbyshop of Canterbury. Ff.
1 *I am*] *I 'm* Pope.
4—6 *Yes... Why?*] One line, Nicholson conj..
5—7 *But...grace*] One line in Capell.
6 *Why?*] *Why so?* Wordsworth.
7 Enter...] Capell. In Ff after *for*.
So.] om. Wordsworth.
8 [Aside] Dyce and Staunton.
piece] *Peere* F_1.
9 *happily*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *haply* F_4.
10 [Aside] Johnson.

Digitized by Google

How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor,
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING *and* BUTTS *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—
King. What 's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys.
King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:

13 *sound*] *found* Rowe.
18 *'Mong...pleasures*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two in Ff.
'Mong] *Among* Capell.
boys] *footboys* Anon. conj. *pages* Anon. conj. (from Fox).
grooms] *and grooms* Rowe (ed. 2).
19 *fulfill'd*] Ff. *fulfilled* Rowe.
20 *sight—*] Rowe. *sight.* Ff.
22 *o' me*] Pope. *a me* Ff.
27 *above 'em yet. I*] *above 'em.—Yet I* Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
had] om. Pope.
27, 28, 34 *'em*] *them* Malone.
28 *They had*] *They 'd* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.* 35

SCENE III. *The council-chamber.*

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR, *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for* CANTERBURY'S *seat;* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, *seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures. 6
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*

35 [Exeunt.] Reed (1803). Curtain drawn. Capell.
SCENE III.] Edd. SCENE V. Pope. om. Ff. See note (x).
The council-chamber.] Reed. The council. Theobald. A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed vnder the State. Ff.
Enter...secretary.] Ff.
Lord Chancellor,] Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor. Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
Keeper at the door.] Edd. om. Ff.

1 *master*] Steevens (1778). *M.* F_1F_2. *Mr.* F_3F_4.
1, 2 *secretary: Why...council?*] *secretary, Why...council.* Perring conj.
2 *are we*] *we are* Anon. conj. (reading *council.*).
3 *chief*] om. Pope. *chiefest* Capell.
cause] om. Anon. conj.
concerns] *'cerns* Lettsom conj.
4 *had*] om. F_4.
5 *noble*] om. Steevens conj.
lords?] F_1F_2. *Lords.* F_3F_4.
Gar. *Yes.*] om. Mitford conj.
7 enters and] Edd. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I 'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

8 *I 'm*] *I am* Capell.
11 *frail and capable*] *culpable and frail* Keightley conj. *frail and fallible* Cartwright conj.
11, 12 *and.....angels*] *and culpable; Those frailty-free are angels* Theobald conj.
and capable Of our flesh ;] Capell. *and capable Of our flesh*, Ff. *and capable Of frailty*, Pope. *incapable; Of our flesh*, Malone. *and culpable: Of our flesh*, Mason conj. *and culpable Of our flesh;* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *and culpable, Oft devilish* Bulloch conj. *and capable; Of our flesh*, quoted by Staunton. *incapable Of our flesh;* Wilmshurst conj. (N. & Q., 1880).
11 *capable*] *peccable* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1880).
12 *Of our flesh; few*] *Of falling; so* Anon. conj.
out of] *from* Pope.
16 *chaplains*] *chaplains'* Vaughan conj.
22, 23 *'em*] *them* Malone.
29 *as*] om. F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,

39 *stirs*] F_4. *stirres* $F_1F_2F_3$. *strives* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
41 *of a*] *of the* Rowe.
51 *we have*] *we've* Pope.
58 *Ah*] *Ay* Rowe (ed. 2).

Digitized by Google

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

60 *both...lordship*] *your lordship find both* Wordsworth.
72 *you, words*] *your words* Long MS.
73 *you are*] Pope. *y' are* Ff. *you 're* Rowe.
75 *faulty*] *faultly* F_1.
76 *a cruelty*] *cruelty* Anon. conj.
77 *master*] Steevens (1778). *M.* F_1F_2. *Mr.* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

85 Chan.] Capell. Cham. Ff.
This is] *This'* S. Walker conj.
86 *I have*] *I've* Pope.
87 Chan.] Capell (Theobald conj.). Cham. Ff.
91 *lords f*] F_4. *Lords.* $F_1F_2F_3$.
94 *you are*] *you're* Pope.
95 Enter Guard.] Enter the Guard. Ff.

Digitized by Google

Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on 't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter KING, *frowning on them; takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

102, 107 Cham.] Ff. Cha. Capell. Chan. Dyce.
103 *'Tis the*] F_2. *'Ts the* F_1. *'Tis his* F_3F_4.
108 *him?*] *him /* Perring conj.
112 *disciples*] *diciples* F_2.
114 SCENE VI. Pope.
Dread...heaven] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
119 *out of*] *of our* F_3F_4.
122 *You were*] *You're* Pope.

Digitized by Google

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace,—
King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;

124 *flattery*] *flatteries* Rowe (ed. 2).
124, 125 *presence They*] F_1. *presence, They* $F_2F_3F_4$. *presence; They* Capell.
125 *bare*] Dyce (Malone conj.). *base* Ff.
offences.] Steevens. *offences*, Ff.
126 *To me*] *To one* Rann (Whalley conj.).
reach you] *reach, you* Steevens (Mason conj.). *reach. You* Ff.
130 [To Cranmer] Rowe. om. Ff.
(Cranm. sittes. Collier MS.
130, 131 *proudest He,*] Ff. *proudest, He* Collier.
133 *this*] Rowe. *his* Ff.
135 *I had thought I had had men*] Ff. *I had had thought I had men* Rowe (ed. 1). *I had thought I had men* Rowe (ed. 2). *I thought I had men* Pope.
146 *mean*] *means* Pope.

Digitized by Google

Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?

147 *while*] *the while* Collier MS.
live] *do live* F_3F_4.
Chan.] F_1F_2. Cham. F_3F_4.
Thus far] om. Pope.
153 *I 'm*] *I am* Capell.
156 *beholding*] *beholden* Rowe (ed. 2).
158 *him*] om. Johnson.
[They embrace him; Gardiner last. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
161 *That is,*] *There is* Rowe.
162 *her*] om. Vaughan conj.
166—169 *Come...you?*] As in Ff. Pope arranges as verse, ending the lines *have ... Dutchess ... Dorset.* Capell ends them *have...Norfolk...please you?*
168 *of*] om. S. Walker conj., arranging as Capell.
Lady] *the Lady* Rowe (ed. 2). *the old Lady* Johnson (1771).
Dorset] F_1F_2. *of Dorset* F_3F_4.
168, 169 *will these please you?*] Omitted by Pope.

Digitized by Google

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.
Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.
King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The palace yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] 'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'

171 [They embrace again. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
172 *brother-love*] Malone. *Brother; loue* F_1. *Brothers love* $F_2F_3F_4$. *brother's love* Rowe.
174 *heart*] *hearts* F_1.
177 *A*] *But one* Pope.
he is] Capell. *hee's* F_1F_2. *he's* F_3F_4.
SCENE IV.] Edd. Scena Tertia. Ff. SCENE VII. Pope. The palace yard.] Theobald.
1—9 *You 'll...rude rascals?*] As ten lines of verse in Capell, ending *noise ...court...gaping...larder...rogue:... roar in?..... ones;... to 'em...christnings?...rascals?*
1 *leave*] *leane* F_2.
2 *Paris-garden?*] Johnson. *Paris-Garden:* F_4. *Parish Garden:* $F_1F_2F_3$.
4, 26, 27 *master*] Steevens. *M.* F_1F_2. *Mr.* F_3F_4.

Digitized by Google

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible— Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons— To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot— You see the poor remainder—could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within*] 'Do you hear, master porter?'

5 *ye*] *you* Capell.
6 *roar*] *roate* F_2.
7 *switches to 'em.*] *switches.—To 'em.* Warburton.
7, 12, &c. *'em*] *them* Malone (and throughout the scene).
9 (Shouts) Collier MS.
11 *sweep*] *swept* F_3F_4.
'em] *them* Steevens.
14 *as well*] *is well* F_2.
Powle's] *Powles* F_1F_2. *Poule's* F_3. *Pauls* F_4.
20—25 *I...her I*] As in Ff. Prose in Pope.
20, 21 *I...To*] One line, Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1887).
23 *He*] *Be it he* Keightley.
24 *ne'er*] *never* Rowe (ed. 2).
chine] *queen* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
25 *a cow*] *a crown* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *my cow* Staunton conj. *a sow* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1887).
26 (tumult) Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do? 29

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together. 36

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered.

30 *What should you do,*] In a line by itself in Ff. As prose in Rowe.
30—63 *but knock...to come.*] As prose in Ff. As verse in Capell. See note (XI).
32 *tool*] Pope. *Toole* (italic) Ff.
33 (Noise) Collier MS.
34 *at door*] *at dore* F_1F_2. *at the door* F_3F_4.
40 *in's*] *in his* Capell.
44 *blow us*] F_1F_2. *blow us up* F_3F_4.
45 *wit*] *wares* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1887).
46 *fell*] *sell* F_2.
a] om. Capell.
48, 49 *from far*] om. Pope.
49 *truncheoners*] F_1F_2. *Truncheons* F_3 F_4. *truncheoneers* Capell.
50 *hope*] *forlorn hope* Hanmer.
o'] *of* Pope.
Strand] F_4. *Strond* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Digitized by Google

They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!
There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour,

52 *to me*] *with me* Pope. *wi' me* Capell.
53, 54 *behind 'em,.....pebbles,*] *behind 'em deliver'd...pibbles, loose shot,* Pope.
loose shot, delivered] *loos'd shot and delivered* Daniel conj.
54 *pebbles*] Johnson. *Pibbles* Ff.
56 (Shoutes) Collier MS.
59 *tribulation*] Ff. *Tribulation* Theobald. *sweet tribulation* Capell.
limbs] Pope. *Limbes* F_1F_2. *Limbs* F_3F_4. *lambs* Steevens conj. *young limbs* Anon. conj.
60 *brothers*] *brethren* S. Walker conj.
63 (Tumult and shouts) Collier MS.
64 *a*] om. F_2.
66 *here*] om. Pope.
67 *Ye have*] *Y' haue* Ff.
a fine] *fine* F_2.
71 *christening.*] Capell. *Christening?* Ff.
An't please] Capell. *And't please* Ff. *Please* Pope.

Digitized by Google

We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.
Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

72 *what so many*] *what-so man* Anon. conj.
73 *a-pieces*] *a pieces* $F_1F_2F_3$. *in pieces* F_4.
77 *ye 're*] Dyce. *y' are* Ff. *you are* Steevens.
78 (Trumpets) Collier MS.
80 *They 're*] Capell. *Th' are* Ff. *They are* Steevens.
81 *press*] F_4. *preasse* F_1F_2. *prease* F_3. *a way*] *away* F_1.
84—87 *Make...else.*] Prose in Pope.
84 *there*] om. Warburton.
(Tumult and confusion) Collier MS.
86 *camlet*] Steevens (1793). *Chamblet* Ff. *camblet* Pope.
up o'] *off* Rann (Mason conj.). *up off* Mason conj.
87 *peck*] F_3F_4. *pecke* F_1F_2. *pick* Johnson.
pales] *pates* Knight, ed. 2 (Anon. conj.). *poll* Collier MS.

Digitized by Google

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter Trumpets, *sounding; then two* Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK *with his marshal's staff*, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a* Lady; *then follows the* MARCHIONESS DORSET, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING *and Guard.*

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen.
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
[*The King kisses the child.*

SCENE V.] Edd. Scena Quarta. Ff. SCENE VIII. Pope.
The palace.] Theobald. Palace at Greenwich. Collier (Reed conj.).
Dorset,] of Dorset, F_4.
1—3 *Heaven...Elizabeth!*] Printed as prose, first, by Capell. As four lines, ending *Heauen,...life,...Mighty ...Elizabeth*, in Ff. See note (XII).
4 Guard.] Train. Capell.
4 [Kneeling] Johnson. om. Ff.
to] *for* Hudson (reading *queen,*).
4, 5 *queen. My...pray:*] Edd. *Queen, My...pray* Ff. *queen, My...pray,* Rowe. *queen, My...pray;* Pope.
6 *lady*] *day* Johnson, 1771 (a misprint).
7 *Heaven ever*] *That heav'n e'er* Pope.
8 *archbishop*] om. Steevens conj.
9 [The King...] Johnson. om. Ff.

Digitized by Google

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing

12 *ye have*] Johnson. *y' haue* Ff. *you have* Hanmer.
16 *'em*] *them* Malone.
21 *few now*] *few or none* Warburton.
23 *Saba*] *Sheba* Rowe (ed. 2).
25 *pure*] *poor* Rowe (ed. 2). *blest* Pope.
26 *such*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. *is*] om. Pope.
31 *corn*] F_3F_4. *Corne* F_1F_2. See note (XIII).
32 *And...her :*] One line in Rowe (ed. 2). Two lines, the first ending *sorrow*, in Ff.
grows] *grow* Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,

37 *read*] *tread* Collier conj.

37, 38 *ways...by those claim*] F_4. *way ...by those claime* $F_1F_2F_3$. *ways... claim by those* Pope. *way...by that claim* Capell.

39—55 *Nor shall.....heaven.*] See note (XIV).

54 *Our*] om. Pope.

56—62 *She shall...mourn her.*] See note (XIV).

57 *shall see her*] *she'll see here* Vaughan conj.

60 *her; yet a virgin,*] Ff. *her yet a virgin;* Theobald.

Digitized by Google

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They 'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city

61 *most*] *pure* Capell (corrected in Errata).
62 *To*] *Unto* Hanmer.
62, 63 *and...archbishop,*] As one line S. Walker conj., supposing something lost after *ground.*
62 *mourn*] *mourn for* S. Walker conj.
70 *your good*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *you good* Ff.
beholding] *beholden* Rowe (ed. 2).
75 *Has*] *'Has* Ff. *H' as* Rowe (ed. 2). *He 'as* Hanmer. *He has* Capell.
2 *ease*] *case* F_2.
3 *sleep*] *sleep out* F_3F_4.
4 *We have*] *W' haue* Ff. *We 've* Rowe (ed. 2).
5 *'tis*] F_1. *it 's* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Digitized by Google

Abused extremely, and to cry 'That 's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

8 *we 're*] *w' are* Ff. *we are* Capell.
9, 10 *is only in The*] *we shall not owe men, But* Collier conj.
11 *'em*] *them* Malone.

Digitized by Google

NOTES.

Note I.

I. 1. 167. Mr Collier says: "In the three earlier Folios the word is spelt 'wrenching,' which the printer of the fourth folio, not understanding, altered to 'drenching.'" In the three copies of the fourth Folio now before us the word is 'wrenching.'

Note II.

I. 2. Capell, followed by Malone, made many gratuitous alterations in the stage-directions of the Folios, which we have not thought it worth while always to record.

Note III.

II. 3. 7—9. Pope's reading is as follows:

> 'Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
> The which to leave, a thousand-fold more bitter
> Than sweet at first t' acquire.'

Theobald, followed by Hanmer, has:

> 'Still growing to a majesty and pomp,
> The which to leave 's a thousand-fold more bitter
> Than sweet at first t' acquire.'

Digitized by Google

Capell reads, following the arrangement of the Folios:

'Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave, 's a thousand fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire.'

We are in doubt here as to which is the reading of Mr Collier's MS. Corrector, for in his edition of Coleridge's Lectures he gives it,

'To leave 's a thousand times more bitter, than
Sweet, &c.'

while in the second edition of his Shakespeare he quotes it as follows:

'To leave 's a thousand-fold more better, than
'Tis sweet, &c.'

[The former version is the more accurate, but both are wrong. The only changes made by the Corrector were the addition of ''s' in the first line, and the omission of ''Tis' in the second.]

Note IV.

II. 3. 103. Mr Collier says, "If the blood of Anne Bullen had saluted or welcomed the news,—'If my blood salute this a jot—' there would have been no difficulty." It is not clear whether Mr Collier intends this as a conjectural emendation or not.

Note V.

II. 4. The stage direction which we have given from the Folios has been variously altered. The only important change which Capell introduces is in making the Archbishop of Canterbury follow the Bishops. The alteration 'between' for 'below' appeared in Reed's edition of 1803, and has been followed by some modern editors.

Note VI.

II. 4. 75. This line appears to have been accidentally omitted by the printer of the edition by Johnson, who, without taking the trouble to refer even to Warburton's text, conjectured that the passage was corrupt and proposed to read:

'Nay, before.—
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are my enemy, I make my challenge.
You shall not be my judge.'

Digitized by Google

Note VII.

II. 4. 182. Mr Collier, in his 2nd edition, says, "We are quite satisfied that Theobald was right in reading 'The bottom of my conscience.'" Theobald does not adopt the conjecture in the text of his first edition. His note is as follows: "Tho this reading be sense, and therefore I have not ventur'd to displace it; yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote; 'The bottom of my cónscience,—' My reason is this. Shakespeare in all his historical plays was a most diligent observer of Hollingshead's Chronicle; and had him always in eye, wherever he thought fit to borrow any matter from him. Now Hollingshead, in the speech which he has given to King Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus. 'Which words, once conceived within the secret bottom of my conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vex'd, and disquieted.'" Theobald appears to have forgotten that the emendation was suggested to him by Dr Thirlby (See Nichols' *Illustrations*, II. p. 461). He put it in the text of his second edition (1740).

Note VIII.

III. 2. 192. The first and second Folios, which in so doubtful a case we have followed, read:

'that am, have, and will be (Though...horrid) yet my duty, &c.'

The third and fourth extend the parenthesis so as to include line 198, '(Though...break).'

Rowe reads: 'that am I, have been, and will be: Though...horrid; yet, my duty, &c.'

Pope: 'that am I, have been, will be:' pointing the rest with Rowe.

Capell, reading as the Folios, puts a full stop at 'be,' line 192, and a semicolon at 'horrid,' line 196.

Mason proposes to omit the words 'that am, have, and will be,' because he can find no meaning in them.

Malone supposes that a line following 192 has been lost.

Seymour proposes to read:

'that I am, have been, and shall be

.....

And throw it from their soul (most firm and loyal)
Though perils &c.'

Digitized by Google

Jackson conjectures: 'that aim, has, and will be, Though, &c.'
or, 'that aim has, and will be To you, though...duty, And throw, &c.'

Mr Knight conjectures: 'that aim I have and will, Though, &c.,' 'will' being here a noun.

Mr Collier adopts this reading, but takes 'will' to be a verb, for 'will have.'

Mr Singer reads: 'that I am true, and will be, Though, &c.' by which, he says, all is made 'congruous and clear.'

Mitford would read: 'that am, and will be yours. Though, &c.'

Dr Badham (1856) suggests: 'that am your slave and will be. Though, &c.'

[I am informed that Dr Badham's conjecture was anticipated by Mr Edward Bickley Rogers, of Wadham College, Oxford, in a letter to the Sun newspaper. W. A. W.]

Mr Staunton conjectures: 'to that I am slave and will be, Though, &c.'

Sidney Walker says: "If there be no other corruption, the period after 'be' ought to be replaced by a comma: otherwise the words appear unintelligible. Even so, however, this will be a most harsh instance of *ἀνακολουθία*. But I rather think that a line is lost, somewhat to the following effect:

'that I am, have, and will be,
[In heart and act, tied to your service; yea,]
Though all the world should, &c.'"

Mr Grant White adopts Mr Singer's reading, nearly: 'that am true and will be, &c.'

Mr Nichols proposes to transfer 'yours' from line 199 to follow 'will be:'

'that am, have, and will be yours
.....
And stand unshaken.'

Mr Keightley prints, 'that am, have and will be...Though &c.,' indicating that the sense is interrupted.

Digitized by Google

Mr Bulloch puts a full stop at 'labour'd,' and reads

'More than mine own, that arm and hand will be.'

Mr Kinnear reads 'that am, have, and will be yours; Though &c.'

Mr Spence (N. & Q., 1880) proposes 'that I 'm, &c.'

Dr Nicholson would read,

'that, am, have, and will be:'

or

'yours am, have, and will be.'

Mr Watkiss Lloyd (*Athenæum*, 30 July, 1881) transposes the words thus:

'though all the (*or* i' the) world that are
Have and will be should &c.'

Mr Joicey puts a semicolon at 'labour'd,' and reads,

'More than my own they are, have, and will be, &c.'

referring 'they' to 'hand and heart &c.' in the King's speech.

Note IX.

III. 2. 203. The misreading 'may' for 'have,' which is so familiar to us in this often-quoted passage, was not corrected by Pope or any subsequent editor till Capell.

Note X.

v. 3. Mr Grant White suggests that a new scene should begin here, "although the stage direction in the folio is only 'A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State,' &c. But this is plainly the mere result of the absence of scenery of any kind on Shakespeare's stage, and the audience were to imagine that the scene changed from the lobby before the Council Chamber to that apartment itself." We have adopted his suggestion, thinking that the obvious propriety of changing the scene outweighs any inconvenience which might result for purposes of reference. Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson all follow Pope in calling this Scene v. Theobald also supposes a new scene to begin here, although in his edition the scenes are not numbered. Capell, by his stage direction, indicated that the scene presented the Council-chamber and the lobby both at once to the eyes of the spectators.

Digitized by Google

Note XI.

v. 4. 30—63. It is scarcely worth while to record how Capell cut up these lines of prose into verse. No editor has followed him. Mr Sidney Walker however has made a similar attempt, but is forced to admit that in some changes of reading he has 'ventured beyond the lawful limits of an emendator.' With the same license, it would be easy to convert an Act of Parliament or a leading article into verse.

Mr Walker also has followed Capell, or perhaps has hit independently on the same arrangement, as regards the first part of the scene. The intervening lines from 10 to 29 are printed as verse in the Folio. In these he proposes some trifling changes of arrangement.

Mr Watkiss Lloyd (N. & Q., 7th S. IV. 104) proposes another method of dividing the lines, which involves the omission of the words 'all that stand...penance', and 'he stands...blow us', and the transposition of 'for kindling such combustion in the state' to follow 'on the head'.

Note XII.

v. 5. 1—3. Pope, with more than usual audacity, makes the lines run smoothly by thus changing them:

'Heav'n, from thy endless goodness, send long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, fair Elizabeth.'

Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson adopt Pope's reading without remark.

Note XIII.

v. 5. 31. Mr Collier mentions that the second Folio has 'Come' in this line, a misprint rectified by his 'old annotator.' In three copies which we have consulted it is distinctly 'Corne.'

Note XIV.

v. 5. 39—55, 56—62. Theobald was the first to suggest that lines 39 to 55 'Nor shall this peace...bless heaven,' and lines 56 to 62, 'She shall be...mourn her,' were an interpolation. Cranmer's speech originally, as he supposed, ended at 'not by blood.' Then the King replied:

'Thou speakest wonders. O lord Archbishop, &c.'

Digitized by Google

ADDENDA.

1 Henry VI.

IV. 4. 19 *in advantage lingering,*] *ta'en at vantage, lingering* Joicey conj.

2 Henry VI.

IV. 8. 45 *Villiago*] *Vive le roy* Orger conj.

3 Henry VI.

I. 1. 268 *cost*] *crest* Orger conj.

Richard III.

I. 4. 145 *in thy mind*] *in the wind* Joicey conj.

Henry VIII.

I. 1. 63 *his self-drawing*] *his self drawing his* Bailey conj.

I. 1. 222—226 *My surveyor...farewell.*] Mr Bailey proposes to arrange and read as follows:

> *My surveyor is false: the o'ergreat cardinal,*
> *Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on*
> *Be-darkening my clear sun, hath show'd him gold:*
> *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham:*
> *My life is spann'd already.—My lord, farewell.*

III. 2. 271 *You*] *Who* Bailey conj., reading line 272 as Theobald.

V. 1. 126, 127 *What...How*] One line in Steevens (1793).

V. 1. 127 *with the whole world*] om. Seymour conj., reading *Your state... enemies* as one line.

V. 3. 11, 12 *capable Of our flesh*] *culpable Oft our flesh* Jackson conj.

V. 4. 53 *loose shot*] *loose-shod* Jackson conj.

V. 4. 58 *bitten*] *bitter* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., 1790).

V. 5. 72 *lords*] om. Seymour conj.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A. AND SONS AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE MAR '68 H

CANCELLED

SEP '69 H

CANCELLED

Digitized by Google

Widener Library
3 2044 082 534 348

Digitized by Google